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THE
ESSEX REVIEW:

AN ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY RECORD
OF EVERYTHING OF PERMANENT INTEREST
IN THE COUNTY.

EDITED BY
EDWARD A. FITCH, F.L.S.,
AND
MISS C. FELL SMITH.

VOLUME XVI.



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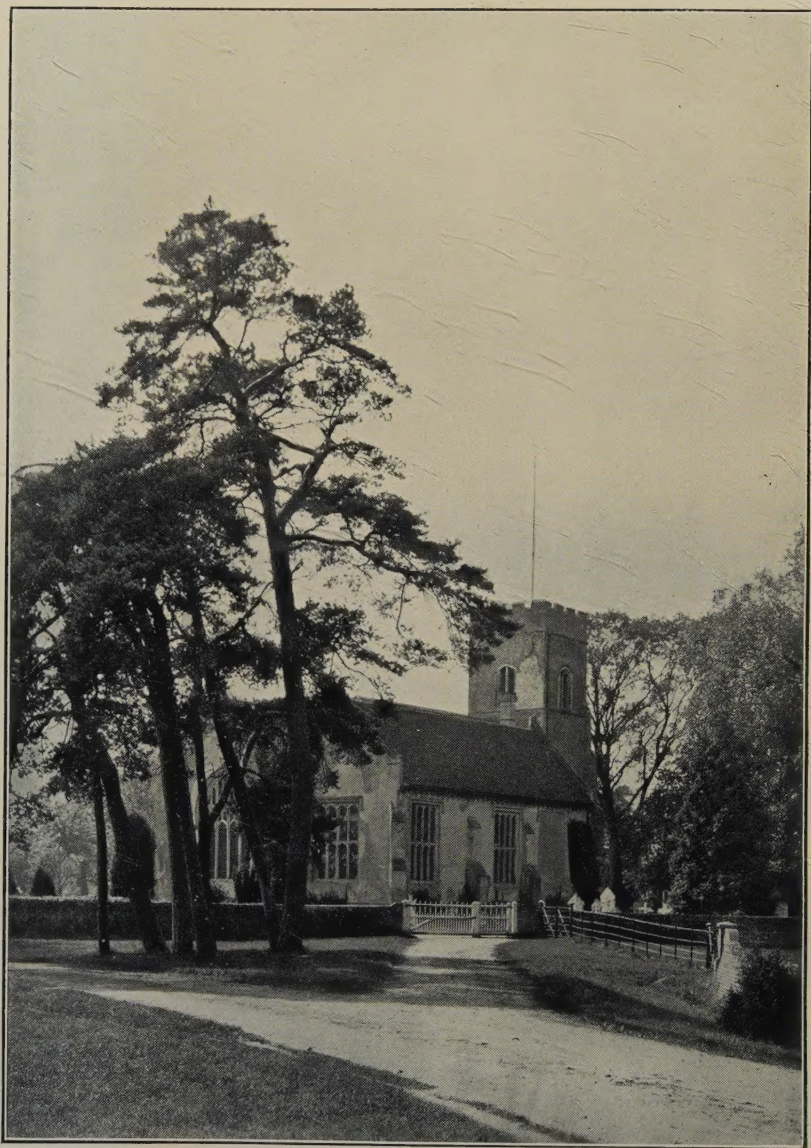
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GOSFIELD CHURCH.

THE

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VOL. XVI.

MORE RECOLLECTIONS OF BY-GONE ESSEX.

BY HENRY LAVER.



IN a former number of the *Essex Review* (vol. xi., p. 163) I was allowed to include some rambling stories from my Note-books; the same friends who then pleaded for their publication are again to be held responsible for another instalment, which I hope may prove no less palatable to readers of the magazine. If anyone sees no interest in such scraps of old country lore, it is easy to pass them over.

We are all tea-drinkers now-a-days, and the custom of having an afternoon cup of the refreshing beverage has become so universal that even the busy farmers from the outlying villages spare a few minutes from their bargaining on market days to seek this simple and stimulating refreshment in a friendly shop or café. But 130 years ago and more the fragrant leaf was an unknown thing in ordinary life.

My grandfather, John Laver, who lived at Latchingdon, in the house afterwards occupied by Mr. Charles Pulley, had married somewhere about the year 1770, or earlier, a Miss Rush, of Tile Hall, in the same parish. From one of his visits to London during his early married life, he returned with a surprise present for his wife in the shape of a pound of tea, for which I have always understood he paid more than a guinea. His gift also included the necessary equipment for brewing and consuming the tea, namely, a set of cups and saucers, a teapot, and tea kettle; nor did he forget to add a tea-caddy in which to store the costly herb. These, I am told, were the first tea-things that my grandparents possessed. The kettle I have often seen; it

was very similar to those still in use in China, and possessed a handle jointed in every part to fall over sideways. Near the gate to his house was the groom's cottage. On one occasion, when his wife was about to give birth to a child, my grandmother, as in duty bound, went over to see if she could be of any assistance. When all was safely over she told the women she would like to treat them each to a cup of tea—the new cordial of which they had heard, but had never seen or tasted. Sending the man to the house to bring her tea-things and the kettle, the gossips began to arrange the table for their unlooked-for treat. The groom was ordered to fill the kettle from the water butt, there being no well upon the farm, which was situated almost entirely upon a belt of London clay. He was gone so long in search of the water that one of the women was despatched to look for him. She found him slowly trying to fill the kettle by the spout from a jug. Never had he beheld such 'a queer pot' before, nor had he the slightest notion that the lid was removable. This was certainly the first time that tea was used in Latchingdon parish, or indeed anywhere near it, as I have often heard my uncles say. But it became generally, if sparingly, used within a few decades, and thereafter 'the tea-pond' became an institution at many of the houses. Artesian wells were of later construction, but one pond, carefully protected from pollution, was held sacred to domestic purposes, and at my grandfather's, and at Steeple Gate Farm in the same parish, was always known as the 'tea-pond.'

On the south side of Dedham churchyard, and near the church, is a boulder stone, such as is frequently found in the Essex boulder clay, which has been set up as a tombstone in memory of 'Edw'rd Ward and Martha his wife,' but without any date. Upon enquiring, many years ago, of Mr. Gosling, then master of the Stanway Union House, who is a native of Dedham, and well acquainted with the traditional history of his birth-place, whether he could give me any information about it, I received the following explanation: Edward Ward was a ploughman, employed upon one of the farms in the parish, who one day, while following at the tail of his plough across a fallow field, heard the sharp ring of the share against a mighty stone. His curiosity was excited, and bringing his horses to a stand-still, he uncovered the big boulder and, I suppose, removed it to

the side of the field. Subsequently he obtained possession of it, the fancy having seized him to have it for his tombstone when he should have 'gone the way of all flesh.' Injunctions were left with his relatives to set it up, and they must be blamed for having no date inscribed upon it. To what prehistoric period it belongs I can only conjecture, and, after all, what does a few years count with such a hoary monument? It will long outlast most of the others in the churchyard, and even the name of Edward Ward himself.

It is a frequent complaint now that people do not keep on the land, but will crowd into towns. The cry of 'back to the land' is one that we hear re-echoed *ad nauseam*. It is right and true enough, but the reason is to be found in the decadence of country industries. In years gone by much of the manufacturing work now carried on in towns was spread over the country parishes, and resulted in a manifest advantage to the populace, looked at from whatever side you will. Economically, there may be advantages in concentration; goods may be produced more cheaply, but cheapness is not everything, and physically the advantages on the other side entirely counterbalance whatever may be gained by cheapness. Unquestionably the removal of all work, and with it the population, into large centres is having a most disastrous effect upon the race, as may be expected from the removal of people from the fresh air and healthy surroundings enjoyed in the country to the crowded streets and courts and the vitiated air of cities, with all the physical and moral abominations there generated.

The tanner's trade is a striking instance of this. At one time almost every large village in the county had its tanyard. At Stisted, near Braintree, I am told, the name still attaches to a building and a field, and 'Robert Hensman, tanner of this parish, died 1782,' lies buried under a headstone in the churchyard. At Layer-de-la-Haye, a field lying between Mr. Baker's old thatched houses and a small brook to the west is still known as 'the tanyard.' In digging into several parts of it bricks and other remains of buildings have been found, which are indications of the tan office, sheds and outhouses.

I can call others to mind, but nearly all have now disappeared. The only tannery left in the neighbourhood is at Halstead, and a woodman told a friend of mine lately that on the large estate

where he is employed, no more bark was to be stripped from the young oaks felled in the spring, it no longer paid to carry it so far, to dispose of it for a mere song. It seems that its use is now largely superseded by some modern chemical product more advantageous and speedy in its effect upon the hides. Spread about as they were, the country tanyards were no nuisance to the neighbourhood, the abundance of fresh air to which they were exposed, diluted and made innocuous any effluvium the skins might give off, and the physical health of the workers did not suffer. Can the same be said of the dwellers in Bermondsey, where raw hides render the air of the whole district almost unfit for healthy folk to dwell in ?

I may wind up these lucubrations with some glimpses of the old Lexden Road, Colchester, as it was in 1857. There were very few houses on the south side after passing Maldon Road. The first was situated just at the corner and was then inhabited by Mr. Hobbs. Nearly adjoining it was an old house where lived Mr. Fox, the sole relieving officer then employed by Colchester Union. Next to this was a garden wall, built of small bricks and wearing an appearance of great antiquity. It was the north wall of a large garden which occupied the triangle formed by Lexden Road, Maldon Road, and the present Hospital Road (then a footpath), except that before you came to the footpath there was a coach-builder's house and shop occupied by Mr. Lee, and three small cottages and a farm-yard, still standing. The next house was the Hospital, beyond this a field, and then the Royal Grammar School in its new buildings. Beverley Lodge, a school carried on by Mr. Abbot, a Quaker, for dissenters' sons, with grounds extending to the road, was situated next to the Grammar School. On the other side was a large garden, surrounded by a belt of trees, which had formed part of the Beverley Lodge Estate ; through this the Beverley Road was cut a few years later. West Lodge, the residence of Mr. John Tayler, adjoined, a part having been already sold, and West Terrace and The Avenue being then in construction. The existing house in Mr. Bunting's garden stood next, and beyond was St. Mary's Lodge, the last house. On the north side there has been no alteration until the most westerly house in St. Mary's Terrace is passed. Here stood the last gas lamp. The building of houses on

Lord's Land, the formation of a road, a street leading to Sussex Mews, and of Morant Terrace on the site of an old malting formerly held by Bartholomew Brown, as well as other building, has greatly changed the character of these outskirts of Colchester. Where the suburban villas now stand it used to be no uncommon event to put up hares and other game in the open land on this side of the town, which was all carefully preserved. Hares were as common as could be, and at night time I often followed one loping down Lexden Road, saw her twist through St. John's Street or Head Street and make for North Hill. One night I was talking to a policeman just at the corner of Maldon Road, when, in the bright moonlight, we both espied a brace of hares coming along, very leisurely, close together. He hid behind a gate-post; I drew round the corner. As they trotted past the end of the road he made a skilful throw with his staff at the near-side one, and, behold, poor pussy lay motionless in the road. His comrade ran with her best speed down Head Street, sped down the hill and was seen going over North Bridge in a terrible scare. Needless to say, I was only too glad to carry the prize home with me to await the impromptu sportsman's coming for it when off duty next morning. I was then living in the house nearly opposite Hospital Road, where I kept a greyhound or two, and very frequently we caught a hare early in the morning in the large garden adjoining the Hospital. My brother-in-law and I often used to kill rabbits, too, in these gardens. Once I put up six from among the shrubs in the Grammar School garden.

Such a thing would make the scholars stare now-a-days.

THE NINE VILLAGES.

BY A. S. CRIPPS.



IN front of him lay the miry Essex lanes and the dull Essex villages, in the raw half-fledged spring that had so few leaves as yet. Behind him lay a winter of years spent with the Dominicans in Flanders and Italy; the black of his Order was its prevailing colour, yet there had been relief ever and again, in snowy woods, under purple hills, by hearths and at shrines. Behind that again lay his summer-time of Oxford, when his friend

was by, his friend with King Edmund's own beautiful face, but a better heart. Then the sun had seemed to shine most days, and the bells to ring most mornings. To how ripe a harvest had youth come in the year that he went to the wars, and his hero and friend went with him.

It was now in the year 1470 that Leonard set forth with his fellow Robert out of the Black Friars' house in London on a mission into Essex.

They came over the bridge at Stratford, where the Lea bounds the forest lands, on a rough forenoon in March. That night they lay at Greenstead, near Ongar. Before the sunset the wind dropped, and the night came very mild and peaceful. At morn there was a mass said in the chapel whose timbers men hewed with axes long ago to roof the body of Saint Edmund. He was to be the especial saint of their Essex Mission, being Eastland born and in Eastland martyred. They were neither of them men of the East Country, nor indeed had they ever travelled far in it, so they were fain to trust themselves to a native saint. The chapel burned that morning with many candles, for there were half a score of pilgrims going down the road to Saint Edmund's Bury, while a dozen merchants were passing north from Chipping Ongar to East Cheap, with intent to brave the manifold wiles of London.

Both parties had recourse to the same sooth-fast saint, whose head the wolf of old days feared to make free with, and loved to guard. He had been a wonder-worker assuredly more than a hundred years already, when he had rested on his journey in this torch-lighted shrine. Now, hundreds of years had swelled his honour and his clients; his fame, that had been a brook, had become a river, and now, like Roothing River in Barking Creek, was become itself a sea.

When our black friars came through Ongar the sun was up quite high, and the air very warm and zealous in the cause of spring. They were come to the verge of that country whereto their mission lay. The river valley stretched before them, much dull water therein, and many leafless willows. On one bank or other were the nine villages they sought to befriend.

Was the river called from Holy Rood, and was every village on those upper reaches a pilgrim's stage in some time-worn Way of the Cross? I cannot say very exactly. At the time I

tell of the river carried its name that hinted at benedictions, and nine villages carried each a share of that name.

Said Leonard, 'The roads to these people are worse than they told us; therefore the manners of the people should be so much the better than they were reputed.'

They had come to Birds' Green by then, and noted a few ewes and lambs and goslings and geese there. 'After all, Lent will not last for ever,' he went on, 'we may come in for a share of lambs at Easter, and we shall scarce miss a stubble-geese ere we go hence, and meanwhile there's a river to fish in not so far away.'

Robert did not answer for a time, for he was busy at thought. Both of them had pleasant faces, but Robert had the better of their colours of hair, since his was a barley-yellow.

'Twill be well enough preaching in this country-side,' he said, but he was not thinking of flesh or fowl. The nine villages were to him nine Angel-warded Churches of Essex, and he was puzzling over possible Apocalyptic messages to each of them.

He was delighted with this quaint fashion of a name common to all alike, adorned by each sister with her own superscription. Leonard, too, was thinking in his heart of other things than goose-flesh or mutton. He was back again in those wild three weeks of fighting on the Hereford march with his Oxford friend and hero. How he had looked up to him, who was so adroit, while he was so clumsy; whose hair was red-bronze, while his own was mud-colour; who never seemed to despise but only to excel, who seemed as a friend to befriend, yet living all the while to be befriended. He was rumoured dead, ten years this month, at Towton. Bad news had said so, and no good news had ever gainsaid. He had hunted, and hawked, and fought, and heard Mass long ago in the Roothings. His name was George Easter, and his home had been at Good Easter, not seven miles away. How many tales he had told Leonard of all nine Roothings in that low-roofed Oxford cottage, or by those roaring road-side camp-fires. This brown, plain country then, of the head-waters of Roothing River, was to one of the strangers a land of marvel long before he came to it.

It was after they had stayed about two weeks at Beauchamp Roothing, preaching and shriving, that the first of many strange adventures befell.

The people of these parts had been feared by them too often as dull and barbarous, heavy drinkers and churlish to a priest. Yet how little should they have feared! The folk seemed in some sort to rouse with spring that year, and to be glad and sorry indeed with the messages God had sent them. The little bull-neck of a church held many worshippers every morning, and on the green, of fine evenings, a concourse would gather from the few poor houses. But the priest, who was a grim-faced man, had a complaint to cherish.

‘The best of my herd is gone with your coming,’ he said.

‘And who is he?’ asked Robert.

‘It is George Parris, who farms three fields under the Church. Whether he bought them out of the manor these eight years gone, or was given them in requital for service, I know not. He farms them well and yet heareth Mass every morning, but now that ye are come he has gone away.’

They went down to his byre that morning and found the cowman that served him at work. His master, he said, had gone to London and he knew not when he would return. He had an orchard and a water-meadow by Roothing, and a wide tilth full of green barley. The red tiles on his house were newly set, and the lintels newly carved; the rose trees told of prosperous years, being so well stablished and trained.

In the morning starlight that came before the next day, the cowman came and knocked at the chamber over the malt-house where the Dominicans slept. He besought Leonard to come without fail to a chapel on the outskirts of Hatfield Forest, three good miles away. So he went, and had not returned when the church bell rang at the dawn’s coming. Amid the dripping boughs and grass he had followed his guide on and on a good half-hour from the high road. He came to a little church very deep in the wood. This was Morrell Roothing, though he did not know it till afterwards. In the lyke-way that was shaggy with yews and little cypresses, there was one to greet him. His face was hooded blankly, and he spoke in strange even tones as if he were repeating a lesson recollectedly in fear to betray himself. ‘On this Lady Day,’ he said, ‘we would have our Mass of the Red Rose, and there are that will pay you well to say it. Only be speedy and silent, as well as devout, for we must be out of the church and not a trace left ere the dawn nigheth.’

‘Wherefore did ye call for me?’

‘We lack a priest this long time while that the White Rose is in blossom.’

‘But is it treason?’ asked the black friar doubtfully. ‘Ye yourself have worn the red rose in old days. Will ye risk nought for them that wear it to-day?’ ‘I must remember Saint Dominic, my master.’ ‘If Franciscans died for the White Rose in its winter, may not Dominicans pity the Red Rose a little in like evil case?’

Leonard would do their will, he said, but he marvelled not a little how they knew that he had once worn Red Roses.

In an hour the Mass was over. There had been at least thirty kneeling in the church. It was too dark to see much of them, a hood screened every face, but on each doublet a brodered rose of deep colour looked defiance. As the priest was vesting himself in the candle-light with the crimson wear from the Altar, the same even-toned voice called for prayer ‘for our natural lord Harry the Sixt, to whom might all his liegemen in nine Roothings be faithful. Nine Orders to serve Our Lord of Heaven, nine parishes to contend for our lord of English earth!’ The Virgin’s Introit was sung very softly; when the great Offering came the bell sounded very low, the whole rite went as it were on hushed wings. It was, indeed, a gentle and gracious Mass for Our Lady’s Day.

As the bell began to ring in Beauchamp’s dwarfish tower, but few minutes before sunrise, Leonard was coming out of the wood on to the high road. There were few men gathered, he noted, when he stole into Robert’s Mass. His old loyalty had brooded over him on his way home. He remembered those days at Oxford before he went to the Wars, he remembered the first Red Rose he ever wore, he remembered also who had taught him to wear it. His blood stirred with high tide of spring. He marvelled, not without devotion or resignation, as to what was coming.

He wondered often that night, as he preached on the green, which of those eager faces had been under hoods at his Mass that morning. When he met the priest of Morrell two days after he was more than a little sheep-faced. Did that other guess how he had used his church by stealth? He said nothing by way of rebuke, anyway. It was not past believing that, if he

knew, he was well content to let a church for the Mass he wanted heart to say.

II.

George Parris did not come back to his copyhold until the Dominicans had gone on to Abbess Roothing. Where he had been all those two weeks I cannot say. He had certainly been in London, for he had sent a message to one to come up to him thither, and he brought letters and other gear thence when he came. It was when he was back that the affair of the King's carts happened. Edward was travelling on the road to Bedford, and some of his purveyors swooped down upon the Roothings for men's and beasts' provender. Only last year the same gentry had seized some carts for transport, that they had never paid for to this day. So there was cause, if no excuse, for evil feeling. It grew to a fight in White Roothing, and one of the King's men was left for dead, while in the church he that had broken his head, being hard pressed, sought sanctuary. Three fellows with the King's badges installed themselves in the church porch. They would wait and see that this felon did not escape them.

Leonard walked up from Abbess that same afternoon to see the hurt man. At the cottage where he lay the people were surly, they seemed to care nought whether the stranger lived or died. Leonard preached Christian works to them, with little avail, yet he saw the wounds washed before he left for his sunset preaching. When he came back there was a hooded figure, his hood eyeletted, that sat beside the pillow. The stranger was applying some herbs. He was very busy for an hour or more with strong and soft hands. Leonard was curious to be told who he was, but he would say little or nothing that night. Then he went off in the dark.

Leonard went his own way when he had ended the night-prayers by the bed.

It was very black as he went, and he was by no means sure of his road.

Suddenly the church tower loomed up before him. There was a fire within the porch, and he remembered the story of the man in sanctuary. He drew near and looked over the wall. One man was sitting alert, another was nodding by the fire, another was fast asleep. Of a sudden a dark figure came from the east of the church, stealing velvet-footed in the firelight.

Leonard stared aghast, for the figure crouched as for a spring. With a shout, he has sprung. Both of the wakeful men were pinned one by each hand of this hooded hero. There was a scramble and answering shout within the church, a fugitive came through the porch and tore down the lyke-way. He was in such panic fear that he never stopped to help his deliverer.

Yet he, as it proved, could help himself. He broke away from those three that grappled with him in the firelight, and raced round the church with all three behind. He was leading by a good six yards as he came round it into sight once more, and down the lyke-way. All four came rushing through the gate, almost knocking the breath out of the Dominican's body. One caught hold of Leonard, then another. He protested his peacefulness. In the black confusion the rescuer was gone. After a few words, hard and soft, the matter was settled for that night. In the morning there was little more to settle. Healing simples had been at work on the sufferer's head and a soft tongue on the villagers. They were tractable, and the King got his own for this year, on payment of their own for last. The whole quarrel burnt itself out like a rick-fire on a pouring night.

Leonard asked the anchoress, at her window under the shingled spire of Abbess, who had worked such sudden peace. 'Our Lord,' she said. 'But by whom?' he questioned. She was rather mysterious as to who it was. 'There is a man that lives by the river,' she said; 'he is simple and not gentle, but a man of power notwithstanding.' 'What is his name?' Leonard asked. 'He has two or three names, if not four,' she said, but she laughed, and would not tell him any of them. 'I will tell you one thing of him,' she said. 'Many men come to my anchorage window, and a few are cruel with harsh words, and many flatter and so are crueller still, surely, if our way of life means aught. This man cometh here often, and is right courteous, but he doth not flatter me. Ah, no! He doth not flatter me,' and she laughed to herself, thinking of something he had said that she remembered.

III.

The weeks flew fast at Abbess Roothing and at Leaden Roothing after that. May came in at Leaden with mature glory after a week of grey and cold. All of a sudden they were under

clear skies, and you could tell time quite easily by sun-up and sundown, while cuckoo-chime came in random haste anyhow in the long sunshine hours. The breadths of wheat-fields and barley-fields were of a lovely green now, and the harvest seemed well on its way. Leonard was full in the heat and ardour of Mary's spring, while even his comrade's visions, that were alway bright, took more tender colours.

In the woods above the church the primroses and bluebells showed what earth could remember of gold sun and rich sky, where the branches would let her see so little. It was in one of these woods that Robert noted Agnes Aylett gathering hawthorn one May morning. It was no business of his, as he came home from Mass, but he noted what great branches were piled around her, as if a woodman's hatchet had been to her aid. Then he saw the track of feet that looked fresh under the hedge. He did not think that she had come, or was going home alone. The girl was as good a girl as any in those villages. He was curious to note who had her favour on this tell-tale holiday. While he lingered by the river he saw her coming far away with a very tall fellow, and asked Leonard who it might be. 'There are many in the Roothings that, when you come by, will draw their hoods down,' Leonard said. He guessed who it was when he saw the mighty bower that was built about the girl's mother's cottage, and her pretty red head close to a grey hood within it. That very morning he had said Mass of the Red Rose all unbeknown to his Dominican brother. This time it had been in the wood itself, one of those great woods towards High Easter, with an old slab cut with crosses for Altar, and there had been women as well as men to worship. Chestnut hair was uncommon in the Roothings, and he had thought of Agnes, when he had caught a glint of it under a white hood. He had guessed, too, at those even tones of him that convoked to prayer. It came to him that this was the self-same man who had healed the broken head and raised the siege of sanctuary, and that this man was George Parris, of Beauchamp Roothing; he made sure of it from tales that he had heard. In June there came another Mass by stealth, but this time he was allowed to share the secret with Robert, who was rapt with pleasure. The hope of Henry reigning once more in holy simplicity kindled that very simple man. He begged that he might preach to the fellowship of the Red Rose at their Guild Service.

It was in the gloom before the dawn at Aythorp Roothing Church, and there were many maids and wives to pray as well as men, and these all wore June's crimson roses from their garths and cottage walls. Robert had a sparkle of Apocalyptic fire as he spoke of the City of God. He said no evil word of King Edward, rather he praised Henry that followed the Lamb and loved the poor. Then he told how the Grey Friars had died for the White Rose long ago. How one was brought before the first Henry of Lancaster, and said of Richard that was uncrowned by him—'If he is dead, he is dead by your means—if he was killed by you, you can have no title to the throne.'

'Then by my head,' said that Fourth Henry, 'I will have thine cut off.' The brothers would not put themselves on the king's mercy, but stood their trial, and were drawn to Tyburn, and hung and headed, and their heads set on London Bridge. 'Ah,' said the simple preacher, 'if the Grey Friars died so well for Richard, shall not we that wear black frocks dare unto like death for Henry, who hath been despised and rejected of evil men. Wear then the Red Rose patiently, albeit it hath stains and thorns. Hold fast that ye have, that no man take your crowns.'

Now it was, that the Mission knitted the hearts of these Roothing villages together. There was fire in the air, men's hearts were at high summer. Yet I will say this for both of these two meddling friars, that if they loved too well at heart an earthly quarrel, they spoke stedfastly every day of the Love of Heaven. Was it so very ill if the Saviour with the brow-band of thorns called him at whiles to mind that lay in London's Tower? He was very meek surely, and the red roses he wore had many thorns.

IV.

They were sojourning in High Roothing when a vile pox or fever quickened those country folk with new zeal and fear as to death and God.

Leonard lay all but dead on Midsummer Night. When nine fires, one for each of her name-children, dotted the ridges above the river, fire was burning up in his body, and his head was light with midsummer madness. The sickness had fallen so suddenly that little had as yet been done to stay it. They spoke, though, of someone coming from Beauchamp, someone

with faith and a reliquary and skill to heal. There was certainly no one that knew much of healing in the cottage where he lay.

Alas ! that strong hooded figure from Beauchamp did not come after all ; he was again away on his London business with the great, no one knew for how long. Robert was begloomed when he came back from his sunset preaching. But as the darkness fell, Agnes came. She was very hardy, and never seemed to want sleep for hours and hours, nay, days and days. She cared for him well and prayed for him, and by St. Peter's Day his head grew clear from his weakness. Then it was that she began to talk at whiles to him of what she cared for. She told him the tale of poverty and hardship and hard rule for folk that grow the great crops of wheat and barley that bring the Roothings fame. He had begun to think for ploughmen and shepherds these last months, he that had been burgher-bred and priory-nursed before. Now, his Lord with the Wounds again and again would come to his sight in country guise, and commit to his care some rustic sorrow. Leonard had heard Cade's cries what time he was a boy at school, when the White Rose budded in hope.

Now the Red Rose had withered long ago, and the White was fading, while there was hope that the withered flower might shoot again. Thorns, thorns, thorns seemed to be country-folks' share of either Rose. Yet were these Brothers so wicked to welcome war between them ? At least the Red Rose covered a Saint that cared for the poor, the White Rose a glutton that cared for burghers' wives ! How often he would hear Agnes singing her peasants' dirge of the days of King Richard :—

When the red sun drops a-bed,
Up the lyke-way bring the dead.
So shall all the poor folk come,
Day's work done, to sing them home.

Give them all the poor man's best,
Sunday being for their rest ;
Beeswax lights in burial glow,
All such pomp as poor men know.

Under greensward, under stone,
Poorest folk can hold their own,
Not the shrewdest lawyer knave,
Drags one ascript from his grave.

Then he would gravely silence her and bid her join him in a Paternoster for all poor lawyers.

Kind Lucy, show them light,
 Agnes, lend them fleeces white,
 All Saint Dolly's flowers adore,
 These our fair, fine ladies adorn.

She would smile, but she would obey, as he checked her to say Ave Maria for all great ladies.

Those that high lords held so mean,
 God shall choose as pure and clean,
 Great Saint George, upon them smile,
 Those our masters held so vile!

Time is come their rest to take,
 Times be cruel for those that wake.
 When God heals us poor men's pain,
 Haply they shall wake again.

Be they lovers, plant them new.
 Poor folks' garden roots a few,
 That the May morn when they rise
 True-love flow'rs may greet their eyes.

Then he would sing 'Gloria' for poverty, and 'De profundis' for riches, 'Ad Requiem æternam' for dead folk great and small.

There was one snatch of a song that haunted him hour in and hour out on his white nights:—

God made the oak tree,
 The red thorn and white thorn;
 And He made the plowman
 They hang there in scorn.

She would sing it sadly, for her father had gone the way it told of, and she would sing it often.

V.

The Mass of the cottage lilies, whereat the Fellowship honoured Our Lady's Visitation, was the first Leonard said when he could stand once more.

Both Brotherhood and Sisterhood were growing white now to harvest.

High Roothing is one of the two greatest of the Roothing churches, but it could hardly hold all those worshippers. The air in that fiery July month seemed alight with the torches of some coming pageant.

"Down with London tower
 Built in London town;
 Up and come with roses red,
 All a King to crown!"

On Saint Swithin's Day, that was burning and rainless, many came to Berners Church in the woodland, and asked Leonard to pray that the harvest might be fine and speedily done with.

By Saint Margaret's Day the oat-cutting had begun. 'Let us only be till we have gathered in our lords' harvest,' men said, 'then will we hear of the wars that are coming.' So far, things seemed to go only too smoothly and too lightly for their cause, to Leonard's eyes, at least. The Lancaster cry found so few gainsayers. It was such an old cry in that countryside. Was not High Easter, whose great church bulked over the uplands to north-east, a heritage of the olden royal line—had not the first king of its blood himself planned that massy tower? 'The Kingdom of Heaven comes not on earth so peacefully,' he groaned to Robert on Lammas Eve.

They were just walking from Berners into Margaret Roothing then; that was to be the last parish of their Mission, and they had been bidden to the Reapers' Mass that was to be said in a cornland of Garnish Manor House to-morrow. This was no secret matter now. When they came to the priest's house he was full of talk about it. 'There is hearsay of trouble ere the week be over,' he muttered. 'Folk seem all one way,' said Leonard. 'I doubt if ours be a Christian war with so little gloom of death about it.' 'Nay, they are not all for you,' their host said. 'A moiety of all our great folk are ready to bear arms for Lancaster. It is true that Sir Thomas Gates and Sir Richard Rookwood are of these. The Abbess of Barking and the Monks of Ely also, that own Roothing Manors, bear us no ill-will. But these red roses show too far and too often. They are worn openly before dawn and after dusk these months past. There are not a few that mean our folk mischief. There is Lord Maynard marshalling his powers at Canfield this week. He would fain strike ere the matter go further.' 'Will there be many here to-morrow?' Robert asked. 'Are they not all this way busy with harvest?' The priest laughed like the hearty fellow he was, save when he talked of wars and dismal happenings. 'There will be no sickles in the corn betwixt here and Beauchamp,' he said. 'And where have ye been that ye heard not of the wedding no further than Leaden Church?'

'I heard that Agnes Aylett's banns were cried these three Sundays past,' said Leonard, gravely. He had heard that

the girl was to be married to George Parris, and he was sorry for her. Her groom was by no means a quiet man in these unquiet times, and she was a girl on whom joy never seemed to be wasted.

Of the still dawn in the corn-land with the altar-slab set among the barley-stooks, I would I could tell. But the hot gold and cool grey of that dew-dabbled scene, when the Host went up and the bedesmen and bedeswomen bowed to the stubble earth, is beyond me. After the sacrifice came disquiet. 'The priest of Leaden has fled. No man knows whither.' So Leonard came through the cornfields to marry those twain and learned at last the secret of the hooded face. It nearly struck him down to see the groom before him. He might have thought it out long ago, but his brain had been dull. George Parris was George Easter, of Good Easter, that went in arms with him from Oxford ten years ago. His voice now had thrown off its hood, as well as his face. It was the same trolling voice that had sung 'O quanta qualia' and 'Alma Redemptoris' of old. How good it was to grip hands as he drew their hands together! The Blessing was hardly given when the battle of Lammas Day began. Their long peace was at last over.

VI.

The alarm came with the blowing of horns in the village; bridegroom and bride loosed hands, and he was gone. A medley of billmen and archers was marching on the church, that was filled with simple harvest folk. When Leonard looked round he saw that they were mostly women and old men and children; there were many binders and gleaners at that bridal, but reapers, how few! To the porch came a herald with Lord Maynard's colours and a white rose at his breast. The church was filled with mute or whispering folk that needed a spokesman. It was Leonard who came forward to treat. He asked right of Sanctuary for all that were there, but the Maynards refused it. 'Drag them out,' they cried. Leonard noted one dark comely man that sat a white horse as their most obstinate enemy. He defied him in the name of God. He felt a little sorry for him and his following, for he guessed that a stroke was coming. George Easter had not seemed to him unready or taken at a vantage. When he struck he would assuredly strike hard.

If only the Fellowship had given battle two minutes earlier ! The Dominicans were grappling in the porch-way to save the unarmed crowd within from violence. They stemmed the full tide for a little, then it was that the tide turned.

The hedges of the churchyard were lined with archers, and the hail of arrows began and ever thickened on the masses of men at the church door. All had been planned last night, and all was ready. There were but two weak rushes of the trapped men at the yew hedge, where the steel met them. They broke, they fled down the lyke-way, and up the road for the woods and High Easter. There was mercy for them in the hour of their flight, not an arrow was loosed at them, not a bill struck home.

The bridegroom came back to his bride, his bow slung over his bleeding shoulder, and roses stuck in the curls about his cheeks, that were smooth as a young boy's still. He was none too soon in coming. Leonard was hurt, and though Agnes had staunched the lance's thrust, he was in sore pain, and must be carried tenderly. But Robert lay dead with his head cloven. Perchance the butchering of a priest cured Lord Maynard of all stomach for further fighting that harvest. At any rate, both barley and wheat were gathered in safely, such fat crops that boys could remember them as old men, and folk are used to much corn on the Roothing clays.

How shall I tell how Leonard grew to his work as priest of those three forlorn villages, whence their priest had fled when the White Rose showed its thorns ?

It is strange how much better good things seem should they come true after much sorrowful dreaming about them. Those Oxford days had seemed gone as dust to the winds of heaven. His boyish reverence at least was saved from the wrack, and old strength and tenderness were once more about him. And about him, too, was that country of the old tales, with a time-honoured cause to light its nine dull villages, holding to each its torch of fire. Surely Saint Botolph of Beauchamp, and Saint Edmund of Abbess, and Scottish Saint Margaret of Margaret Roothing, an you could have seen them, were wearing red roses, and Saint Dorothy, that ruled the rose gardens, was busy plucking their favours.

Then there was Robert, dead and at rest, for a new patron to

the cause, and Agnes, whose eyes were as blue flowers by Roothing River, for earthly patroness.

The next months were anxious, and they had two great fights not so lightly won as that by Leaden Church. At last, in October, Warwick landed, and Henry came out of prison, and the Red Rose reigned.

Then there followed brave times, right up to that bravest time of all when, on Easter Sunday, the Roothings died almost to a man for King Henry, in a meadow near Barnet.

There died George Easter, the yeoman, and Leonard, the Dominican priest, and Agnes in her archer-lad's dress, carrying the banner of the Nine Orders.

On it were painted the Nine Orders of Angels, an Archangel, an angel ministrant, a cherub, a seraph, and many another, and also nine red roses, with the names of the nine Roothing villages, Margaret and Aythorp, and Berners and Leaden and High and White, and Beauchamp and Abbess, and dwarfish Morrell. On the scroll of it you might have read:—

‘ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM; FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA SICUT IN
CÆLO ET IN TERRA.’



LOUIS XVIII. AT GOSFIELD HALL.

‘**N**OVEMBER 3rd, 1807, Louis the 18th came to Gosfield, travelling as Comte de Lille.’ So says an extract from an old diary kept by a resident in Bocking.

‘Monsieur,’ by which title the grandson of Louis XV. was always known, had been obliged to leave Poland and Russia, where he had lived for some years, owing to the Treaty of Tilsit (8th July 1807). England was the only refuge remaining, and he landed at Yarmouth, 30th October 1807. The English Government offered him Holyrood as a residence, but this was declined, and the Marquis of Buckingham invited him to take up his abode at Gosfield Hall. His Queen, Louise, daughter of the King of Sardinia, arrived in the following July. She died at Hartwell, Bucks, one of the Marquis of Buckingham's seats in that county, on November 15, 1810, having in the meantime resided for a short while at Wanstead House, so it is evident that

the residence of the Royal Family at Gosfield must have fallen considerably short of three years' duration. At some time between the dates given, the King and Queen removed to Hartwell, where Louis remained till his Restoration in 1814.

The village of Gosfield has always maintained the memory of having once had the honour of a king (exiled, it is true) domiciled in its ancient Hall.

It had an even earlier connection with France, and had



HOUSE INHABITED BY THE POOR CLARES.

already, twelve years earlier, afforded an asylum to some unfortunate English Catholic ladies driven from their convent at Gravelines, in Flanders, in 1795, by the terrors of the French Revolution. The order of Clarissines or Poor Clares, to which they belonged, was established by Saint Clara, that noble lady of Assisi who in 1212 left her life of luxury to follow Francis, the lover of the poor, and devote herself to the same rules drawn up by Francis himself in 1224. There were soon as many as 2,000 convents, and even after the Reformation 900 remained in Europe.

The Poor Clares devote themselves largely to the education of girls, and have done noble work of colonisation in every part of the world. After the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, Queen Isabella sent thither some nuns of this order, who founded settlements among the Indians and taught them religion and works of mercy.

Their large Tuscan hats and brown cloaks are a familiar sight in the streets of every town in Italy, and sometimes may be seen in England. The house that sheltered them in Gosfield is also shown in an illustration ; it stands in the village street.

The names of the ladies who sought refuge in the village of Gosfield, and of one of their priests, are recorded on a square monument in the north-west corner of Gosfield Churchyard. An illustration of it is given. It is just visible in the photograph of the church which forms the Frontispiece of this number, and it bears the following inscriptions :—

North Face.

Here lye the bodies of the Religious Community established at Gravelines in Flanders under the name of the English Poor Clares in the year 1609, driven from thence by the persecutions of the French Revolution in the year 1795, and settled in this village July the 27th of the same year.

East Face.

FRANCES TODD. Died Jan. 1, 1797. Aged 35.
 ANN WORSICK. Died April 4, 1797. Aged 33.
 EMELIA KEITH. Died Jan. 4, 1799. Aged 61.
 MARY BULSTRODE. Died April 17, 1799. Aged 72.
 MARY FALKNER. Died Nov. 27, 1808. Aged 77.

South Face.

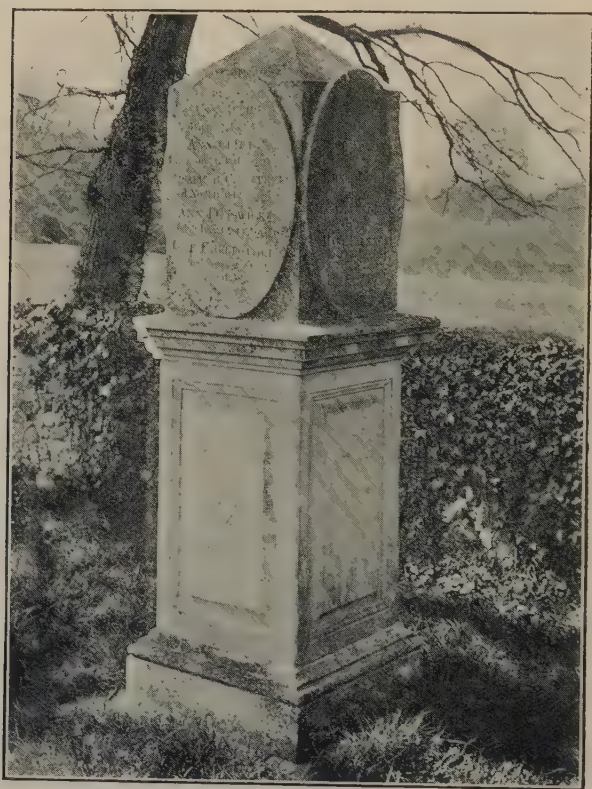
ANN JUMPE. Died April 30, 1810. Aged 61.
 ANN CLIFTON. Died Nov. 11, 1811. Aged 70.
 ELIZABETH CHANTRELI. Died Nov. 11, 1812. Aged 93.
 ANN PENSWICK. Died July 28, 1813. Aged 68.
 JANE FAIRBROTHER. Died Nov. 28, 1813. Aged 58.

West Face.

JAMES JOHN BAPTIST NICHOLAS BOULANGER, French Priest. Originally came from the Parish of St. Philibert des Champs. Rector of Ecorcheville, Departement du Calvados. Died 17th Decr. in the year of Our Lord 1801, about 73 years of age.

Another refugee at Gosfield was Mistress Dorothea Silburn, widow of Thomas Silburn, a Yorkshireman living in London, who had been implicated in the Lord George Gordon riots in 1780. She lived for a time at a house in the Park, known as 'Pimlico,'

another of the Catholic ladies befriended by the Marquis. An old man in the village tells me he well remembers her coming to the Poor Clares' house on Sunday, probably to hear Mass, in a chaise drawn by a white donkey. She had offered the shelter of her house in St. James', Westminster, to the exiled Bishop of



MONUMENT TO ENGLISH POOR CLARES IN
GOSFIELD CHURCHYARD.

St. Pol de Léon, and when the monarchy was restored in 1814 she returned to France and took up her abode at the little town of Roscoff, in Brittany, four miles from St. Pol de Léon. There she died, and is buried under a similar monument, bearing the following inscription, which a member of my family some years since copied.

On a square monument in the Cemetery at Roscoff, Brittany.

1^{re} face.



Le Clergé français reconnaissant.

Ci gît

Dorothée Silburne

morte à Roscoff

Le 2 Oct. 1820

à l'âge de 67 ans.

2^e face



Dorothée Silburné, mère

du Clergé français

réfugié en Angleterre

1792--93.

3^e face.



Dorothée Silburne

mère des pauvres

de Roscoff

"Sa mémoire est en
bénédiction"

Eze. XLV. I.

Requiescat in pace.

A HISTORY OF SHIP-BUILDING IN ESSEX.

BY MILLER CHRISTY.

THERE is every reason to believe that the building of ships became an important industry on the Essex coast in very early days. The amount of excellent oak timber which the county produces and the number of small havens, suitable for ship-building, which exist upon our coast offered exceptional facilities which cannot have been overlooked and were certainly taken advantage of.

Nevertheless, there exist extremely few records enabling us to trace the history of the industry in early days. Most of the

records we have relate to comparatively recent times—the last two or three centuries—during which ship-building has been carried on more or less extensively at Harwich, Brightlingsea, Thorrington, Wyvenhoe, Maldon, Leigh, and probably elsewhere. Moreover, most of the information we have relates to the building of ships for the Royal Navy—a subject which requires no notice here, as it has been treated very fully by Mr. M. Oppenheim in the *Victoria History of the County*.^{*} The building of pleasure yachts (once carried on extensively at Wyvenhoe and Rowhedge) has also been discussed fully in the same pages,[†] to which the reader may be referred for information. On the other hand, the building of ordinary sea-going trading-ships (an industry now all but extinct in the county) and the building of fishing-boats (which still flourishes with us) are scarcely touched upon in the great work in question. These may, therefore, very fitly receive some attention here.

Ship-building of all kinds appears to have attained greater importance at Harwich than elsewhere on our coast. Thus, in 1565 (as Mr. Oppenheim has shown[‡]), Harwich possessed seventeen vessels of all sorts; while, in 1572, sixteen vessels (including one of one hundred tons) belonged to the port. On the 1st December 1600, there were thirty-two “Shippes and Hoyes appertayning to the Towne of Harwich”[¶] :—

The Mariegould 140 tons	The Toby 100 tons
The Jonas 140 "	The Thomas (of Mr. Tevett) 80 "
The William 140 "	The Desire 80 "
The Globe 140 "	The An 80 "
The Christian 130 "	The Thomasin 80 "
The Apollo 120 "	The Conacon 80 "
The Phenex 120 "	Walter Maynore his Barke 80 "
The White Post 120 "	The An 60 "
The Garlonde 120 "	The Pilgrim 60 "
The Delite 120 "	The Solomon 60 "
The Henry 110 "	The Phenix 60 "
The Marmaide 100 "	The Swanne 40 "
The Thomas (of Mr. Thompson) 100 "	The Content 30 "
The Susan 100 "	The Prosperous 20 "
The Annfrance 100 "	The Burton 10 "
The Noye 100 "	The Grace 10 "

Most of these had been built, doubtless, at Harwich; for, in

^{*} *V.C.H., Essex*, “Maritime History,” vol. ii.

[†] *Op. cit.*, “Industries,” vol. ii., pp. 488-492.

[‡] See Mr. Oppenheim’s “Maritime History of Essex.”

[¶] See The Corporation Records, quoted by Lindsay: *Season at Harwich* (1851), App. p. 165.

1602, ships of considerably larger size (namely, of 170, 200, and 260 tons) were built there by one John Barker for two London merchants.*

Soon after the middle of the Seventeenth Century, the building of ships for the navy overshadowed the building of trading-ships at Harwich; and it is not till about the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, when the naval yard was let to private shipbuilders, that we are able to gather further information.†

From 1785 to 1840, the Royal ship-yard was in the occupation of Joseph Graham, who built under contract both ships for the Navy and trading-ships. In 1811, he built the *Survey*, a West Indiaman of 400 tons, the first large merchantman we hear of as having been built in the yard. In 1817, he built the *Eagle*, a schooner of 120 tons: in 1820, a cutter of forty tons and a life-boat for use on the Essex coast, the latter costing upwards of £500. Between 1824 and 1826, Graham built for the Post Office Service eleven steamships, as follows:—The *Spitfire*, the *Fury*, and the *Crusader*, each of 120 tons; the *Watersprite*, of 180 tons; the *Escape*, the *Wizard*, the *Salamander*, the *Dragon*, and the *Crocodile*, each of 237 tons; the *Thetis*, of 290 tons; and the *Dolphin*, of 320 tons. About the same time, he built for the Danish Government the *Mercurius*, a small vessel, probably a packet-boat, of 57 tons. In 1835, he built for "Private Service" two packets, the *Ramsgate* and the *Waterwitch*, of 140 tons each; and, in 1840, a schooner, the *Whim*, of 100 tons.

After this date, the yard was occupied for a few years by Mr. John Bagshaw, M.P., who built for the Ordnance Service, in 1842, a sloop, the *Lord Vivian*, and a schooner, the *Lady Vivian*. In the two following years, he built for the merchant service the *Admiral Dundas*, a bark, and the *John Bagshaw*, a brig of 260 tons, as well as the *John Williams*, a brig of 296 tons, for the London Missionary Society.

Up to this time and later, there remained in use in the yard a large ancient crane for hoisting goods out of a vessel's hold and depositing them on the quay alongside. It was said‡ to have been in existence "since the time of Queen Elizabeth" and was "worked by men in two large drums, with steps therein,

* See "Maritime History of Essex."

† See Lindsay: *Op. cit.*, App. p. 164.

‡ Lindsay: *Season at Harwich* (1851), p. 113.

after the manner of a tread-wheel," as in the case of the well-known wheel at Carisbrooke Castle. As the wheel was made to revolve by the weight of the men inside it, the rope of the crane wound itself round the outer barrel of the wheel and thus raised whatever heavy objects were attached to it. At the same time, there was also in use a patent slip-away for hauling up vessels. This had been installed in the spring of 1826. Vessels were placed on three small carriages, which were then hauled up parallel tramways by means of a chain attached to the drum of a windlass, turned by bars inserted in a capstan-head; by which means, thirty men could haul up a vessel of 500 tons at the rate of two or three feet per minute.

About the year 1850, the late Mr. John H. Vaux, of Harwich (formerly of Southampton), became tenant of the yard; and, in 1851, he built there a ship of about 700 tons. He continued to occupy the yard till the last few years, when he was succeeded by Mr. W. B. McLearn, who still builds small ships.

Further south, in the estuary of the Colne, trading-ships of small size have been built, since early times, at Brightlingsea (just within the mouth), at Thorington, and at Wyvenhoe and Rowhedge (both about three miles below Colchester).

As far back as the year 1300, a ship known as the *Welfare*, belonging to Brightlingsea (and, of course, a trader) was serving in the navy of Edward I.* At the end of the Fifteenth Century and beginning of the Sixteenth, the Beriffes, of "Moverons" and of "Jacobs," both in Brightlingsea, were prominent as ship-owners and merchants. Thus, in 1478, John Beriffe owned and commanded the *Mary*, of Brightlingsea; † in the same year, the 'George of Bredylsay' was commanded by one John Pypar; while, later, another John Beriffe, who died in 1521, owned the *Trinity*, the *Barbara*, and the *Mayflower*, all of the same port.‡

The Rev. Wm. Harrison, writing in 1587, speaks¶ of Thorington (or, as he calls it, Thorlington), on the creek now known as Alresford Creek, "where [he says] good ships of a hundred tun or more be made."

In the end of 1372 or the beginning of 1373, the Bailiffs of

**The Wardrobe Accounts of 28 Edward I.* (Soc. of Antiq., 1787), p. lv.

†See *The Cely Papers*, ed. by Rev. H. E. Malden, p. 196 (Roy. Hist. Soc. 1900). Two years later, she was commanded by one William Recharclay (ibid, p. 43).

‡See *Essex Review*, vol. xiii., p. 221.

¶"Descrip. of England," in Holinshed's *Chronicles*, i, p. 108 (1587). The passage does not appear in the earlier (1577) edition,

Colchester and Ipswich received jointly a Royal Command to build a barge for service against the king's enemies and for safeguarding the seas. The two towns at once made representation in the King's Courts at Westminster that they had been much impoverished since the war began; and, by the King's favour, the town of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, was joined with them; whereupon the barge was completed—probably on the Colne.*

Between 1625 and 1638, as Mr. Oppenheim has shown, John Page and Richard Allen, of Colchester, launched eight vessels and Timothy Alleston one. These were built, probably, at Wyvenhoe or Rowhedge, where ship-building has been carried on ever since.

Messrs. Forrest and Co. Ltd. have occupied since 1888 the shipyard at Wyvenhoe occupied formerly by Philip Sainty and the Harveys, both long famous as yacht-builders. The yard extends to four acres and a half and lies between the bank of the Colne and the station. It has its own railway-siding, a dry-dock 235ft. in length, and extensive ranges of building-sheds, slipways, and fitters' shops. In it, they have built many ships—generally of special and uncommon kinds. Among them have been a certain number of yachts and small traders; but the firm's speciality is light-draft steamers (stern-wheel or paddle), of which many have been built for use on the shallow rivers of Africa, Russia, and Mexico. It has built also many life-boats for use on coast or ship; pinnaces, torpedo-boats, destroyers, submarines, and man-of-war's boats for the British and various foreign navies; fire-floats for the London County Council; steam launches, motor boats, dredgers, and other craft for all kinds of special purposes. Messrs. Forrest built also, for the Melanesian Mission, the auxiliary screw yacht *Southern Cross* (the fourth of that name).

Coming to the estuary of the Blackwater: we find that, in the Fifteenth Century, a certain amount of export trade was carried on from Bradwell Quay, close to the mouth of the river; for, in 1478, a cargo of wool was sent thence to Calais in a ship known as the *Christopher*, belonging to (and probably built at) that little port.† At Maldon, at the head of the estuary, a certain amount of ship-building was carried on formerly. In

*See the Colchester "Red Paper Book," fo. 1 (also Benham's *Red Paper Book*, 1902 pp. 4-5).

†*The Cely Papers* (1900), p. 195.

1572, the port possessed eighteen trading-ships,* most of them built, no doubt, on the spot. Now the industry has almost entirely ceased at this port.

At Leigh, there was a considerable ship-building industry during the latter part of the Sixteenth Century, when (as Mr. Oppenheim has shown†) ships of large size for the time (up to 340 tons, that is) were built there, doubtless for London merchants. In 1572, Leigh, with Milton, owned thirty trading-vessels of from fifty to one hundred tons, beside eighteen of smaller size. In recent times, the town has lost the industry.

At Rainham, further up the Thames, there was a certain amount of export trade (and probably of ship-building) in the Fifteenth Century; for, in 1481, three ships, the *Mary* (John Danyell, master), the *Christower* (Harry Wylkyns, master), and the *Thomas* (Hemonde Danyell, master), were described as belonging to the place.‡

Of ship-building on the rest of our coast, there seems nothing to record, except at West Ham, at the extreme south-western corner of the county from Harwich, where the industry has been carried on since the middle of the last century.

In 1846, Mr. Charles John Mare, a partner in the ship-building firm of Ditchburn and Mare, whose works were on the Blackwall (or Middlesex) side of Bow Creek, at its junction with the Thames, suggested to his partner that, in view of the high cost of bringing rolled iron plates from the north of England by rail, they should buy land on the opposite (or Essex) side of the Creek and lay down plant for rolling their own plates. Mr. Ditchburn did not favour this idea and the partnership was dissolved. The firm of C. J. Mare and Co. was then formed, and at once acquired four acres of the land in question, which was then mere waste marsh, covered with reeds, and submerged at high tides. It was immediately drained and piled; offices and buildings were erected; two slips were laid down; and, within four years, it had been converted, according to White,¶ into

the largest establishment in the world for building iron and wooden ships. . . . The arrangement of the various buildings for the different branches of trade employed in iron and wood ship-building (for the former of which Messrs. Mare and Co. stand pre-eminent) is admirable; whilst the inter-

*See Mr. Oppenheim's "Maritime History of Essex."

†*Op. et loc. cit.*

‡*The Cely Papers* (1900), pp. 41, 70, 71, 72, 75, 76, and 80.

¶*Hist. & Gaz. of Essex* (1848), pp. 232 & 240.

secting of the spacious yard in various directions by railways, communicating with the several wharf-cranes on a quay of 1,050 feet, offers every facility for the landing and delivery of iron, timber, coals, stores, etc., or for loading vessels and barges with the products of the works. At the present time (April 1848), there is upon the stocks a splendid Iron Steam Frigate of 1800 tons burthen, building for the Admiralty. It will be fitted up with a screw propeller. In the open yard are various building-slips, capable of receiving the largest vessels, and among the buildings is an iron foundry, with four blast furnaces, capable of producing the larger description of castings. Here are also puddling and scrap-iron furnaces, tilt and forging hammers, bar-iron rollers, powerful bending and straightening rollers, punching presses, shearing machines, rivet presses, rivetting machines, &c., of the greatest power, worked by various steam engines.

. The average number of hands employed by them is about 1,200, but they have sometimes as many as 2,000 at work. During the last eight years, they have built about 300 vessels, nearly all of iron.

Later, C. J. Mare and Co. undertook extensive contracts for general engineering work in various parts of Britain; but, in 1856, the firm became insolvent, owing to the low price at which it had contracted to build some fifteen gunboats and dispatch-vessels for use by the Government during the war in the Crimea. Their works were then taken over by the Thames Ironworks, Shipbuilding, and Engineering Company Limited, which still exists and trades on a very large scale.

In 1858, the Company received from the Admiralty an order for H.M.S. *Warrior*, the first sea-going armour-clad warship ever built. All the details of construction of this novel departure in ship-building were worked out in the Company's yard. The vessel was launched in 1861, and quickly attracted the attention of the chief Governments throughout the world.

From the beginning to the present date (December 1906), the Company has built 846 vessels of all kinds, having a total displacement of 465,000 tons.* All these, with the exception of a few built by Ditchburn and Mare in the firm's earliest days, have been built on the Essex bank of Bow Creek, where the Company's yard now covers twenty-four acres. For some years past, the Company has had no land on the Middlesex side of the Creek, where its general offices were situated formerly.

The Company has built war-ships for the British, German, Russian, Turkish, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Brazilian,

*Of this enormous tonnage, vessels totalling 321,000 tons have been designed by Mr; Geo. C. Mackrow, the Company's Naval Architect, who was articled to Ditchburn and Mare in 1843 and is still in the service of the Company, having completed the extraordinarily long period of 63 years. He is now one of the Directors. I am indebted to him for information.]

United States, Japanese, and other Governments. Among battle-ships and cruisers built in recent years are some of the finest afloat. Several of these have been built for the Japanese Government, including the *Fuji* (12,500 tons) and the *Shikishima* (15,000 tons); others have been built for the British Government, including the *Albion* (12,950 tons), the *Duncan* and the *Cornwallis* (both 14,000 tons), and the *Black Prince* (a first-class cruiser of 13,500 tons, now completing).

While most of the vessels built have been war-ships, some have been of other kinds—yachts, dredgers, packet-boats for the Channel and other services, and various other sorts, including the *Cleopatra*, which brought the ‘Needle’ to this country.

To-day, the building of ships (other than fishing-boats and small yachts) may be said to be practically extinct in Essex, except at West Ham and Wyvenhoe, and there seems little or no probability of its revival. Now that large vessels are always built of iron, there is an ever-increasing tendency for them to be built nearer the sources of supply of iron and coal in the North of England.

Allied to the building of ordinary trading-vessels is the building of fishing boats—an industry which is still carried on actively in Essex. It seems that most, if not all, of the boats used by Essex fishermen have been always, and are still, built in the county. That this was so a century ago is clear from Young’s statements as to the boats used in the oyster-fishery in the estuaries of the Colne and the Blackwater:—

A dredging boat is [he says *] from 14 to 30 or 40 tons burthen. All are decked and built at Wivenhoe, Brightlingsea, etc., etc. The price [is] 10*l.* a ton for the hull of the vessel only, and fitting out one of twenty tons will demand 150*l.* There are from two to four men to each vessel, who are paid by shares; and the master has a share for the vessel. In the spring, they go to the coast of Hants and Dorset, dredging there. Last week, Mr. Buxton counted 130 vessels at work within sight of Mersea.

Young also prints some information supplied to him by a correspondent, a Mr. Bennett Hawes, of Mersea, who says† that the number of fishing vessels of from eight to forty or fifty tons employed at the time in the Essex fisheries was

near 200, employing from 400 to 500 men and boys. A vessel carrying three men has [he adds] one share and a half of all the earnings, and the men one share each. Larger vessels have generally two shares, but, I believe, none more than this.

* *Gen. View of Agric. of Essex* 1807, vol. ii., p. 387.

† *Op. cit.*, ii., p. 388.

The vessels, [which are] built at East Donyland, Wyvenhoe, Brightlingsea, Burnham, and Mersea, will last from 30 to 40 years, with care.

A person now living at Wivenhoe informed me that he had, within the last 20 years, built 100 vessels for the oyster business alone. . . .

There has been an increase of boats (and, of course, of men) of more than half within the last thirty years.

At Barking, in the days when that place had a considerable fishing industry, fishing boats were built in large numbers, but building has now almost, or quite, ceased there.

At the present time, the building of fishing boats is carried on at Leigh, Southchurch, Heybridge, and Harwich ; but the chief seat of the industry with us is still in the estuary of the Colne, at Brightlingsea, Wyvenhoe, and Rowhedge.

BY THE RIVERSIDE.

BY A. W. DELL.



THE sun shines large and red over the hill, and the surrounding clouds are beginning to don the splendour of the sunset, as I step off the rickety wooden landing-stage into the boat—our clumsy barge-like craft which has borne us so many times up and down this quiet little Essex stream. Here, in spring, we are carried between banks brilliant with marsh marigolds, while the fields beyond, peering between the willows which fringe the stream, gleam white and yellow with their flowers.

This evening as the boat glides silently between the reedy banks, with only a musical ripple of the water under the prow, yellow water-lilies brush against the oars, while among the reeds can be seen clumps of forget-me-nots and wild thyme. For some way past the bridge, whose low red-brick arch has to be negotiated very warily, the river flows along a wide bed bordered with meadows, where cows are grazing with a steady ‘munch, munch’ of satisfaction.

But now we suddenly drift under the shadow of a row of overhanging willows, from whose drooping branches the leaves hang so low that they sweep against the boat and its occupants. The last rays of the sun pierce through between the old pollarded stems, and high up in the topmost branches a robin delivers his evening chant. Further on, a hundred or more

starlings are making noisy greetings to one another as they assemble for their evening flight in an old oak just across the stream. Here they will wait, chattering and flying about, now down on to the meadows, and now back again into the oak, till their company is made up. Then will come a sudden silence, immediately followed by the roar of beating wings as the whole flock takes flight for the distant roosting-place of half the starlings in the county, leaving the river more silent than before.

At present their incessant chatter and screaming greatly annoys a long-legged heron fishing in solitary state further down the river, and as we emerge from the shade of the trees and enter on a long stretch of open water, he can be seen flying off over the meadows to his heronry many miles away. Soon his slowly flapping wings have carried him over the brow of the hill, and he is lost to sight in the darkening east.

The river here seems to broaden out again, and the banks are bare of trees for some distance, so that one can see across the meadows on the right bank to the higher ploughed land crowned by the gaunt black figure of the windmill, which rears its tall column of red brick high into the air, as if ready, like a lighthouse, to resist all the winds that blow and all the storms that rage. To the right, where the hill slopes away to the valley, the blue smoke of the village drifts among the elms, while on a little higher ground the spire of the church can just be made out among its surrounding trees.

Once more our waterway is shaded, this time by a sturdy ash, followed by a row of giant willows from whose immense trunks giant branches spread out to the other side of the river. And here, under the shadow of the willows, our journey down the river must end, for just ahead the white weatherboarding of the water-mill gleams across the river, and close by is the miller's house with its quaint little angles and projections and mossy-tiled roof.

Round swings the boat to the creaking of the rowlocks, and we head her once more for the open stretch of water beyond the willows. As we glide out from the gloom a dark form suddenly shoots out from a tree ahead, and with silent strokes of the wing an old barn owl makes off up the river, soon followed by his mate from another tree on the other side of the stream.

Presently, as the boat carries us silently on, we pass by the gardens of a row of cottages, and in one of them I see an old friend sitting by the edge of the water, and smoking his evening pipe.

‘Evenin’, Harry,’ I say, as I bring the boat gently alongside the wooden piles that bank off his garden from the river.

‘Evenin’, sir,’ says Harry, ‘another good day for the harvest to-morrow, I count.’

‘I hope so, I am sure. Very quiet on the river, isn’t it?’

‘That it is,’ assents Harry, ‘wunnerful quiet here of an evenin’. The nights have been that warm to-year that I’ve a come here most evenin’s to smoke a pipe. For ’tween you and I and the gatepost, t’aint allus quite so peaceful indoors. Not when my missus is riled, that is.’ And having made this unusually long speech, Harry relapsed into silence, and a cloud of tobacco smoke.

‘And how are you, yourself?’ say I, by way of restarting the conversation. ‘I am afraid your evenings by the river don’t make your rheumatics any better.’

‘That they don’t,’ replies Harry, mournfully, ‘but there, I ain’t a pig and didn’t ought to grunt. If I live and be spared, I’ll be eighty-three come Michaelmas, and, as I say, we can’t none on us expect to live for everlastun.’

A long silence ensues, and then Harry goes on. ‘Look at all them six or seven millions of men up in Lunnon, a-ragin’ and a-tearin’ round. In a hundred years’ time they’ll all be gone. Not one left.’

‘And the river,’ think I, as I paddle home, ‘will be still flowing on through these fields just the same as to-night. Ah well, life is—by Jove, there goes an otter! Didn’t I tell the Master there was one here, though he wouldn’t believe me.’

And so home among the willows.

Epitaph in Twinstead Churchyard.—‘Lucy Norman, wife of Peter Norman, gardener, to whom she bore seventeen children, died aged fifty-three, 10 April, 1794. Sir James Marriott placed this stone to protect her remains. Respect the dead and imitate her virtues.’

NOTES OF THE QUARTER.

ON Mayors' Day, Nov. 9, the following gentlemen were elected to fill the office of Mayor in the various towns of Essex:—

Essex Mayors.	CHELMSFORD	Alderman Frederic Chancellor (7th time)
	COLCHESTER	Councillor Walter B. Sparling
	HARWICH	Councillor W. H. Elwell (2nd time)
	MALDON	Councillor H. A. Krohn (4th time)
	SAFFRON WALDEN ..	Alderman Joseph Bell (4th time)
	SOUTHEND	Councillor Walter Robert King
	EAST HAM	Councillor G. Pratt (Deputy-Mayor)
	WEST HAM	Alderman Spratt

The election of a Deputy-Mayor for Brightlingsea, a limb of the Cinque Ports, was carried out according to ancient usage by the jurats assembling in the belfry of All Saints' Church, when Captain Wenlock was elected.

THE new High Sheriff of the County is Mr. Charles Ernest Ridley, third son of Thomas Dixon Ridley, of The Elms, Chelmsford, and now head of the well-known firm of T. D. Ridley and Sons, millers, brewers and maltsters. Mr. Ernest Ridley was born at Chelmsford in 1847, and was educated at Uppingham and Trinity College, Cambridge. He is chairman or vice-chairman of several of the Committees of the Essex County Council, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Essex County Lunatic Asylum and Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Essex Convalescent Home at Clacton-on-Sea. Mr. Ridley has always been devoted to sport in all its forms, he is an enthusiastic huntsman and a keen cricketer.

A NEW Parish Room has been erected in Kelvedon Street upon a site given by the Vicar, Rev. E. F. Hay, subscriptions for the building fund having been readily forthcoming to fill this long-needed want. The Hall is built from plans made by Mr. Percy Beaumont, it is Gothic in style, and the main room measures 50 by 28 feet. A smaller room above is for the use of the Young Men's Club, and a committee room is provided below. Further

additions are contemplated. The building was opened on October 3 by Major-General Sir Henry Ewart, K.C.B., G.C.V.O., of Felix Hall, who expressed the thanks of the parish to the Vicar, who had organised the affair. A concert followed, when the assistance of some talented professionals was much appreciated.

Churches,
Restorations,
&c.

CHELMSFORD.—A memorial window has been given by Lieutenant Hardwicke Holderness to St. Mary's Church, in memory of his wife, a daughter of Mr. Walter Gray, of Chelmsford, whose death shortly after her marriage was the result of the severe earthquake in India last year. It was unveiled by the mother of the deceased young lady on 3 December, Canon Lake, the rector, saying the dedicatory prayers.

DANBURY.—A stained glass window has been presented to Danbury Church by the Rev. F. W. Rogers, Headmaster of Chelmsford Grammar School, in memory of Mrs. Rogers, who had long frequented Danbury for her health, and who died there on 18 May, 1904. A monument over her grave was unveiled at the same time. The dedication sermon was preached by the Rector (Rev. J. B. Plumptre), assisted by the Rev. A. W. Flux and the Rev. F. S. Paynter, in the presence of a number of friends, assistant masters of the school, and boys.

LOUGHTON.—The rectorial jubilee of the Rev. John Whitaker Maitland was made the occasion of the presentation (on November 27th) of an illuminated address, and the insertion, as a memorial of the event, of three new stained-glass windows at the east end of the chancel of the parish church. The subject of the central one is Our Lord represented as crowned, and in the attitude of benediction, holding in the left hand an orb: the windows on each side represent St. John Baptist, the patron saint of the church, and St. Alban, the protomartyr, above whom there are choirs of angelic beings. An inscription in the glass of the middle window records the circumstances of their erection. The amount contributed proving more than sufficient to carry out this work, a gradine, or retablo, of carved alabaster and marble has also been provided for the altar. The work has been successfully carried out by Messrs. Powell, of Whitefriars, whose connection with the church and parish is of ancient date.

NEVENDON.—A new altar, presented by a Yorkshire gentleman, has been dedicated at St. Peter's Church by the Bishop of Colchester, assisted by the Rector, Rev. F. W. Greenstreet. The altar is of oak with five panels, carved with sacred emblems.

UPMINSTER.—A fine granite cross has been erected in the churchyard as a memorial to General Branfill, bearing the following inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory of
Major-General BRYDGES ROBINSON BRANFILL,
J.P., of Essex,
Late 5th Bengal Cavalry,
of Burghstead Lodge, Billericay,
5th son of Champion Branfill, Esq.,
of Upminster Hall.
Born 22 November, 1833; Died May 26, 1905.

THE REV. JOHN JAMES STEVENSON MOORE, LL.D.
Obituaries. (Dublin), vicar of Dagenham, died there on 4th

October, after a short illness of pneumonia. He had held the living for thirty years. Born in 1829 in the Isle of Man, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and ordained in 1855, Dr. Moore was for fourteen years Chaplain of the Seamen's Mission at Swansea, where he carried on a good and lasting work among the sailors in the docks. At Dagenham, to which place he came in 1876, he will be long remembered by his restoration of the church, and by his efforts to obtain a district church for Chadwell Heath, which, during the latter years of his incumbency, became a separate parish with an independent vicar. Dr. Moore's wife survives him, and his son, Mr. C. J. Stevenson Moore, Chief Inspector of Police in Bengal, was present at his funeral in Dagenham churchyard on 9th October, when he was borne to the grave by members of his church choir.

THE REV. EDWARD MUSSELWHITE, rector of Salcot Virley, and a friend and neighbour of the Rev. S. Baring Gould (author of *Mehalah*), when he was at East Mersea, has recently died. He was ordained in 1855, and had held the joint livings of Salcot and Salcot Virley for about twenty-eight years.

Red Hills
Exploration. AN influential Committee of Essex men interested in scientific discovery has been formed jointly by the Essex Archæological Society and the Essex Field Club, with Mr. H. Wilmer, C.G., as Hon. Sec. and

Treasurer, to investigate the deposits common along the margins of the estuaries and tidal rivers of this county, which have acquired the name of 'Red Hills.' The composition of the deposits is red burnt clay intermingled with rude pottery; they vary in size from a few rods to several acres, and are now given over in many cases to cultivation, the soil of which they are composed appearing singularly productive. Some have been proved by the pottery found therein to be at least prehistoric in origin. Many theories as to their purpose and existence have been advanced, but no systematic effort has heretofore been made to pierce the mystery that surrounds them. Mr. Wm. Cole, in the *Essex Naturalist* of July 1906, made a report of some he had examined. Operations have already commenced, and a number of hills in the parish of Langenhoe have been carefully excavated, with important results, which will be embodied in reports of the Committee and circulated, as funds permit. Mr. Francis W. Reader, who was engaged under General Pitts Rivers, Inspector of Ancient Monuments, is rendering assistance of the greatest value.

NOTES AND QUERIES.



'Otes' as an Essex Place-name.—Can any reader of the *Essex Review* suggest a likely derivation for the word 'Otes,' which occurs several times in Essex as the name of a farm or residence? The best-known example was, probably, the mansion of 'Otes,' in High Laver, which was the home of the Mashams from the time of James I. to late Georgian days. Here Locke the philosopher spent the last ten years of his life, dying there in 1704. In 1712 Sir Samuel Masham, Bart., was created Lord Masham of Otes, but all his honours became extinct on the death of his son Samuel, the second Baron, in 1776. The house exists no longer, but extensive fish-ponds and mounds still mark the position of the grounds which once surrounded it (cf. *E.R.* xiv., p. 29). In Writtle there is a manor called 'Benedict Otes'; while in the adjoining parish of Chignal St. James there is a small farm known as 'Beaumont Otes' (pronounced locally 'Beam-a-notes'). Doubtless there are others.

Morant says (i., p. 140) that 'Otes,' in High Laver, took its name from one John Otes who held it in the time of

Edward III., and he gives a reference to an inquest of 18 Edward II. Again, he says (ii., p. 67) that 'Benedict Otes' took its name from 'one Benedictus Oates' that held it formerly. In records it is corruptly written 'Benditotes' and 'Benecotts.' Morant alludes also (*loc. cit.*) to Beaumont Otes, 'on the road from Chignal Smeley to Chelmsford,' but says nothing of any Mr. Beaumont Otes who gave it its name.

I confess to considerable doubt as to whether the name is really derived from a surname, as Morant says it is. A John Otes there may have been, for Morant seems to have had documentary evidence of his existence; but of Benedictus Otes Morant tells us nothing whatever, and one cannot help suspecting that he was invented by Morant to account for the unusual place-name. Again, even supposing that both these individuals really existed, who was Beaumont Otes?—M. C.

Earl's Path (*E.R.* xv., p. 175).—I notice that Mr. Barnard, in his pleasant article on 'Epping Forest by night,' speaks of 'the Earl's Path.' In the interest of posterity, if not of our contemporaries, it may be well to say that the definite article is misleading. Earls are far to seek in Loughton parish, although the Manor did, for a brief year or two, belong to a Rochford. The path in question owes its name, I believe, to a local laundress; but I am unable to say why her memory, rather than that of another, should be thus perpetuated.—W. C. W.

Witham, New Station.—In view of the extensive re-building now proceeding at Witham Station, and of the growing importance of it as a junction, it is perhaps timely and interesting to quote from our national merry-maker, 'Punch,' of fifty-seven years ago, a description of the station as it then appeared. A drawing of the solitary porter, on whom hung all the arduous labours, accompanies some lines where humour is as conspicuous as veracity :—

PORTER'S STATISTICS.

"If that celebrated porter Atlas—the Pickford of Antiquity, who carried the whole world, without even the aid of a knot, upon his shoulders—should re-appear upon the earth, he would hardly be 'strong enough for the place' of porter at the Witham Station of the Eastern Counties Railway. There is

on the spot a meeting of two or three lines, so that the official in attendance finds himself always in the midst of a very trying juncture. The impossibility of doing three things at once will occasion a collision now and then; but we believe the Directors



think of advertising for a sort of human three-in-one to fill the situation at Witham, his duties being to turn the points, ring the bell, and work the telegraph. We understand that an individual who squints is always preferred on this line, for the faculty of

looking two ways at once is likely to be useful to him in the discharge of his duty. This accounts for the numerous startling cases of strabismus one meets with along this line, but as motion is not quite so rapid as vision, it sometimes happens that the porters are destined to see danger in two places at once, without the possibility of avoiding it. A troop of railway acrobats for the service of the economically managed lines would perhaps be found useful, and if the porters could be trained up as Vauxhall Diavoli, to make rapid descents along the electric telegraph wires from station to station, they would be enabled to get from one part to another in time to be on duty almost at two places at once."—*Punch*, 1849; p. 12.

Essex Dialect Words.—An accident to a labourer here has brought to my notice a good old word of which, I am ashamed to say, I was ignorant. The man was going about with a bandaged eye, and told me he had got an 'ail' in it in threshing. I took him to say a nail, but fortunately an expert was by, and explained that an ail is a barley-beard. The word is an ancient one, as the following extract adapted from the Oxford English Dictionary shows:—

Ail (obs. or dial.) Forms, aile, eyle, egl, &c. O.E. Cognate with Germ. egel, agele. c. 1000. *O.E. Gospel*, Luke vi. 41. 'Hwi gesihst du ta egle on dines brodor eagan? (Why beholdest thou the mote in thy brother's eye?) 1578. Lyte, *Dodoens*, 461. 'The eares (of barley) be . . . set ful of long bearded sharpe ayles') 1787. Winter, *Syst. Husb.* 310. 'Barley' should likewise be . . . well shook in a sack by two men, to be cleared from ailes? [Still in use in the Eastern Counties.]

Another man told me he once met with the same mishap, but put an 'eye-seed' in his eye over-night, and in the morning the ail 'laid' on his eyelid. I think the 'eye-seed' thus used about here is gromwell seed (*Lithospermum Officinale*), which has, I suppose, a mucilaginous coat, to which the foreign body sticks. Mr. Britten, in *The Treasury of Botany* does not mention gromwell seed as having this property, but says that the seed of *Salvia Verbenaca* is so used. I find no mention of this virtue of either plant in Gerard, Dodoens—or Culpeper.

EDWARD GEPP, High Easter.



REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

From Midshipman to Field Marshal. By EVELYN WOOD, F.M., V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G. 2 vols., 24 illustrations and maps, pp. xiv. 322, vi. 299. Methuen and Co. Price 25s.

This book must add extraordinarily to the world-wide popularity of the author, who is to-day one of the most popular men in his native county of Essex. Already it is in a fourth edition, and that we are able to state this in our notice of it, brings some consolation for what might seem a rather delayed appreciation. But its publication in October, shortly after the issue of our last number, is responsible for this.

The book teems with thrilling interest at whatever page you open it. Whether it is the midshipman and aide-de-camp of seventeen leading a storming party up the terrible Redan; the soldier-lieutenant-interpreter, aged twenty-two, of Irregular Cavalry in India; the gay insouciant sportsman spending his few years of home service in Ireland or at Aldershot; or the colonel and major-general of Ashanti, Zululand, Egypt and the Sudan; it is the same open single-hearted nature that is displayed, courageous, danger-courting, yet full of sagacity, confidence and good judgment.

The habit begun in early life of keeping a diary has been of invaluable service to the author, and the stirring incidents of war, personal perils and loss of comrades, are told with the vivid pen of the eye-witness before time has dulled the recollection.

The style in which the book is written is before all things suited to the narrative, which carries the reader from point to point and disarms all criticism by coming from a man of deeds not words.

Sir Evelyn Wood was born at Cressing Vicarage on 9th February 1838, the youngest son of John Page Wood, vicar at that time of Cressing and rector of St. Peter's, Cornhill. His father succeeded to the baronetcy in 1843, removed to Rivenhall Place, which he rented from the Westons, and did valuable service in the county as J.P., D.L., and chairman of the Braintree Board of Guardians. From one long associated with him there, the present writer has heard many a time the story of Sir John's deep emotion and pride when the news reached him of his youngest boy's distinguished action in the Naval

Brigade in the Crimea. Sir Evelyn's mother was Emma Carolina Michell, who came of a race of Cornish squires. After a somewhat troublous education at Marlborough (first at the Grammar School and afterwards at the College), the boy joined H.M.S. *Queen* on May 24, 1852; a few weeks later his uncle, Captain Michell, hoisted his pennant on the ship, and many are the tales his nephew tells of the peculiar austerity he displayed towards his young relative. Soon after his arrival in the Crimea, Wood bought a pony out of a drove from Asia Minor, a cheap purchase he says, although it cost £18, for it carried him through the campaign and lived till 1883, for the last few years of its life at Rivenhall. In the Crimea Wood made the acquaintance of Captain, afterwards Sir William, Peel whose well-meant intentions to save the boy's life were scarcely appreciated at the time.

While we were lying there [under the breast work of the Redan], Captain Peel sent me on five different errands, none being of any importance. On the last occasion, just at the false dawn, disregarding many bullets from the Redan, I walked straight across the open towards the Rear instead of going round by the zig-zags. Captain Peel then called me back, giving up the attempt to get rid of me. The author adds in a note:—He was anxious I should be saved from the fire we were about to encounter. This I only knew afterwards from a letter written to his brother the following day; at the time I was greatly irritated.

He was wounded, however, in the assault, and invalided home, only to begin immediately 'to worry my mother about returning to the Crimea.' In a week or two he was gazetted to the 13th Light Dragoons, and in January 1856 he started again for the seat of war. By March he lay in hospital at Scutari, so sick of typhoid and pneumonia, that his parents started for Constantinople with small hope of finding their son alive.

The account of the three years spent in India are full of interest, then follows the story of work at home at the Staff College, the romance of a faithful affection which survived much opposition, for the sister of a school friend, Viscount Southwell. The Southwell family being Roman Catholics, objected to Miss Southwell's marriage to a Protestant, objections were however finally overcome, after seven years the young couple were hastily married, as the bridegroom was on the eve of starting for the Abyssinian war under Lord Napier. The marriage was rendered possible by the kindness of Wood's brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, of whose life-long kindness the author

speaks in the warmest terms. For twenty-one years, Wood managed his Irish estate of about 9,000 acres at Clones.

Sir Evelyn's story of the South African war of 1878—1879, under General the Hon. F. Thesiger, afterwards Lord Chelmsford, is deeply interesting. Colonel Buller was operating in combination with him, and to his heroism a special tribute is paid. The story of the 'ride to death' up the fatal hill at Inhlolobane, and the death of Lloyd, his interpreter, and Captain the Hon. Ronald Campbell, is crowned with a story of the latter which must be quoted to show how Wood was loved by his staff.

Campbell had sat opposite to me for three months and had anticipated every want with the utmost devotion. As I visited the outposts at least twice every night from the date of Isandwhana till after Ulandi, July 4, my clothes were nearly always damp from walking through the long grass, which when not wet from the heavy rain which fell constantly through the months of February and March, was soaked with dew, and I had forbidden either of the staff accompanying me, because as we slept in our boots and clothes, anyone who walked round the sentries got saturated up to the waist-belt. I had, however, once or twice suspected that I was being followed, and one night, turning suddenly in the darkness, I knocked against a man and then recognised Campbell's voice, as he answered my challenge. I said sharply, 'Why are you disobeying orders, what are you doing here?' 'I always have the fear, sir,' he replied, 'that one night you won't hear the challenge of one of the sentries, and you will be shot.'

Throughout the narrative of this campaign in S. Africa, names of officers are constantly arising which, twenty years later, in the next S. African war, were to become household words, although at the time many of them were, of course, young men. Sir Evelyn himself volunteered to go out again in 1900, he even acceded to the proposal to serve under Lord Kitchener who had been a Lieutenant when he was a Colonel, but Kitchener with creditable courtesy refused the position, and eventually Sir Evelyn was able to do notable work at home as Quarter-Master-General and Adjutant-General.

The book contains some very entertaining stories of his dealings with the natives. A chief, on one occasion, asked to select a present to be sent from England, chose a tall hat, an umbrella and stick, and it was curious that several years later Sir Evelyn's son should accidentally discover the stick, with its inscription on a gold plate, still a valued possession of the recipient. Queen Victoria on several occasions commanded Sir Evelyn to Windsor and Balmoral; she requested him to conduct the Empress Eugenie on her sad expedition to see the

scene of the Prince Imperial's gallant death (eighteen wounds from assegais, all in front). Sir Evelyn's account of his share in the great funeral procession is highly interesting. One of the greatest charms the book possesses is its simple direct naïveté, equally noticable whether the author is telling of the actions which won him honour and promotion, of his early struggles as a poor man in an expensive profession, whose practice it was to avoid cards, alcohol and betting, or of the ridicule it sometimes brought about him. The reception accorded him each time when he came home to Belhus after a victorious campaign, and the County presentation of the Sword of Honour at Chelmsford on 14th October 1879, are related in the same way. Altogether it is a book that no one who wishes to follow the history of the last fifty years can afford to miss.

The Great Revolt of 1381. By CHARLES OMAN, M.A. With two maps (pp. viii. and 220) (med. 8vo.), Oxford Clarendon Press, 1906. 8s. 6d. net.

The need for another book on *The Great Revolt of 1381*, after the recent work of Edgar Powell, G. M. Trevelyan, Réville, Cunningham, and others, was not perhaps of a very pressing order. But Mr. Oman was already studying the subject for the *Political History*, material was ready to hand in considerable abundance, a detailed narrative is sure to find adherents, and it is always amusing to go over a time-honoured theme inch by inch with a powerful microscope.

The theory of the rising, it must be admitted, derives no special illumination from Mr. Oman's essay. The subject has been worked at to good purpose by economic historians, and very little room was afforded in which new speculation could play. Political causes played a much more important part than was held twenty years ago, when this rising was always contrasted with that of 1450. Contrasts are always convenient, especially in the 14th century, when there is so much that is very obscure. There seems little doubt now, and in this respect Mr. Oman only confirms the regular oracles, that the pre-disposing causes were mainly political. The long strain of the war, that *damnosa hereditas* of Edward III., the evil of its intoxicating effects, and the disorganisation and distress which were sure to follow in its wake, were just beginning to mak

themselves felt. It is rather significant, perhaps, that Kent, which least of all the shires, felt the evil of serfdom, but as the highway to the continent had been most demoralised by the traffic of the war, and had most suffered by the loss of trade with Guienne, Gascony, and Spain, should have taken, along with Essex (where labour troubles were much more rife), the chief part in both the start and maintenance of the revolt. Another grievance was the retention on the Council of John of Gaunt, a disagreeable reminder of the 'contract' and 'war office scandals' of the late reign.

The underlying causes were admittedly economic, and the social grievances, it is now fairly perceived, were neither homogeneous nor universal. They were, on the contrary, extremely local, various, and sometimes contradictory. They were not only the grievances of John Plowman against his lord, or the monastery with the wily abbot, who refused to grant or be bound by any charter; but also of townsmen in great numbers, who wanted a lever against their municipal oligarchies; of apprentices who wanted better wages and greater facilities to set up as masters on a small scale; and, not least, of corner-men and hangers-on, 'the scurf of the commonwealth,' as Bacon called such men, who looked with envy upon the prices of skilled labourers, and raised the perennial alarm against aliens and foreign traders sucking the blood of the country, and exporting gold and silver across the sea.

The old theory that the upheaval was, in some measure at any rate, religious, an early form as some surmised of Christian Socialism, receives no countenance in these pages. The mob were not delicately scrupulous about violating sanctuary or breaking into churches, but if they were not religious they were equally not anti-religious. There were no deliberate religious outrages. It is true that Archbishop Sudbury was done to death, but that was in his capacity as incompetent statesman, not as over-arrogant primate or churchman. A similar fate overtook Archbishop Scrope at Henry IV.'s hands, not as a churchman but as a rebel. The man whom good churchmen at this time most hated was John of Gaunt. And this same potentate (Wiclif's patron) was the chief butt of the hatred and menace and scorn of the insurgents. Clerks and Friars are frequently found among the leaders of the

rising. But it is clear that religion had nothing to do with the assault of the villein upon his manorial lord ; of the unchartered townsman upon the local lord-abbot ; of the skilled or unskilled labourers of the city upon their employers ; of the urban democrats upon the urban oligarchs ; or, finally, of the riverside mobs and neer-do-weels upon the foreign merchants. There can have been little of the secret socialistic conspiracy at work in those days, even though there may have been a few Cades and Tappertits who believed that a fifth monarchy or a levellers' saturnalia was at hand ; or could gain credence for the assertion that in England seven half-penny loaves should be sold for a penny, or that the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops.

The ground-bass of the whole disturbance was to be found in the accentuated conflict of interest between landlord and labourer. The one constant factor in all discussions concerning 1381 is the recognised fact that the pestilence of 1349 and 1362 had permanently raised the price of labour. The villein or serf accordingly wanted to get quit of his corvées and customs, and enter the free labour market. The landlord wanted to coerce him to remain as he was, and to render the free market less enticing by enforcing a statutory wage. Here, as things proved, they were attempting a feat beyond their strength. But, meanwhile, the landless labourers, not a little enraged by these efforts, were determined to get a bit more than their legal pay. To effect these objects, both villein and free-labourer attempted every kind of combination or agricultural union against the lord and his bailiff. They often went so far as to get assistance from lawyers to prove that in Domesday Book their forbears were not entered as holding under base tenure, but as free men. But for the Black Death and the Statutes of Labourers, these differences might possibly have exhausted themselves in regular economic channels. These, however, brought about a stoppage in the circulation which led to catastrophe. The eventual emancipation of the villein was brought about, not by any revulsion of feeling, but by a purely economic process of evolution.

The immediate provocation, as André Réville clearly demonstrated, was fiscal. In November, 1380, owing to the extraordinary expenditure in the war, the Commons decreed a new Poll Tax at the rate of a shilling (3 groats) per head

through every township or parish in the country. To avert what seemed in their eyes immediate ruin, the villages in the South-East of England began with one accord to make false returns. We have the figures of many of these returns, which are not infrequently absurd upon the face of them (Mr. Oman's figures, by the way, do not always agree precisely with those of the pioneer investigator of the rising, M. Réville). The Government were much incensed by the inadequate returns and, in March 1831, they issued a mandate for a new tax-census. It was the inquisitorial work of these new commissioners which kindled the spark of insurrection. It first broke into flame, not in Kent, as the old fable alleges, but in Essex, in the marshland villages of Fobbing, Corringham, and Stanford. The commissioners were beaten and stoned out of these villages, and had to retire upon Brentwood in disorder. There on 2nd June, six men were killed in a tumult, and the mob broke out into plunder and riot, which were rapidly emulated on the south side of the Thames, though it is not until 7th June that we first hear of that 'enigmatic personage,' Wat Tyler. A new authority for the Brentwood riot is cited at length in a translation, made by the author of the 'Anonimal Chronicle of St. Mary's, York.' The French is, no doubt, difficult, though we may point out that variants of *sisour* (meaning assizer) are of almost every day occurrence in French documents of the period.

The narrative part of the book is excellent, as Mr. Oman's narrative nearly always is. The irruption of Kent and Essex insurgents into London, the panic which they caused, the two nights of terror and panic, the lootings and assassinations, the red fool-fury of the Thames, the sack of the Temple, the ugly murder of Sudbury, the young boy-king's promptitude in taking his life into his hands, and the extraordinary courage and resource that he showed at Clerkenwell, and after, all these things are most vividly described. The aimless character of the rising in West Norfolk comes as something of an anticlimax.

The book concludes with six appendices and two maps. The poll-tax returns of a typical hundred are given in appendix IV. ; and the hundred chosen is that of Hinckford in Essex. The disproportion of the sexes (at Felsted for instance there are 47 unmarried men to 10 unmarried women) and the disparity between the returns of 1377 and 1381 indicate the temerity with

which the latter returns were 'cooked.' Both figures and place-names, however, seem to need some checking. 'Alhamstone' and 'Bumstead' have a very ambiguous look, and should, of course, be Alphamstone and Bumpstead. The index references to Liston are erroneous. In the case of the parishes named in the poll-tax rolls, this difficulty is averted by the simple plan of omitting them from the index altogether.—TH. S.

In the 'Journal of the Bankers' Institute' for October 1906, pp. 319-330, Mr. Miller Christy has published an interesting article on 'The History of Banks and Banking in Essex,' for which he has collected a large amount of detailed information by means of personal inquiry. The article is the more interesting since the private firms of bankers bearing names long associated with the county have disappeared with their absorption into the larger amalgamated banks of Messrs. Barclay and Co. and the great joint stock banks of London. County banking in its embryo state was carried on, he tells us, by merchants or tradesmen whose business entailed a constant correspondence with a London banker or other financial agent. For the convenience of his friends or customers, the merchant negotiated their bills and drafts with his own; gradually this part of his business outstripped in importance the earlier calling, which was gradually abandoned, and he became a 'banker' pure and simple. This was the case with Richard and John Twining, tea dealers, of the Strand, and John Mills, tea dealer, of High Street, Colchester, who together commenced operations as bankers in Colchester about 1765, and who are generally regarded as the pioneers of banking in the county. Twinings retired from the local bank and were succeeded by John Bawtree, of Colchester, and the name became Mills, Bawtree and Co. This bank's stoppage in 1891 will be remembered.

By 1774 the bank of Crickett and Co. was established at Chelmsford, Maldon, and Colchester by a family of Flemish extraction, who had been established in Colchester since the end of the 17th century. They were joined by George Round, sen., of Lexden House, second son of James Round, of Birch, who was succeeded by his son George (d. 1857). This bank divided into two branches, at Colchester and Chelmsford.

A cheque form of the Chelmsford branch is here shown

MAP SHEWING DISTRICTS WITH PUBLIC WATER SUPPLIES.

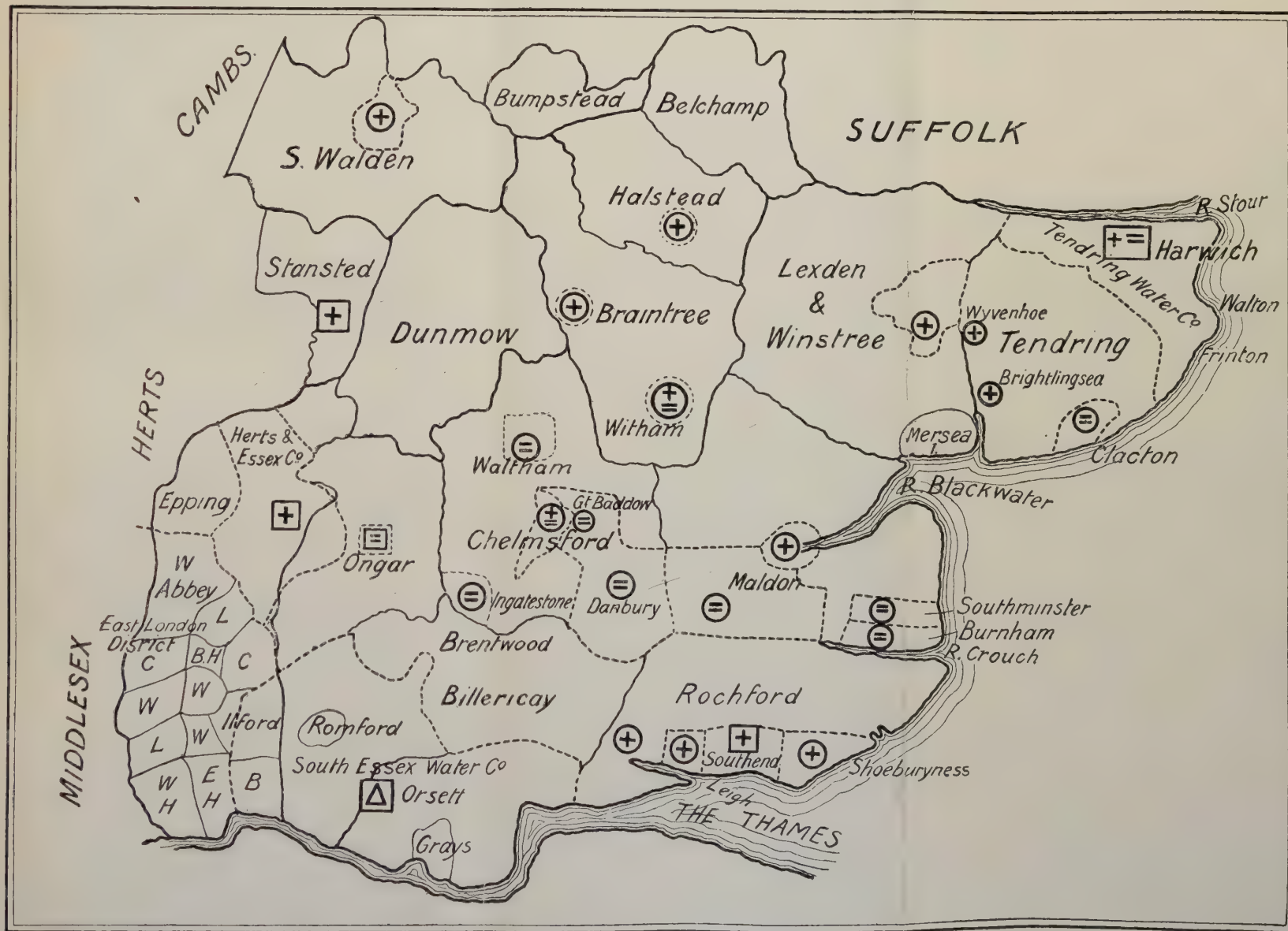
= = Signifies water derived from gravel.

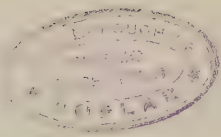
+ = " " " " deep wells in chalk or Thanet Sands.

△ = Chalk Springs.

○ = Owned by the Sanitary Authority.

□ = Owned by a private company.





CHEQUE FORM (Reduced).

No. _____	Chelmsford Bank.	No. _____
_____ day of _____		<i>E. L. & Menish & Crickitt</i>
179 _____	Pay to _____	or bearer
£ _____	£ _____	

Firm founded at Colchester about 1774. Became bankrupt on 24th December, 1825, during the Great Bank Panic. Traded at Colchester, Chelmsford, and Maldon.

(reduced). This branch was the first to collapse in the great bank panic of 1825-6, when three Essex banks failed within a week. On Christmas Eve, 1825, Crickett's Chelmsford Bank stopped payment, and the partners as well as many of their clients were irretrievably ruined. The Colchester branch was just able to weather the storm, and that chiefly by the spirited action of the Rev. William Marsh, D.D., rector of St. Peter's, who happened to have a considerable sum of money in his house, and who, hearing the state of affairs, promptly put it into a bag, and marched openly through a crowd of angry bystanders, to deposit it in the bank. Confidence was restored, and the bank was saved. The story is well told by Miss Catherine Marsh, the noble and philanthropic daughter of Dr. Marsh, in her life of her father (1867). After this crisis the bank was re-organised and its style became Round, Green, Green and Pattisson; in 1891 it was Gurneys, Round, Green and Co., and in 1896 was absorbed by Barclay.

The bank of Sparrow and Co., which has so long held a prominent position in the county, was established at Braintree in 1803 by James Goodeve Sparrow, of Halstead, and three years later it extended to Chelmsford. The original partners were George Brown, Charles Hanbury, and Joseph Savill, besides Mr. Sparrow. Thomas Simpson joined them a few years later. The trade name of the undertaking was 'The Essex and Suffolk Bank,' which by 1830 had become 'The Essex Bank.'

Messrs. Sparrow were also affected by the bank panic, but not until the worst was well over; on February 27, 1826, they were obliged to suspend payment temporarily. At a meeting of creditors held at the Shire Hall, Chelmsford, on March 7, it was reported that the assets exceeded the liabilities by at least £18,000, while the separate estates of the partners were large, and the position, in spite of temporary embarrassment, sound. Business was re-commenced before long with a change of partners and title, and Sparrow's Bank has continued to our own time, although absorbed into Barclay's in June, 1896. Mr. W. Michael Tufnell, who died in March, 1905, had been connected with it since 1838.

It has always been a well-known fact that in former days, say at the beginning of last century, banking and brewing were

largely conducted by Quakers. These industries seemed then as much relegated to Quaker enterprise as the manufacture of biscuits and cocoa is now. Gibson's bank at Saffron Walden dates from 1825, when, on the suspension of Searle and Co.'s bank, the Gibsons, a family of successful brewers, highly esteemed there, were approached by the leading inhabitants of the town with a request that they would establish a bank for the public convenience in place of the one which had closed its doors. This, too, was amalgamated with Barclay's in 1896, a seat on the board being allotted to the senior partner, Mr. Edmund Burch Gibson, which he still happily fills. Barclay's now owns 36 branches or agencies in the county, or nearly one half of the Essex banks. The London and County Bank, Limited, owns 16; The London and Provincial Bank, Limited, thirteen.

Mr. Christy traces the history of a Harwich banking firm established about 1780 by one Anthony Cox; afterwards it became Bridges, Cox and Godfrey, Cox and Knocker, Cox and Son; Cox, Cobbold and Co.; at the last designation the partnership remained for over 50 years. This bank passed unscathed through the panic years, and only on 1st January, 1899, altered its style to Bacon, Cobbold and Co., having joined the Ipswich bank of Bacon, Cobbold, Tollemache and Co. It then published a balance sheet for the first time. On 2nd January, 1905, it was absorbed by the Capital and Counties Bank, Limited, and one of the oldest Essex private banks then disappeared. Mr. Christy concludes his interesting paper by stating that the only private bank now left is the branch at Romford of Messrs. Hill and Sons, of London:

Braintree and Bocking: A Pictorial Account of Two Essex Townships. By MAY CUNNINGTON and STEPHEN A. WARNER. (With an Introduction by HERBERT J. CUNNINGTON. Illustrated with thirteen original illustrations in colour, others in wash, three from photographs, and forty-seven pen-and-ink drawings, by the Authors). (4to., pp. 55). London, Arnold Fairbairns. Price, 3s. 6d.

The perpetuation of local and decorative history by means of the arts of pictorial design is all too rare with us, in spite of

the facilities now afforded by the photographer's aid. To record the features and architecture of a place is a labour of love always, and seldom has the task been more piously performed than by the authors of this most attractive little volume. It must not be forgotten that they have set themselves to produce a 'Pictorial Account,' and not to write an exhaustive, and learned, and probably dry-as-dust history of all the past happenings of nine or ten centuries. For that these two townships have been of considerable importance since the Domesday Survey or long before, the authors have made abundantly clear. We could wish Mr. Cunnington in his introduction had told us a little more about the Bishop of London's palace on or near the Parsonage Hill, but his mention of the mystery plays of St. Swithin and St. Andrew, given in the Church about 1522, is extremely interesting. Unfortunately the old Vestry-book, from which a copy was made by Samuel Dale, of the expenditure incident to the production, has disappeared. Roman occupation of Braintree is illustrated by the reproduction of coins and urns from the collection of the Vicar, Rev. J. W. Kenworthy. From their situation at the intersecting point of two Roman military roads—*i.e.*, from Camulodunum (Colchester) to Verulamium (St. Albans), and from Bury St. Edmunds to London, the towns gained much renown. A vast number of important hostelries were seated on these old pilgrimage and coaching roads; some of them after became the workshops of Flemish weavers imported into England from the days of Edward III. The 'good and trewe Clothe' made at Bocking is referred to by Norden in 1594, and a certain woollen drugget or baize was long known as 'Bockings.'

The interesting set of bosses in the Jesus Chapel in Braintree Church are particularly well illustrated by Mr. Warner's drawings, as are the carvings in Bocking Hall, several houses in Bradford Street, the Woolpack Inn, and the Dial House. Carvings in Bocking Church are also selected with much taste to fill two pages in the latter section of the book. Nowhere does it appear that the credit of these very admirable and exact drawings, as well as those of the coins and iron work, are the work of Mr. Stephen Warner, who is also, we believe, entirely responsible for the letterpress. For Miss Cunnington's coloured sketches of the town of Braintree and its approaches, of houses



BOCKING HALL.—THE FRONT PORCH.

in Little Square, the Church from the Gant, and the Woolpack Inn, no praise can be too high. Bocking Mill and Church and the outlying cluster of houses which has almost attained a



CARVED FIGURE ON THE SIX BELLS
INN, BRADFORD STREET, BOCKING.

separate entity under the name of 'Bocking Church Street,' are also capitally rendered by her brush. Their reproduction reflects great credit on the printers, and we have nothing but praise for the style and get-up of the book, its cover, and general appearance. Indeed, it appears little short of a marvel that so much taste and excellence can be offered for the very small sum of three and sixpence. We anticipate many objections to the way in which the coloured illustrations are inserted, by pasting the top only, but such critics may be reminded that the alternative of using a shiny, smooth paper for everything, is an execrable one, and moreover would not have suited the etchings. The drawings might, it is true, have been stuck down all over but this can be done without detracting from the appearance of the book. By the courtesy of the publisher we are enabled to reproduce two or three of

the pen-and-ink illustrations, in order that our readers may judge of the young artist's work.

Drawings of the Trade Tokens which were particularly

numerous from the tradespeople of the two towns are also capitally rendered by the same hand. A remarkable fact about them, noted by the author, is that the issuers were mostly Quakers, who formed a large colony of successful merchants and tradesmen in the neighbourhood. Two, however, out of the three he names in Braintree were issued by soldiers! One, bearing a pair of scales and a wheatsheaf, was issued by Abraham Ansell, of Bocking, Baker. This is not illustrated, nor do we learn the date. The name of Ansell does not appear in the index.



CARVING IN BOCKING CHURCH.

We may add a word of appreciation for the dedication to the memory of Mr. Augustus Cunnington, whose fine collection of Essex books, noticed in these pages (*E.R.* vol. xi., p. 245) has been used by the authors in the preparation of this volume. We notice they give a careful bibliography, but there is no list of illustrations, although the subjects are starred in the Index.

Straw-Plaiting: A Lost Essex Industry. By I. CHALKLEY GOULD, F.S.A.

This article has been reprinted from the *Essex Naturalist* (vol. xiv, 1906) in pamphlet form and contains much valuable

information of the straw-plaiting industry. Introduced in the end of the Eighteenth Century to the village of Gosfield by the Marquis and Marchioness of Buckingham, who then inhabited Gosfield Place, it spread in one or two directions in the County until handsome profits were made at a time when as much as 7s. a score yards of plait was received by the women engaged. Later on, the price paid sunk to 2d. and 3d. a score, until about 1890, or earlier, the industry died out completely, owing to the use of Japanese lighter-weight straw for hats. Some illustrations of straw splitters and bone 'engines,' roller, mill, and of the plait itself, add largely to the interest of the paper.

We have received a copy of a *Bodleian Guide*, by Andrew Clark, a small quarto book of 100 pages or more, capitally illustrated, and most readable and entertaining.

It is written by our valued contributor, Dr. Andrew Clark, who probably knows the great library as thoroughly as any man in Oxford. He has imparted to it a most pleasant flavour of history and archæology, stirred in so judiciously that the willing reader is never conscious of intentional instruction, much less of being personally conducted round historic buildings by a 'guide'; but rather that out of the abundance of his store, a pleasant companion, steeped in Oxford legend and history, chats to him the while he shows glimpses of the lore of books and buildings, till Thomas Bodley becomes anything but a name from out the past. The title seems a little colloquial. Why a 'Bodleian Guide,' and not a 'Guide to the Bodleian, or the Bodleian Library.'? Perhaps, however, the worthy aim to be informal is partly accountable for this. The little Handbook should become vastly popular, and have a long life before it.

A capital little illustrated booklet entitled *A Brief Statement of the Claims of the Borough of Colchester to be The Cathedral City for the Proposed Diocese of Essex*, issued by the Town Council of the Borough, has reached us. Much interest is felt in the question, and the county town naturally urges at least an equal claim. We believe nothing is yet settled, but in view of the rapid increase in population in South Essex and the fact that another division may some day be needed, Colchester appears to have a strong topographical as well as an irrefragable historical claim.

THE

ESSEX REVIEW:

A Quarterly Journal for the County



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THE WATER SUPPLY OF THE COUNTY OF ESSEX.

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AT the present time the population of the county is about 1,300,000, and the amount of water required daily for this number of inhabitants is fully 20 million gallons. From what sources is this large amount of water derived? Primarily, this, of course, comes from the rainfall, but very little rain water is collected and utilised. There are no mountains or moorlands in the county from which the rain can be collected, and as practically the whole area is under cultivation, the water running off the surface into ponds and streams is always more or less impure. Streams and lakes form the most important sources of supply in very many counties, but these usually collect water from thinly populated areas in hilly districts where the rainfall is heavy.

In Essex the rainfall is very low, averaging only about 22 inches per annum, whilst on the western side of England, amongst the mountains of Wales and the Lake District, it may average three times as much. Few people realise the enormous amount of water which falls yearly. One inch of rainfall over an acre of ground amounts to 22,500 gallons. Taking the area of the whole county as one million acres, and the rainfall as 22 inches, the average quantity which falls in Essex must exceed 500,000,000,000 gallons, or seventy times more than is necessary to supply the whole amount of water required, for domestic, municipal and trade purposes. About one-third of this rainfall

runs off the ground surface; into ditches, brooks and rivers, and ultimately finds its way into the sea, another third is absorbed by the soil, and most of this reappears as springs, but much remains imprisoned in the earth and can be reached by sinking wells. The remainder evaporates and passes again into the air.

With one exception the rivers of Essex, or which bound Essex, are practically useless as sources of water. They are either very small and contain very little water during the summer, when most water is required, or they are tidal, and the water contains so much salt as to be useless for domestic purposes. The exception is the river Lee, which divides Essex from Herts. This river rises in the Chiltern Hills and brings down daily over 70 million gallons of water, of which the Metropolitan Water Board abstract nearly 50 million gallons for the supply of London and a portion of Essex. The river, traversing agricultural districts and receiving sewage effluents from numerous towns and villages, is quite unfit for drinking purposes until it has been purified. This is done by allowing it to undergo a natural purification whilst stored in enormous reservoirs at Walthamstow and elsewhere, and by submitting it to a very careful filtration before it is supplied to the consumers. The Water Board also obtain a large quantity of water from several deep wells in the county, at Waltham Holy Cross, Ilford and East Ham. As they take so much water from the county, it is only right that they should be compelled to supply a large portion of it with water; accordingly they are so compelled, by Parliament, to supply Walthamstow, Leyton, East Ham, West Ham, Wanstead, Woodford, Buckhurst Hill, Chigwell, Loughton, Chingford, Waltham Holy Cross, and a part of Ilford, a population of about 700,000. Hence all the more populous portion of the county is within the London water area, probably a very fortunate circumstance, though it must be remembered that if the Water Board ever spend millions of pounds in obtaining water from Wales, Essex will have to bear its share of the expense, notwithstanding that we have at our boundary a river which furnishes us with an abundant supply. The Lee Valley water is 'hard,' but with proper supervision of the river to prevent pollution, and efficient storage and filtration, it constitutes a perfectly wholesome water.

A large area in the south of the county is supplied by another water company, the South Essex Water Company. Its area of supply includes most of the Orsett and Romford Rural Districts, and the towns of Grays, Barking, Romford, Brentwood, and part of Ilford; thus all the populous areas in these districts are supplied. The water is derived from chalk wells at Grays and from a deep well, also in the chalk, at Romford. As the population of this area is increasing rapidly in population, the Company is seeking fresh sources of supply.

Another important water company is the Southend Water Company, which originally was formed to supply Southend with water from two or three deep wells in or near the town. The growth of population has been so enormous that the company has had to sink well after well at points between Fobbing and Southend. It has only been by the exercise of unceasing vigilance and great foresight that this company has been able to maintain an abundant supply of wholesome water. As their mains pass through a number of parishes, Fobbing, Vange, Pitsea, Bowers Gifford, Eastwood, etc., the company supplies certain of these and some adjoining parishes with water, greatly to the advantage of these areas.

In the north of the county is an enterprising company, the Tendring Hundred Water Company, which derives water from deep wells in the chalk at Mistley, and supplies many rural parishes in the Tendring Hundred, as well as the towns of Manningtree, Harwich and Dovercourt, Parkeston, Walton, and Frinton. The town of Clacton in this district is supplied with excellent and soft water from wells in the gravel beds at Great Bentley. The waterworks are owned by the town.

There is still another water company supplying water in Essex, the Herts and Essex Company, which obtains water from chalk wells at Sawbridgeworth, in Herts, and supplies it to the inhabitants of Epping, Harlow, Netteswell, North Weald, Theydon Bois, and Theydon Garnon. The mains also extend into the Ongar district to the Ongars, Bobbingworth, Lambourne, and Shelley.

Most of the towns in the county to which reference has not already been made have public supplies owned by the sanitary authorities, and nearly all derive the water from wells sunk into the chalk. This geological formation extends throughout the

whole county, the chalk coming to the surface in the North West around Saffron Walden. It dips towards the South and East, becoming so deep near Southend that borings 500 or more feet in depth must be made to reach it. Unfortunately, where it lies at a considerable depth it does not yield water very freely; hence, as has just been stated, several wells have had to be sunk to furnish sufficient water to supply Southend. There is also a great difference in the character of the water yielded by the chalk at different places. Where the chalk is near the surface or only thinly covered with other beds, the water is 'hard' and contains from 15 to 20 grains of chalk per gallon in solution; where the chalk is at a considerable depth, the water is very soft and contains only a few grains per gallon in solution. Near the coast many of the deep wells yield a brackish water due to infiltration from the sea, and in a few places elsewhere the chalk water contains magnesia salts, which make it too hard for use for many domestic purposes. At Grays and Purfleet there is a fault, and the chalk, which a little distance away is some hundreds of feet below the ground surface, comes quite to the surface and is quarried for lime and cement burning.

Saffron Walden, Stanstead, Halstead, Braintree, Chelmsford, Witham, Maldon, Burnham, Ingatestone, Brightlingsea, Wyvenhoe, Rowledge, Leigh, and Shoeburyness are all supplied from chalk wells, but at Colchester and Chelmsford the supplies are supplemented from springs arising from local gravel patches. These gravel areas absorb the rainfall freely and give it up again in the form of spring water. Clacton is supplied from such a source, as also is Southminster and a number of other villages. Wells sunk in this gravel sometimes yield a fairly abundant supply.

Dunmow is the only town in the county which has not a public water supply.

In several rural districts the enterprise of the Local Sanitary Authorities has provided public supplies for a large number of parishes. In certain of these districts there are many miles of water mains, and the fortunate inhabitants of such parishes are supplied with water as good in quality and quantity as is enjoyed by the inhabitants of the towns. The Rochford Rural District Council have a deep well in the chalk at South Benfleet, and from this they supply the parishes of South

Benfleet, Hadleigh, Hawkwell, Rayleigh, Rochford, and Thundersley.

The Chelmsford Rural District Council collect water from gravel springs at Danbury and supply that parish, Little Baddow, East Hanningfield, Woodham Ferris, Rettendon, Runwell, and part of Sandon. In the same rural district there are water supplies laid on to the houses in Great Baddow, Springfield, Ingatestone, Great Waltham, and Little Waltham.

In the Maldon Rural District certain springs in Woodham Walter, fed by the Danbury gravel, supply Woodham Mortimer, Hazeleigh, Purleigh, Stow Maries, Cold Norton, North Fambridge, Latchingdon, Althorne, and Mayland. There are smaller schemes supplying Tiptree, and also Southminster.

In other parts of the county water is chiefly derived from shallow wells. Upon consulting the geological drift map of the county it will be observed that a large area around Colchester and another round Danbury is covered with gravel, and in these and other more limited areas where gravel is found, water is usually easily obtainable from wells only a few feet in depth.

The large area comprising the Roothings, and lying between Chelmsford and the Saffron Walden Rural District, is covered with a fairly thick bed of boulder clay; this yields very little water, and such as is yielded is very hard, and occasionally has an odour of rotten eggs, due to a trace of sulphuretted hydrogen. In this area the problem of water supply is a difficult one, but by sinking through the boulder clay into the thin bed of sand beneath, water is generally obtainable sufficient in quantity to supply a farm or a small group of houses.

In Central Essex there is a large area on the exposed London clay, and here the greatest difficulty is met with in obtaining water. Rain water is collected from roofs, but in this county, with its low rainfall, the amount thus obtainable is limited, and rarely suffices for all the requirements of the house. Hence ponds and ditches have to be resorted to to supplement the supply. It is in this area, however, that certain Rural District Councils and water companies have provided public supplies; hence from being the worst supplied, many of these parishes on the London clay are far better off than most other parishes on the gravel.

The Essex County Council have taken a great interest in this

question of water supply, and in 1901, I prepared, at their request, a full Report on the water supplies of the county ; in 1905 the portion relating to the Rural Districts was brought up to date and re-issued. From these reports anyone interested in this important question can obtain information concerning every parish in the county ; the maps included in the reports (one of which is reprinted here) show all the water mains of the various water companies and local authorities.

On the whole, Essex is much better supplied with water than many parts of this country. It is quite true that, save the River Lee, there is no very abundant source of supply, but there is no part in which water is not obtainable, though in a few places it entails the sinking of deep wells.

As regards the quality of the water, there has undoubtedly been a great improvement in recent years, as the sanitary authorities are giving great attention to the construction of wells and the protection of springs from pollution. The provision of more public supplies with water mains ramifying through numerous parishes is greatly to be desired, and, probably, nothing would assist more in developing the county and increasing its prosperity. These supplies are especially requisite for the dairy industry and for the development of building estates. Probably, also more manufacturing industries would be established in the county, were better facilities for obtaining water afforded.

CAMPING-OUT IN EPPING FOREST.

BY ARTHUR T. BARNARD.

THE long winter evenings afford the nature-lover opportunities for reflection. The scenes he has visited again pass before him ; for is not imagination the power of realizing things that were, while the living movement of thought lightly touches the details until the whole is printed in colours and gold ?

So much has been written about our beautiful Essex forest that the attempt to say anything new about it would seem an ambitious venture. Nevertheless, many there are who see in this small bit of woodland those compelling charms incident to the wildness and freedom of nature, and we may suppose that

these worshippers at the sylvan shrine are ever ready to listen to a fellow-worshipper, especially when his speech moves along simple lines. He may have nothing original to tell them, no startling theory to offer and no wonderful discovery to announce. The chorus of birds at dawn is none the less welcome because it has inaugurated day through whole geological periods ; spring creeping over the hedges loses none of its loveliness because, as an institution, it is older than man himself, but the mere mention of these ever-recurring moods of nature, either in verse or prose,

*Photographed by]*

THREE GENIAL VISITORS.

[Stanley Barnard.

seldom fails of awakening the more tender human emotions. In like manner every reference to Epping Forest reminds us of pleasant hours spent in a cool fragrant atmosphere, collecting treasures, studying the minute changes of leaf and herb, or contemplating a wealth of foliage showing marvellous diversity in size, in shape, in tint.

The writer has had exceptional opportunities for observing the forest for two seasons. By the kindness of the authorities he has been permitted to camp within its precincts, and few

week-ends have passed when he has not availed himself of the privilege. Sometimes he has spent the night alone in or near the tent, but more frequently he has enjoyed the genial companionship of a few friends. On all occasions, except when rain has been actually falling or the temperature abnormally low, he has elected to rest outside the tent on a primitive bed of beech-leaves, regarding fresh air as the one dominating pleasure of life. His aim has been insensibly to acquire a general idea of the forest the twenty-four hours round, and through all the changing

*Photographed by]*

EPPING ROAD.

[Stanley Barnard.

seasons; an idea that should include everything, from the myriad of transparent creatures in the several pretty ponds to the dome-shaped sky enclosing the landscape, not omitting the graduated richness of sunrise and sunset, and the kaleidoscopic colour scheme, never really absent—only partially obscured on the darkest night.

The mist-veiled quietude of this most primitive part of Essex about 3 o'clock on any summer morning, the trembling stars, the chill air, the beads of moisture hanging in profusion everywhere, the fixed still galleries of gnarled and lichen-stained

trunks, the chastened tones of green and brown seen in a feeble light, and the perfume of the bracken suggestive of apple orchards—these resolve themselves into a mystic grandeur, possessing a high interest for the nature-lover. The pageant of day has begun anew, and is already silently and rapidly proceeding. The thick blue haze which encircles the forms melts away. The sun peeps above the horizon, and every glade is instantly flushed with brightness. The tiny beads of moisture shoot out a thousand rays, and there is a burst of eloquence from our feathered friends.

*Photographed by]*

THE WAKE POND.

[Stanley Barnard.

On the way to the sun-lit pond for the morning dip the white fluffy tails of the rabbits go bobbing off in every direction, and in all probability a glimpse of the deer, going in single file towards Monk Wood, will be obtained ; at any rate, that is the one desire of the photographer of our party at the moment. A glance at the photograph of our bath shows it to be a mirror nestling among tall trees, with a luxuriant growth of greenery about its moist margins. That mirror has imparted a lustre to the writer's memory which can never be dimmed, and sundry

small bottles at home in his study contain curious creatures fished from its depths, more tangible mementoes of the many very agreeable visits to the Wake Pond.

The kettle is singing on the camp-fire when we return to the tent. Our table is 'the unplanted forest floor'—one grand bespangled expanse at this early hour. A waterproof ground-sheet is first spread out and upon it a snow-white cloth. Some of our party, indeed, provide themselves with finger-napkins, although there is on every hand an abundance of clean crisp beech leaves. These interesting people are solving a problem, 'How to transport civilization into the midst of a primitive thicket.' Breakfast goes forward to the tune of a singular inedley of notes—chirps, calls, trills, and warbles; petulant little showers of leaves fall, some coming to rest in the coffee and others on the butter; a sly current of air carries the smoke from the wood-fire full tilt upon us, and we are subjected to a yellow peril when the wasps discover our jam. But there is a sort of heartiness and antique quaintness about taking one's breakfast in the maze and tangle of Epping Forest at 5 a.m. that amply compensates for the levity of air-currents and buccaneering wasps.

So trivial a matter as the sound of wheels on the Epping Road is sufficient to break up the breakfast party. Our photographer, endowed with beautiful traits of imagination and a real love for his camera, is off to secure the first picture of the day, and the others, not guessing the source of his inspiration, follow at a distance. This courtesy, by the way, is always jealously observed among us; not that it is necessary when a cart is to be stalked, but the nimble and alert inhabitants of Epping Forest, his common quarry, if they are to display some of their rogueries and waggeries in the finished picture, *do* require that a high degree of deference in respect of silence and distance be accorded to the knight of the camera.

Once abroad there need be no unseemly haste in returning. The breakfast table generally merges imperceptibly into the dinner table, and this again into the tea and supper tables—unless a lady happens to be of our party, when this neglect and a few other unconventionalities may not be tolerated. We are perpetually on the tip-toe of expectation that something novel will turn up, and the more prosaic duties of life are, therefore, practically disregarded.

The rural divinities, the subject of another illustration, had presumably passed a somewhat restless night ; for their lowing through the hours of darkness had caused us a little anxiety. They will on occasion, perhaps charged with some romantic import, or, perhaps, merely with a view to alleviating an irritation of their noses, explore the tent pegs and ropes, a proceeding undesirable to the sleeping inmates. But now, in the early hours of the morning, they have come to rest on one of the uplands in the neighbourhood of High Beach, assuming a lofty indifference to the outside world, including all tent-dwellers.

*Photographed by]*

RURAL DIVINITIES.

[Stanley Barnard

We are inspired by an admiration for liberty, and before the day is far advanced each is making longer or shorter excursions through the tangled thickets, along the tortuous glades, or to the gem-like garden of some open space. Unfortunately, the hours are provokingly brief, but some amends are made when we display our treasures and talk over the events of the day round the camp-fire after night-fall. One will exhibit something small and fierce in the insect line ; another, a curious fungus taken from some old-world stump. One of the group will speak

eloquently of the evanescent light effects witnessed by him on the brow of a low hill. How the sun, glinting upon the new bracken-scrolls, touched their tips with unburnished silver! The mellow effects produced in Debden Slade as the sun went down in the west! How, on passing the top of a certain avenue, the vista came to an end in a dark bank of furze lightly brisked with pure gold! In a word, the day is rounded off pleasantly enough by clothing a body of incidents in a garment of language.

BURIED TREASURE AT BEELEIGH ABBEY.

BY REV. A. CLARK, LL.D.



FOLK-LORE tales have long and deeply impressed on the popular imagination the possibilities of the existence of, and the recovery of, treasures buried in the earth. We still read of gropings in the mud of Tobermory Bay, off the island of Mull, in the hope of coming across the pay-chests of the Spanish Armada; of ships, financed by joint-stock adventurers, sailing to fish for the wrecked gold of Paul Kruger on the African coast; of noblemen's yachts combining the placid amusement of visiting the summer islands of the Pacific with the excitement of searching for hoards hidden by buccaneers.

Just after the dissolution of the monasteries it was natural that the country should be full of speculation of this sort. These monasteries had been thought to be immensely rich; they proved to be on the verge of, or over the verge of, insolvency. The popular mind refused to accept the plain and obvious explanation, that the last penny had been squeezed out of monastic treasuries to supply Henry VIII.'s reiterated demands for money to defray the charges of a wasteful court and ruinous wars. Some other cause had to be assigned for the disparity between expectation of wealth and the result. What more natural than to accuse the monks of providing against the evil day by bundling plate and moneys into great chests and burying them secretly and safely out of the spoiler's reach.

At Pleshey, even at this day, you may hear a long story of a

great iron-bound chest of treasure, sunk in the mud of the castle moat. It was cast there at the destruction of Pleshey College. It has once seen the light of day since, when it was being pulled out by a strong team of horses. But the rope broke, and the chest rolled back into the turbid water, was quickly swallowed up by the soft mud, and there it lies.

Maldon Sessions Book in Elizabeth's reign furnishes us with the details of a similar story. Here two things receive attention, the legal and the legendary. By the law the finder of a hid treasure would benefit little, owing to the claims of the Crown and the lord of the manor. The story recognises this point and provides a licence from the Queen to search for the treasure and keep a good part of it. Next, the difficulty was to decide where, in the whole bounds of the monastic demesne, to begin spade-work. But superstition had its resource. By conjuration, by magic signs and words of power, the demons might be compelled to reveal the secrets of the earth. The great conjurer of the age was Dr. John Dee. In the village where he lived 'the children dreaded him because he was accounted a conjurer.' Tales ran from mouth to mouth how he had put a careless laundry-maid in the way of recovering the basket of linen she had mislaid; how he had helped a great lord to recover his stolen carriage-horses; how, by following his instructions, a man had found a heavy wedge of gold in a pond in Wales. His fame had spread to Muscovy, and the feeble-minded Czar Feodor, and the all-powerful minister, Boris Godunof, had joined in tempting him, by promise of great pensions, to transfer his talents to the Russian Court. So naturally Maldon treasure-seekers hankered after the aid of Dee's curious arts.

It was all very well to imagine such possibilities, but the man who ventured to speak of them came within the grip of the law. The Statute of 1563 (5 Elizabeth, chapter 16) was expressly directed 'agaynst Conjuracions, Inchantments, and Witchcrafts.' When Maldon authorities, therefore, found that there was talk of such things in the borough, they were bound to take action. This is the record they have left.

March 29, 1591, George Oder, landlord of the White Hart, Maldon, deposed that on March 20th there were in his inn, over a friendly glass, John Mace (a Queen's messenger),

Thomas Badcock, and Edmund Hunt, another Maldon innholder. Mace asked whether Badcock were a learned man, and Hunt replied that Badcock was a 'prettie scholar.' Hunt then opened his mind as to what he thought learning might lead to. 'Entring into some speche concerning conjuryng,' he said that he 'is, and longe tyme hath bene, trobled in his mynde towchyng monye that shoold be hydd in the grownde, and that he hadd been often tymes called and trobled in the nyght tyme therabouts, and yett can not be qyett for the same; and that he knew where hit did lye.' Oder asked Hunt why he 'didd not make it knowen vnto some magestrats, that it myght come to light.' Hunt asked Oder, no doubt in a whisper, whether Mace, being Queen's messenger, could obtain a licence to search. 'It may be he can,' Oder replied, 'aske yow hym.' Hunt, turning to Mace, said, 'Yow may be a better scholler than wee are aware off'; and produced two pieces of parchment 'wherein were wrytten manye crosses, carrackts [=characters], and strange names.' Mace compared them, and saw that they were both alike. He then gave 'th' one agayne vnto Hunt, and, kepinge th' oder,' said, 'This is straunge geare in dede.' Hunt was 'verye earnest' to get back the second parchment, but Mace refused to give it up, 'sayinge—he was the Queen's man, and woold keepe ytt.' Two days later Hunt, with Badcock, was again at the White Hart, and told Oder that he had the parchment 'of a scholar at Wytham' (*i.e.*, Witham).

The magistrates at once got the parchment from Mace, and sent for Hunt.

March 30, 1591, Hunt told his story:—

'Beinge long tym trobled in his mynde towching money that shold be hydd about Byelie, and desyrous to be resolved concernynge the same, about Septembre last, he, meetinge with one Thomas Collyne at Woodham Walter, disclosed his mynde vnto Collynne, and how he was trobled. Collyne bade him goo to the place, and to bringe a pece of the yearth there vnto hym. Within a moneth after, he went to Byelie, and tooke a pece of the yearth, and went to Collyn with it to Cheppyng Ongar. Whervpon Collyn tooke the peece of yearthe, and said that he woold carrye it to Doctor Dee, and, yf he shold iudge to be any money there, that then Doctor Dee

would make suyte to the Quene's maiestie to have a lycens to dygge and seeke for the same.' Collyne 'being called awaye out of the chambre where they was [*sic*] talking,' Hunt, 'spyinge a certen parchment wrytten full of crosses, carrects and strange names, tooke yt pryvelie and brought it away with hym :' which is the 'parchement wrytten with crosses, carrects, and strange names' declared by George Oder. Hunt showed the parchment 'vnto his sonne of th'age of xxiiii^{tie} [four-and-twentie] yeres,' and he told him that it was 'nought, and cowncelled hym to put hit awaye.' He showed the parchment to Mace only 'to aske hym whether he could tell what it was, and wherto it tended.'

Hereupon Hunt was bound over in £20 to appear at next Sessions to answer to the accusation of practising conjuration, contrary to statute. I fear that the sequel of the story is lost.

THE GROCERS COMPANY IN CONNECTION WITH ESSEX.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN A. WARNER, B.A.

THIS famous Company, like many another institution of to-day, can trace back its history to a very small beginning, and although it has never been definitely connected with any particular part of the country, except, of course, the City of London, it may be of interest to glance at its records and note in passing such references to Essex as can be found.

So far back as 1180 the 'Gilda Pipariorum' or Guild of the Pepperers is set down in the Pipe Roll as 'adulterine,' *i.e.* formed without formal acknowledgment by the King, and is accordingly fined 16 marks. During the thirteenth century, owing to its close connection with Italian and Lombard merchants, it gradually gained importance. In 1221 it supplied in Andrew Bokerel the Lord Mayor of London; in 1316 the Grocers appear as the 'Pepperers of Soper's Lane,' near Walbrook, gathered round the Church of St. Antholin or St. Antony, a Lombardic saint, whom they had taken as their patron in consequence of his early followers having been traders between England and the East. About 1240, and again in 1255, John de Gisorz, a member of the guild, and Lord Mayor, is mentioned in the Feet

of Fines for Essex in connection with property in Stisted, Halstead and Belchamp William (? Walter). He was of the Pisan family of Gisorio. In the year 1309 there is a mention (in the City Records) of one Luke de Havering, and ten years later an important Essex name appears, namely, Hammond de Chiggewell or Chikwell, six times Lord Mayor of London. At this time also they had charge of the King's beam or 'magna statera' for weighing goods by 'aver-de-poys,' or, as the Venetians called it, 'peso grosso.' There can be little doubt that the name of 'Grossarii,' which in 1328 they had adopted as a kind of trade name, was derived from this.

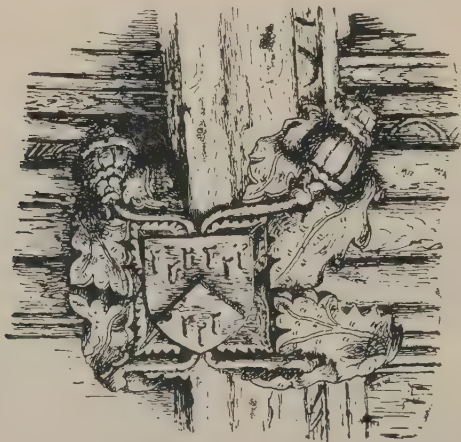


FIG. I.—ARMS OF THE GROCERS COMPANY
(On a boss in Braintree Church).

Towards the middle of this century Edward III., on the failure of his Florentine bankers—the Bardi and Peruzzi—turned more than ever to his own subjects for the wherewithal to replenish a purse ever being emptied by Continental wars. This privilege of becoming a creditor of royalty was neither eagerly sought nor easily evaded, and it was for this reason, most probably, that the Guild of the Pepperers, in 1345, put themselves under the protection of the powerful Abbot of Bury St. Edmunds. Hitherto they had been merely a guild of traders, but the times being troublous, and the prospect of royal exactions imminent, they thought it best to band together for

greater security, and so, at their first meeting in the 'Abbot's place of Bury,' they formed themselves into the Fraternity of St. Antony, ordaining that no one should be a member 'unless he be of good condition and of their mystery, that is to say, a Pepperer of Soper's Lane, canvas dealer of the Ropery, or Spicer of the Chepe. . . . And at his entry he shall pay at least 13s. 4d. sterling or the value.' They started with a membership of twenty-one, including two wardens, or masters, who held office for a year, and on retiring elected new masters according to the ordinance which bade them come 'with two chaplets and place them on the heads of two others of their company, whomsoever it shall please them'—the aforesaid chaplets being circular pieces of metal, about four or five inches high and richly chased, with two crossed straps to form a sort of crown. One of the earliest members was Nicholas Chaucer, a relative of the great poet; and in 1356 John Bovyndon, possibly connected with Bovingdon, near Bocking, was made warden.

Owing to a small gap in the records, the first time the Fraternity appears as the Company of Grocers is in 1373, though that title had probably been assumed somewhat earlier; in the same year among a list of members may be found, the above-mentioned John Bovyndon, Thomas Bouyngdone (spelling is somewhat inconsistent), Sire Robert Yllerika (? Billericay), and Matthew Passeleu. This last name, found later spelt Passelow, is probably connected with that of the family who lived at Dagenham from about this time, at the manor of Parsloes (*Trans. Essex Archæol. Soc.* n.s., vol. ix., p. 431).

The headquarters of the Company were in Bucklersbury, then called Bokerel's Bury, *i.e.*, the residence of Bokerel, descended from the Boccherelli, a Pisan family, for which they paid a rent of 33s. 4d. during this period. It was in 1385, after having obtained the management of the second weighing beam, or 'speciaria,' *i.e.*, the Tron, or Troy Weight for small goods, such as precious metals and small spiceries, although, curiously enough, including wool, that they moved both the weighing machines to Bucklersbury, and now had a special charge and title as 'Keepers of the King's Weigh-house.' They also had the important office of Garbelling or Cleansing Groceries to ensure purity, chiefly of pepper and spices.

In their dual capacity of Weighers and Garbellers they had

extensive powers, which they frequently exercised in the carrying out of their duties, such as the right to enter and search shops, impose fines for deceits and even to imprison, while stringent provisions were laid down as to weights, and the amount of moisture to be allowed in goods brought to be weighed. An entry in the accounts of 1386 says: 'Item given to Douston, Sergeant of the Chamber, for searching of weights throughout the city, 3s. 4d.'

The following are a number of entries relating to Essex drawn from their accounts, and lists of members:—

- 1387. Johan Chemylsford is a member.
- 1398. Herri Parmentere, Johan Hydyngham, and Thomas Pateswyk are members. (These names recur at intervals during the next twenty years or so).
- „ Item paid to Robert Chapman, of Kogsale (Coggeshall), for cloth which amounts to £31 13s. 6d.
- „ Item paid to John Hend for 13 cloths of Ray sum of £27 6s.*
- 1399. Item paid to John Hende for 13 cloths of Ray which amounts to £30 os. 13d.
- „ Another payment to the same man for 'white ray.'
- „ Payment by Masters of the Grocers to one Robert Coggyshall, draper, £37 14s. od.
- Thomas Roothing (? Roothing) is a member.
- 1406. Item paid to Elys Bockynge, draper, of London, for 67 yards of medley at 4s. the yard sum of £13 8s. od.
- Another payment for 100 yards of medley to the same man.
- „ Received from T. Marche, of Colchester, for making him free sum of 13s. 4d.
- 1408. Item paid to Robert Chapman for 95 yards of green (cloth) £14 3s. 8d.

This is, probably, the man mentioned ten years earlier.

They are constantly buying 'verdulet' which would imply that green was the colour of their livery at this time.

- 1413. Item we have received of P. Mannok for one Fyne sum of £10 (he is mentioned again later).
- 1416. John Pattiswik is fined £4.

Some time previously there had been this entry:—'Item, we have received from divers persons of this mistery fines for powders which were found illegal.' This man seems to have been a great offender, for he was repeatedly being fined 'for

* This was probably Sir John Hende who, as the Rev. T. H. Curling informs me, was Lord Mayor in 1391 and 1404, and a great benefactor to Coggeshall Abbey. He died in 1418, seized of the Bradwell-juxta-Coggeshall estate, a nunnery in White Roothing, land at Wrabness, and other property).

pepper,' *i.e.*, for adulterated pepper, or similar reasons, and in 1431 his shady tricks resulted in the Company having to pay compensation to one Walter Couper, a chapman, of York, for 'peper fausly medlyed par Pattiswik.' It is odd that for this he should have escaped with so light a fine as 40s., but he was doubtless made to repay the Company the amount of compensation in addition.

1419. Payment to Swayne de Cogsale and to him for blue cloth
sum of £35 4s. 3d.*



FIG. 2.—ORNAMENTAL CEILING
(In Great Square House, Braintree).

1419. Willelmus Sporhawk [a North Essex name] is a member.
1420. Item to W. Essex for dying sum of 43s. 8d.
1422. Received, for entries of divers Folk to our livery, of [among others]
John Paschelew.
1423. Johan and Edmond Hedyngham are members.
1428. Philipe Mannok 'in Essex' and Richard Passelow are members.

For the next five years or so no fresh Essex names occur and after that time the documents are almost entirely filled with the wardens' accounts of expenses in connection with repairs,

* These allusions to Coggeshall show how thriving must have been the woollen industry there in those days.

periodical dinners, regular attendance at Stourbridge Fair, and city functions.

The archives of the company, from which these notes have been gathered, have only been reproduced in facsimile and transcribed down to the year 1462, and therefore from that date details are not easy to obtain. The company itself continued to flourish in spite of calls upon its funds by Queen Elizabeth and very heavy drains on its resources during the Civil War. In 1626 an Alderman of the City of London named John Hawkins, was a member of the Company and an inhabitant of Braintree. He lived in the imposing house in Great Square, the red brick front of which he may possibly have added himself to the older building which may still be seen at the back. Like his company he was very well-to-do, and the remains of a stucco ceiling in the interior of the house, a drawing of which is given here, point to sumptuous furnishing in former days. A tablet in the chancel of the church perpetuates his memory. In the south chancel aisle of the same building, erected about 1535, there is to be seen a wooden boss (see Figure 1) in the roof, bearing the company's arms, a chevron between nine cloves, three, three, and three, and possibly commemorating the beneficence of John Hawkins' ancestors. An Essex name figures very prominently in the year of the Restoration, namely that of Sir Thomas Alleyn, of Hatfield Peverel, who was a member of the 'mystery' and Lord Mayor of London. He obtained a great distinction for the company by inducing Charles II. to be enrolled as a member; this, however, is but one item in the brilliant history of a company which is said to have supplied a hundred Lord Mayors to the city and reckoned five kings among its members.

An election poll of the livery in 1700 gives the two well-known Essex names of Sir John Houlton and Samuel Lethulstire (as it is there spelt), Esquire.

It may be of interest to note in conclusion, that, according to Boyne, twenty-three Essex Trade Tokens bear the arms of the Grocers' Company.



OLD SCHOOL AT WHITE ROTHING.

A PHOTOGRAPH of the very picturesque old thatched house built about 1812 in the village of White Roding for a school, has been kindly contributed by Miss E. Rolleston,



[Miss E. Rolleston.

SCHOOL HOUSE: WHITE ROTHING.

Photographed by]

of Little Laver Hall, to whom we are indebted also for the few particulars that she is able to glean about its history.

The school stands very near to the Rectory, and, as may be seen in the illustration, close upon the road, being obviously built upon waste land beside it, which has since been enfranchised or

made freehold. The cost of the original building, as appears from the register book of the parish, was £338 4s. 2d., a sum raised by subscription between the years 1812 and 1819, when the Rev. Henry Budd was rector. The centre portion of the building formed the teacher's cottage, and at either end was a schoolroom for boys and girls. The school was opened in 1813 and remained in use until closed on the building of the new schoolroom about 1875. The cottage has been inhabited up till quite lately, and one of the class-rooms is still used for a Sunday School, although it is understood to be greatly in need of repair.

A YEOMAN'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY J. C. SHENSTONE.

MOST of our ancient documents, though affording us records of notable events and of dates, would be but dry skeletons, were it not for correspondence, manuscript diaries, and such papers, which are occasionally unearthed, and which enable us to clothe our skeleton with flesh and inspire it with human life.

Mr. George Page, a yeoman farmer, of Fingringhoe, in Essex, recently lent me an interesting common-place book, kept by his grandfather, from whom the ownership of his farm had descended, also a printed volume,* upon the fly-leaf of which some notable events are recorded.

The notes date from 1773 to 1830, or thereabouts, a most interesting period in our national history, and as many refer to the military events of that period, I will first deal with the more interesting of these entries. They record more particularly the

* This book is a quarto volume of 452 pages and twenty-four copper-plate engravings, (specially engraved for it, but unsigned), which appears to have been issued in parts, and bound for the purchaser. It is *The Life of our Blessed Lord, containing his Genealogy, the Lives and Sufferings of Apostles, Evangelists and Martyrs, with a full defence of Christianity, etc.*, by Rev John Fleetwood, D.D., published by the King's Authority, London, 1772, printed for J. Cooke, at Shakespear's Head, Paternoster Row. On the fly-leaf is this entry:—Dec. 24, 1773. This book was taken in this year by Benj. Page and paid for by numbers at sixpence per number and contained six numbers and coast (*sic*) four shillings to be bound at this time. The whole coast was £0 16s. 6d. Benjamin Page. His Book. Whether this was father or son does not appear, but Benjamin Page, senior, died Dec. 10, 1796, age 72; another entry tells us about a son of the same name.

local preparations which were made for giving the French a warm reception, in the event of a threatened invasion being attempted.

For many years those living near the east coast were inspired with great terror lest this invasion should take place, and in the days of my youth my older friends often recounted the nights which they spent in fear and trembling, when false reports arrived of the landing of the enemy. At that time, and for long afterwards, nurses never failed to threaten naughty children that 'Bony' would come after them unless they at once behaved themselves. The entries in this old book and in the common-place book give a fairly detailed account of the military preparations made to repel the threatened attack, and also much of interest as to the passing of troops to and from the continent.

Those who have visited the East Coast of England will recall the peculiar structures, known as Martello Towers, lining the coast at regular intervals. These towers were erected for the purpose of repelling the French in the event of their trying to land on our eastern counties. They have long since been relegated as coastguardsmen's shelters, or for similar purposes. The defensive steps recorded in these pages, like the Martello Towers, appear quaint and curious in view of the modern developments of our implements of war.

1798. April 3rd. At a meeting of the principal inhabitants of the parish of Fingringhoe, held for the purpose of taking into Consideration the most effectual means of preserving of the property and draving of cattle and stock of all kinds away from the coasts, and likewise destruction of Mills and ovens, and the felling of trees across the Roads to prevent and annoy as much as possible an envation threatened by our most inveterate enemies the French, T. J. Page was appointed to see the destruction of Mills and ovens, and likewise to see to the marking of cattle, and that the utmost precaution is taken to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. Edward Wade, jun., was appointed Captain of 25 men for felling trees, and Tom Jaggard over other 25 men. Steward King and P. Stone, conductor of Waggons and Carts, and John Cooper, inspector of Waggons, etc. L. Stone and John Archer are appointed to assist in the destruction of Mills and Ovens, etc.

I might perhaps here remind our readers that the coast of Essex is bordered by extensive marshes, separated from one another by deep dikes; it is also worth noting that the network of Essex roads, bordered by high hedges, was recently

found to afford great difficulties to the invading forces in some military manœuvres carried out in this county. Not only did parties of soldiers find difficulty in discovering their routes, but high hedges, in a comparatively flat country, afforded excellent cover for the defensive forces: Blocking of roads by the felling of trees would no doubt have added considerably to the difficulties of the invading forces, whilst the difficulty in obtaining food in those days of small transport vessels must have been a serious hindrance. The entries in the common-place book continue the narrative of this exciting period.

1799. Sept. 16. The first regiment of Dragoons began to pass through Colchester in division in their rout to be embarked for Holland to join Abercrombie.*

The eleventh Regiment marched through this place (Fingringhoe) to shoot at targets on Mr. Cooper's marsh.

Oct. 7. Defeat of English under the Duke of York here recorded.

From the 24th to the 31st the wounded men began to arrive at Colchester Barracks. The first that came landed at Mystley Thorne, the others some landed at Wivenhoe, and the remainder at the Hythe. They consisted of upwards of 1,200, the greatest number of which were wounded in the battle of the 19th, the rest were ill of agues, etc.

Nov. 9th. This day, and for several days preceding, different regiments came to Colchester and then marched to their different winter quarters, which troops had been on the continent with the Duke of York, where they suffered considerable loss both in killed and wounded. The remains of the different regiments which arrived at Colchester were in a most deplorable condition, some without shoes and stockings, and almost every necessity that is wanting to equip a soldier.

The next record that I shall quote gives us a graphic account of the parish rejoicings which took place when peace was made between Great Britain and France. These rejoicings, when compared with the rejoicings in this country at the time of the Boer campaign, afford us a fine contrast between the different social condition of the country at the beginning and at the end of the nineteenth century.

1801. Oct. 14. This day much rejoicing took place here on account of a peace being made between Great Britain and the French Republic. The morning was ushered in by ringing of bells and firing of canon, and the tops of houses and other conspicuous places was decorated by flags of various devices. Two large booths were erected on the

* Sir Ralph Abercrombie (1734-1801), the famous General, sailed for Holland with 10,000 men, on 13 August, 1799, as Commander-in-Chief of the army about to recapture Holland from the French; he was superseded by the Duke of York, under whom the attack on Bergen op Zoom, October 2 and 20, failed.

green, and to add to the general festivity a bullock was roasted whole, filled with potatoes, and a great deal of beer with other liquors was given to the populace all at the expense of John W. Cooper, except $2\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of flour, which was the gift of John Jaggard of this place, which was made into puddings and dumplings, and a quantity of carrots and potatoes given by myself, and also a hogshead of good beer by John Bawtree, Esq. It was supposed that the number of people of all descriptions assembled was not less than fifteen hundred, upwards of seventy lbs. of gunpowder was fired away, with an abundance of fireworks of different sorts.

The beef was intended to be cut up and divided between the inhabitants of this parish, but as soon as it was begun to be divided the mob broke in and took it even off the plates of those gentlemen that were eating it. Some of the most resolute of the rabble got large pieces, whilst numbers was not able to procure a morsel.

A large furnace was erected near the hedge opposite the Whalebone by Barton, of Wivenhoe, the bullock was put to the fire about 12 o'clock last night, and taken up between five and six o'clock this afternoon, and considering the cooks, which consisted of the greatest part of the lower order of people in the parish, it was very well drest, but not a seat could be found in the Whalebone or in the Booths owing to such an unusual number of spectators.

- Oct. 15. The rejoicings began yesterday continued to-day, a vast number of intoxicated men, with flags flying and firing of canon paraded about the parish, dragging the canon with them. About 10 in the morning the whole assemblage went to Mr. John Cooper's, where they continued for several hours drinking of punch and firing of canon, and in the afternoon returned to the Whalebone with Cooper at their head, singing of 'God Save the King' and other songs of victory, where they, numbers of them, continued until late at night on the 17th instant. It is said, and generally believed, that this rejoicing, expense of which principally falls on John Cooper,* will cost him upwards of one hundred pounds.

In 1803 a fresh scare of the invasion of our east coast arose. The following entry is of much interest, as detailing the various weapons with which the quickly organised volunteers were armed. At first one wonders what chance men armed with such a scratch lot of weapons would have stood against Napoleon's well-equipped army, but when one recollects that these were the days of short-range firing, and consequently hand to hand fighting, and that this coast is protected by a network of dikes, the gateways through which are known only to the natives: and that recently our troops, with the aid of modern ordnance maps, had difficulty in finding their way by Essex roads, owing to the high hedges and absence of landmarks, possibly sturdy farm

* The John Cooper alluded to in these entries is said to have made a large fortune by the high prices of farm produce which prevailed during these wars.

hands, who knew every inch of the country, might have turned pitchforks to better account than we should expect. One almost wishes an actual conflict had occurred, in order that we might know how our Essex valiants proved themselves.

1803, July 21. At a parish meeting held this day at the Whalebone, Fingringhoe, the principal inhabitants there assembled did appoint the different situations of persons to act as guides, conductors of teams, and drivers of teams and every other kind of cattle from off the sea coast to some more upland place, and also took the name of all the men to act as occasion may require, some with guns, others with pitchforks, mattocks, spade, shovel, hooks, axes, and all kinds of offensive weapons to repel the threatening attacks of our enemies the French.

July 22nd. The Cheshire Militia marched from Colchester to Langenhoe Common, commonly called Abberton Green, and there encamped.

Friday, October 14th. Lieutenant Jones, of the Royal Engineers, accompanied by 25 men, of the East Norfolk Militia, began to erect a battery on Hornet Heath, opposite Wivenhoe, for two pieces of ordnance to protect the hardway over Wivenhoe Ferry, in case of invasion, and finished it on Monday, the 24th following; on Sunday, the 23rd, was landed on the Ferry bridge, Fingringhoe, the stores, consisting of shot, round and grape, gunpowder and other materials, and on the following day four pieces of cannon, two for the battery on Hornet Heath, and the others for Batteries at the Strood, Mersea Island. Self carted up clovers from the marsh below, and likewise the guns and every other material, and for which I was paid the sum of £2 6s.

Probably those entries referring to agriculture rank next in interest. I have, therefore, abstracted a few which give a good picture of the farm life of that period. It is evident that the advantages to be gained by the use of machinery were fully appreciated by the Essex farmer, even at this early date. Some of these notes are of interest as referring to the inflated price of corn during the war, which enriched the farmer, but must have caused great suffering to the poor. It is also noteworthy that the farmer availed himself of assistance from the soldiers stationed near by in gathering his harvests.

1799. Nov. 28th. Mr. Jo. Ashwell came here with his drill machine to drill nine acres of wheat after cole seed, and after we had done about one acre and a half was obliged to leave off, on account of my putting too much lime to the seed, which gummed up the small works or notches in the different little wheels which regulated the hoppers, and made it sow irregular.

Nov. 29th. Continued to sow, and did tolerable regular.

Dec. 7th. This day, at Colchester Market, fine bright malting barley was worth three pounds per quarter, and it was said that that price was

- refused by Mr. W. Willis of Stanway. But wheats were dull sale at £23 per load, though this fortnight they were taken off with some freedom at £27 per load, and even that price was refused by some.
- Dec. 14th. Bought eight beasts at Colchester off the Stine, Welch runts (for the sum of thirty-two pounds and gave a man one shilling and sixpence to drive them to Fingringhoe). Mr. Hefill of Wivenhoe selected them out, and for which I treated him with two shillings worth of punch at the Waggon and Horses, where I paid the man for the above.
1800. April 3rd. S.W. wind and fair. Harrold and Hollis finished plowing the pidgeon-house field, but Hollis, after I left him there in the morning between seven and eight o'clock, left off double thurrowing and only plowed as usual, and that in so shameful a manner that I discharged him for it. Inman raked up short stuff in the stackyard, and laid it down in the bullock yard. Master Fox threshed.
- April 12th. Westerly wind, cloudy, with some little rain. Inman, Fox, and self went to Mr. Garretts for a waggon-load of turnips, for which I am to keep his sheep in return. Harold ploughed in kitchen field, John Lee began to set potatoes in the pidgeon-house, one acre of which he is to have, he to find seed and workmanship, and I to find Land and plowing and to equally divide the produce.
- May 23rd. S.E. wind with clouds, a fresh breeze. Vincent, Lines, Perkins and his boy carted muck on the 5 acres before the house from the row in the field. The reason that I had it carried on for, before the field was fully fallowed, is that there is always twitch and seed when the earth is taken from the sides or ends and carried on with the muck and never fails to fowl the land when carted on after a good fallow. And in my obinnion (*sic*) it is always the best way to fallow your manure with your land. Rain in the afternoon began about two o'clock. Showers.
- Dec. 13th. Wind southerly with rain. Chamberlain threshed oats, Petley wheat, Inman and boys topped carrots, but did little else. Mr. Ed. Cooper and E. Sage came and dined with me to look at my turnips. This day at Colchester Market wheat fetched the astonishing price of forty guineas per load, but forty pounds currently.
- Dec. 14th. Wind Easterly, fair but cold, some rain in the afternoon. This day in the morning service, Mr. Gunning and the curate of this parish read a Proclamation from the King, recommending in a very forcible manner to the masters of all families to lessen as much as possible the consumption of bread, as the average crop of the last harvest (1800) falls short of a fair average crop full one fourth, and that the last crop was begun full six weeks sooner than it usually is, and also to restrict as much as possible the consumption of oats by pleasure horses and others, etc.
- Dec. 24th. Westerly wind with clouds and rain at night. Chamber went to Mr. John Dunnage's, Colchester, with 12 coomb of wheat sold on Saturday at £42 per load. Denny finished barrowing loomb [loam] on the garden, then cut reeds for to make a fence below the garden. Petley threshed bailey and oats. Mr. John Garrett and self caught Eels in the afternoon.

1801, Feb. 4th. A strong gale from the westward. Bralley put down two trees for posts, and one for linen posts. Jennings and two raked twitch. Other men as before. Self went to Mr. Jo. Simsons to shoot rabbits and then went to look at Mr. B. Firmin's threshing machine; then to the Club.

Aug. 13th. The soldiers and self fetched flaggs from the side of the river for Jack Jennings to thatch the barley stack with. Others as before.

Aug. 15th. Two soldiers and self carting pease, beans, and wheat. Chamberlain as before. Five soldiers came yesterday and began to reap wheat half-day in 6 acres, and to-day finished reaping $2\frac{1}{2}$ of wheat at 7s. per acre.

The farmer of 1800, like the farmer of 1900, was clearly keenly interested in the weather, which plays so important a part in his occupation; Mr. Page carefully noted the weather in his daily record. The climate of his day appears to have been as treacherous and unaccountable as the weather to-day. The following record of comparatively genial weather, suddenly changing to arctic weather, is not unlike a change we experienced in February, 1907. It would appear that the old-fashioned winters so often alluded to were not unlike the winter of modern times.

1807. Feb. 18th. The evening of yesterday was remarkably pleasant and mild, as I and Mrs. Page visited the Rev. Chas. Mustard without a great Coat, but it turned cold in the evening, the moon shone very bright. Returned home about one this morning, the wind then at the south of the west, blowed very cold and rained very fast. About three this morning changed to the N.W. and N., shifting. Blowing a terrible hurrican and freezing remarkably fast, with a heavy fall of snow, which drove in at the smallest crevices, freezing most grievously all day long. The wind blowing very strong, the severity of which nothing could long resist. The fowls freezing in the yard. The cattle that were not housed suffered pittyfully. Many sail of ships were lost, and with regret I write the 'Repulse' cutter of Wivenhoe, Captain Danl. Stacey, and all hands except seven who were off in the long boat. So bad was the weather that the different description of ships under way soon became perfectly unnavigable, the snow as it fell freezing on the different cordage so as to make them too large for the blocks, and consequently of no use.

The yeoman, of course, took an interest in the church of his parish, and partook of the sacrament; though he does occasionally lead us to suppose that he only showed himself there on wet Sundays, and even on one of those, he is careful to add that he 'did not go in, being very late.'

1801. July 20. N.W. wind and very warm. Self sowing turnips, others as before. For some little time our steaple of the Church has been repairing and this afternoon the weathercock was re-put up and fresh guilt by Sanford, of Wivenhoe.

Our yeoman was a keen sportsman, and never lost an opportunity of shooting, hunting, coursing, fishing, or playing at cricket. These were the days, however, before breach-loading guns or the driving of birds, were introduced, hence the bags of game were modest when compared with modern records.

1799. Oct. 2. Mr. Neal and myself went a shooting at Peldon, and dined at the Rose and supped at the Lion, Abberton. Myself shot three brace of birds and a hare, Mr. Neal shot one bird and a hare.

Nov. 1st. Up to this day I had killed fifty brace of birds and two and a half brace of hares, for which I had shot 176 times, reckoning random shots.

Another time he proudly records that he shot two brace of snipe at five shots.

A very exciting hunting incident is also worthy of record :—

1800. Nov. 4th, Wind westerly and fair. Vincent plowed in Hall field and finished it, then stopd a gap before the house . . . self jobbed; afternoon went to Hornet Heath to see a bunch of Harriers that belong to the Regiment of Foot guards stationed at Colchester Barracks.

Nov. 12th. S.W. wind and fair. Mr. Sach's hounds hunted a baig [bag] fox past my house. I mounted my horse and joined them against Donyland Church, where they were at a check. They then hit him off again below Donyland heath and had slow hunting all the way to the back of the barracks, and into the gardens behind Mr. Tabor's house, where he leaped over a very high boarded fence into a yard, and from thence on to a building belonging to Mr. Tabor, where I climbed up and found him in a lead gutter between two ruffs, [roofs] from whence he ran on to a house fronting nearly the Custom House. I then got from off the house where I first found him. I then got upon a lean-to that ajoined the house, from which I climbed up on to the house where he was, and ran him along the gable part of the roof fronting the street, where he looked down, to the no small amusement of some hundreds of spectators. He then turned along downwards towards the river, where I followed him across the roof of several houses until a man met him. He then ran and jumped from building to building to the ground, in sight of the whole bunch of hounds, who killed him after running about one hundred yards.

1830. Feb. 24th. The hounds met at Abberton Lion and tried the south side of this parish, but did not find a fox; went with them to Chert wood, as I returned saw A. F. Millers Esq. coursing party, at Sir Henry Smith's, course three brace of hares, all of which ran away.

The diarist frequently went fishing for such coarse fish as the streams of his neighbourhood provided.

1800. June 1st. Northerly wind and bloustrous wether. Sunday sac [rament]. Yesterday in the evening, Mr. Garritt and self,

Lines and Vincent went fishing in the river, took several good eels and roach, and other fish and one breem.

June 3rd. Lines spread muck in five acres before the house, but did but little, being idle and left off at three o'clock. Vincent plowed. . . . self at 12 o'clock went and dined at Mr. Simson's, Ardleigh, and fished his ponds, and caught a great number of Crusoe Carp out of every pond we fished. The first pond we attempted to draw with his flew, but took none, we then tryd my draig and the first haul took 190 brace of Carp and at another haul in a ditch about eight feet across and a hundred yards long. we took 814 fish or 407 brace, all Carp, the largest of them did not exceed $\frac{3}{4}$ of a lb., but would all in my opinion average four ounces. Wind E.N.E, and fair and warm.

In the summer months cricket matches between local clubs alternated with fishing. In these matches our diarist appears to have held his own against the local cricketers in this as in other sports.

1800. July 29th. N.E. wind and cloudy, not so hot as for some days. Old Lines ploughed on the sier, Vincent in Poppy field, Boy jobbed, Crusell finished hoeing carrots. Self played cricket on Abberton Green with ten others against eleven of Maldon but got beat. The first innings there was but three runs difference in favour of Maldon, the second innings they got with great ease.

Aug. 7. N.W. wind with a few drops of fine rain. Felgate and boy and old Morris finished carting oats out of orchard field. A stranger came at 10 o'clock. Self went with the Winstree Hundred Club and played crickett with the Maldon Club, which beat the Winstree Club and 57 runs over. Self got home about 10 in the evening.

1801. June 25th. Self went to Abberton fair and played Crickit, the Winstree Hundred club against the Gentlemen of Mersea Island, which we beat and 36 runs over.

Although clearly keen upon sport, the yeoman, nevertheless, did not neglect to attend to his public duties, nor to share in the milder pleasures of life with his wife and children; thus we find

1800. April 14th. Dined at the Whalebone at the Easter meeting. Collected a part of half-yearly taxes this day at the Easter yearly meeting. This day Mr. and Mrs. Simson dined with Mr. and Mrs. Balley, and John Ward and children drank tea with Mrs. Page, sen. and Mr. Garritt and wife drank tea with Mrs. Page, junior.

Nov. 30th. Went to the play at Colchester to see Othello and Midas.

Nor were his Christmas festivities forgotten. On Dec. 26, 1800, he gave workmen and servants and tenants a dinner, entertaining his good friends, the Garritts, to tea at the same time. Next day he rode into Colchester to dine with the Masons of the Angel Lodge, but was disappointed to find the feast postponed

till Tuesday. Christmas day was as mild as April, but by February there was a heavy snow. This was not so severe a fall as happened in the following May, when snow lay a foot deep for several days.

1801. June 21. S.E. wind and fair. A great concourse of people assembled at Fingringhoe Church this day to hear Psalm singing, there being upwards of twenty vocal and instrumental performers. The church was completely crowded, the aisles as well as the chancell and porch were completely filled. Edward Firmin, many years foreman at Fingringhoe Mill, was interred in the churchyard this afternoon.

A yeoman so keen upon sport as Mr. Page naturally excited the suspicion of his richer neighbours; hence we find that a neighbouring brewer, evidently a man of much local influence, kept a watchful eye upon him and did not hesitate to take legal measures against him immediately any cause arose for suspicion of his encroachment upon his neighbours' shooting rights

1801. Oct. 11. This morning Mr. William Simson, with his brother Edward, came and went a shooting, and as we were returning home to dinner across Mr. T. Cooper's stoney field, John Bautree, the brewer, came to us, and after giving us some insulting language, threatened to lay an information against each of us, and was as good as his word, for on the Thursday following, Hardy, that keep Colchester Gail, served us with a summons to appear at Colchester Castle on Saturday, the 13th inst., as Tom and I did, with Mr. Sargeant the attorney with us, and after waiting some time Bautree began saying we shot at his tame partridges, which we did not; he then said many other frivolous things, as void of truth as the former; when, after some conversation from Mr. Sargeant, Mr. Bautree said that if we paid the expences which were already incurred, he should think no more upon the subject, which, by Mr. Sargeant's advice, we consented to, and the business finished to the amusement of most present, more than to John Bautree. Note, the expences amounted to seven shillings each, making one guinea in the whole.

1803. Oct. 12th. Joseph Fookes, constable of this place, by virtue of a distress warrant sined by John Bautree came and took a tumbrel cart, which he sold on Monday, the seventeenth of October following, to Mr. John Garritt for the sum of six pounds, which distress was for my carrying a gun on Sept. 1st, 1803, on an information laid by Robt. Kingsbury of this place, and said to be committed at the Colchester castle. I being summoned but having attended once before, would not attend any more, the penalty levied being five pounds, and Mason, the lawyer, charged 4s. for filling up the summons, making the whole cost which I paid £5 4s.

The following entry reminds us how easy it was to get hanged a hundred years ago, and also of the old adage, 'When the cat's away the mice will play.'

Aug. 1800. N.W. wind and very hot and remarkable dusty. Self went to Chelmsford to have Baker sworn to his settlement. Felgate and his partner kept Morris part of the day, but went in to the river grubbing eels, as did James Cole and Tom Jennings. Frank the Miller and Hollis assisted them on the outside, as did Tom Jennings's men. Knowing I was not at home, Boy kept in River field.

Note, there was five men executed at Chelmsford this day, three for housebreaking, and the other two for killing and stealing a calf.. They were penitent.

The following short account of a runaway and his return is possibly of some interest. We are not, however, told that a fatted calf was killed upon the return of the prodigal son.

1800. April 12th. Mr. Daniel Dyer, of Stanway, lost one of his sons, the younger, a lad of about fifteen years old. He spent the evening with his father at the Waggon and Horses, Colchester, went from there at eight in the evening to walk home, but has not since been heard of, thow the most diligent search has been made and rewards offered.

April 15. Mr. Dyer's son was found in a state of profligacy on the 15th inst., or more properly speaking, he returned home in that state.

The following entry tells us of the surprise experienced in digging up some mineral matter in the course of agricultural operations, no doubt a pocket of copperas (sulphide of iron) in London Clay, was dug into. This copperas when washed out of the London Clay cliffs by the sea, for a long period furnished the materials for a local industry, green copperas used in dying black being obtained from it.*

Dec. 18th. Wind Southerly and S.E. Foggy. As it has been for many days. Dum finished dressing then began to thresh barley. John Denny came this morning and went with Chamberlain to carting loom, and in digging about eight feet below the [surface] Chamberlain found a hard substance which I carried home, and after washing found it to be some kind of a metal oar (ore), about three times the weight of a stone the same size. After which Denny found some of the above, as did Chamberlain and myself several more, in all about seven pieces, in digging perhaps not more than two solid yards.

One or two entries would show that our friend was appreciated by some of his wealthy and influential neighbours. It also reminds us of the hot sea-water baths which were so popular at most of our seaside resorts in the earlier part of last century.

1799. September 16th. Lent Lord Hawkesbury's† steward, Mr. Boon, my cart to go to Harwich to take a survey of the house of — Robinson,

* See *Victoria Histories, Essex*, vol. ii. p. 411.

† Charles Jenkinson, born 1729, a distinguished statesman in the North and Grafton administrations, Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary at War, &c., President of the Board of Trade 1785-1804, was M.P. for Harwich 1772-1774, created (1786) Baron Hawkesbury, and in 1796 Lord Liverpool. This was his second wife, the widow of Sir Charles Cope, whom he had married, 1782. He died December, 1808, aged 80 :—Eds.

M.P. for that borough. Lord and Lady Hawkesbury being going to reside there during the month of October for the benefit of the hot bath, and after that Lord Hawkesbury and family to return to town for the convenience of attending Parliament during the sitting of that august body.

Sept. 23. Lord Hawkesbury left Fingringhoe Hall and went to London, and his Lady to Harwich for the benefit of the warm bath. Lord Hawkesbury's town house is in Sackville Street, No. 29, London.

Sept. 25. Recd as a present from the Right Honble. the Lord Hawkesbury, one dozen of bottled Borter (*sic.*) with hamper and bottles.

These notes, I think, afford us a good picture of an Essex yeoman of the year 1800, and as such are worth preserving. The typical yeoman of that period clearly did not worry himself either with sentiment nor with intellectual effort, but was well-satisfied with a healthy country life: attending to the business of his farm, working himself with his men, beautifying and making arbours in his garden, heartily enjoying all such sport and simple pleasures as came in his way, dying at a mature old age and handing on his farm to several generations of descendants. One cannot but regret the evil times our country cousins have fallen upon in more recent years, which have brought failure and ruin into the lives of hundreds of such men.

KING CHARLES I.'S BIBLE AT BROOMFIELD.

BY MISS RICHENDA CHRISTY.

PROBABLY few people know that Broomfield possesses a Bible which was once the property of King Charles I.; a few notes, therefore, as to its history may be interesting. Inside the cover is the inscription, 'This Bible was King Charles the First's, afterwards was my grandfather's, Patrick Younge, Esq., who was Library-Keeper to his Majesty, now given to the Church at Broomfield by me, Sarah Atwood, Aug. ye 4th, 1723.'

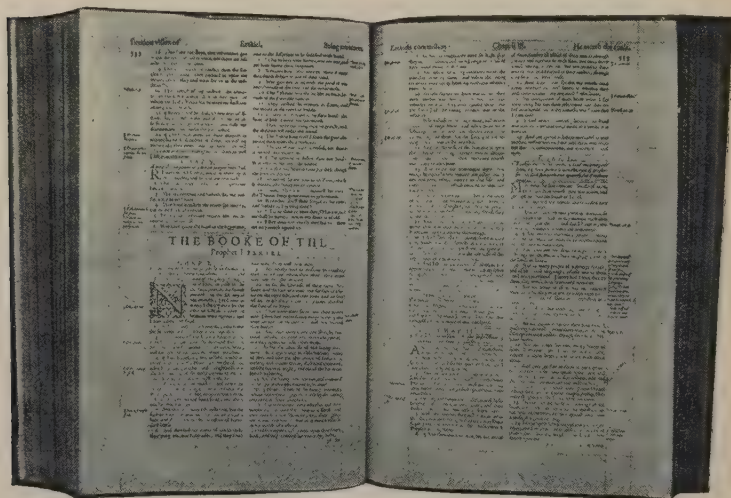
In Thomas Wright's *History of Essex*, under the heading Broomfield, we read:—

The learned Patrick Younge, M.A., resided in this Parish, with his son-in-law, John Atwood, Esq., at the Parsonage-house, and died there in 1652. He was educated at St. Andrew's, and graduated at Oxford in 1605.

He became Keeper of the King's Library at St. James', and published St. Clement's Epistle of the Romans, Greek and Latin, in 1637. On account of his profound knowledge of the Greek language, he was employed to print the Septuagint from the Alexandrian MS., presented to King Charles I. by Bishop Cyril Lucas, but did not live to finish that work.

Younge was buried in the chancel of the church, under a grave-stone of black marble, the inscription of which, as it lies in the direct path to the communion rail, is getting almost obliterated. It is only just possible to make out the lettering:—

"Here lyeth interred the body of Patrick Younge, Esq., sonne of Sir Peter Younge, Knt. He had two daughters and co-heires, Elizabeth



CHARLES THE FIRST'S BIBLE.

married to John Atwood, Esq., and Sarah married to Sir Samuel Hoo(d), Knt., and dyed the 7th day of September, 1652."

The Parsonage-house or old Rectory (not to be confused with the Vicarage), where he lived, was a fine old Elizabethan house, one room in which was called the Queen's room, and had the Royal Arms finely executed in stucco, occupying the entire space from mantelpiece to ceiling. The Devereux arms were also carved in stone on one of the chimneys.

Henry VIII. granted this house, glebe, and great tithes to one William Harris (by-the-way a name still very common in

Broomfield); from him they passed to Richard Lord Rich, who made them part of the endowment of his Free-school and alms-house at Felsted. The lessees as lay rectors were charged with the maintenance of the chancel of the church. The house was a commodious gentleman's seat, and was still standing within living memory (my father's), of which not a trace now remains, except some very fine elm trees, a piece of garden wall, and some picturesque red brick farm buildings, in the midst of which the modern square house, in box of bricks style of architecture, looks strangely out of place.

Philip Morant, the Essex historian, once lived here. He was vicar of Broomfield for four years, from 1734 to 1738. He was the last vicar to reside in the old house, I believe, and was succeed-

ed by a family of the name of Lucas, who for fifty years were lessees of the Parsonage-house. Curiously enough, a member of this family was destined later to play an important part in the history of King Charles's Bible. This was Colonel William James Lucas, of Witham, a well-known member of the Essex Archæological Society. In a letter written after a visit to Broomfield in October, 1892, to the Rev. William



COVER OF BIBLE, ARMS OF CHARLES I.

Trimmer, then vicar, he graphically describes how this happened:—

‘I was glad to see the old font replaced. It was my good fortune to rescue it from being sold as old stone. It was for years sunk in your stable yard (the Vicarage) as a drinking trough for the horses. At the sale, on the death of the Rev. Vincent Edwards (in 1843), it was dug out, and would have been sold in a lot of old stone had I not seen it and insisted, in spite of the auctioneer’s men, in having it moved and left in the church tower. I also saved King Charles’s Bible, which I suppose you have. That was in a dirty old brown paper cover lying on the floor with a lot of a dozen or so old books, and had I not happened to pick it up and feel the embossed cover through the paper, it, too, would have been sold, in some lot of ‘one dozen vols. various,’ for 1/- or 1/6.’

A narrow escape truly! Let us be thankful that Broomfield vicars since that time have better realized their responsibilities towards things old and rare.

As for the Book itself, the cover is the chief interest. Our photograph gives a very good idea of it without the colour which is really charming. The ground is a warm purple velvet, with the design of initials C. R. and Royal Coat of Arms worked in gold and silver threads, very much embossed; the quarterings of the shield being in blue and scarlet silk, are still quite bright. Both covers are alike, and contain the ordinary authorised version of James I. There is a copper-plate title-page with the usual sacred emblems, surrounding the following lettering:—

‘The Holy Bible—Containing the Old Testament and the New Newlie Translated out of ye originall Tongues, and with the former Translations diligently compared and revised by His Majesties special commandment.—Appointed to be read in Churches.

Printed at London by Bonham Norton, and John Bill, Printers to ye King’s most excellent Majestie, Anno. 1629. Jasper Isac fecit.’

The book has plainly never been much used, either by the royal owner or by anyone else.

There are some faint pencil words in the margin of the 1st chapter of Ezekiel, which some would like to believe to be the royal martyr’s own hand writing. (Query—were lead pencils in use at that period?). I believe the writing to be by

the same hand as the inscription by the donor, Sarah Atwood.

A few years ago, a parishioner, thinking that the Bible ought to be kept in the church, had an oak case, with a glass lid, made for it and placed behind the pulpit; it was found, however, that slight signs of mildew appeared from its being kept so closely shut up, and also the glass lid was considered hardly sufficient protection. So the precious Book is now kept once more at the vicarage, where the Rev. C. Edmunds is very willing to show it to any one interested. I am also indebted to him for the loan of Colonel Lucas' letter to Mr. Trimmer.

The Bible has been occasionally exhibited at local literary and antiquarian societies, and was on view at the village centenary Bible Society Meeting, when the photographs here reproduced were taken by Mr. Hagon, of Broomfield, who has kindly allowed me to use them for this article.



NOTES OF THE QUARTER.

County Council. THE newly elected Council met for the statutory meeting on 12th March, and proceeded to the election of thirteen Aldermen. Mr. Laurence Marriage retiring from ill health, his place was filled by the election of Mr. E. A. Fairhead. Mr. Andrew Johnston was again chosen chairman, and Mr. W. W. Glenny vice-chairman.

Flatford Bridge. A new bridge is about to replace the picturesque wooden structure (figured in our pages, vol. xiii., p. 150) which is so connected with Constable, and has now become unsafe. The new bridge, designed by a London architect, preserves as far as possible some features of the old.

Obituaries. The Rev. ROBERT HENRY FALKNER, rector of Woodham Walter, died there on 25th February, after a short illness. The living was in his own gift and he had enjoyed it since 1875, when he came to Essex from Ireland, where he had been educated and ordained. He was 78 years of age; buried at Woodham Walter on January 30th.

The Rev. JOHN CHARLES COX, formerly vicar for thirty years of the parish of Felsted, died at Eastbourne on 17th March,

in his 87th year. Although he had retired from active life and from the county for many years, the memory of Mr. Cox is still green in Felsted and the neighbourhood, where he filled a remarkable place so long. Born at Oxford in 1821, a son of George Valentine Cox, armiger, and educated at Trinity College, Mr. Cox was a famous oarsman, and rowed in the University race of 1842, the year when Oxford won their first victory on the London course. In the next year, 1843, Mr. Cox was again one of the victors, when the historic seven-oared race was rowed at Henley for the grand Challenge Cup. The Oxford stroke, Mr. Fletcher-Menzies, fainted as he got into his place, and the stewards of the race refused to allow a substitute. Oxford, however, pluckily started with an oar short, and won amid scenes of wild enthusiasm. Mr. Cox was a good scholar, a country gentleman of the old type, a keen sportsman, and interested in public education, as befitted a dweller at the place of Lord Rich's foundation. He was ordained in 1845 and licensed to the curacy of Little Bealings, Suffolk, which he left for Guildford in 1847. After six years here he became domestic chaplain to Earl Cowley, ambassador to Paris, and came to Felsted in 1869. He married in January, 1873, Bertha Caroline, youngest sister of Sir Charles Du Cane, M.P. for North Essex, 1857-68, who survives him. Mr. Cox resigned the vicarage of Felsted eight years ago, and has since resided at Eastbourne.

Brunwin Memorial Chapel. A chapel has been erected in the parish of Rayne by the family of the late Mr. George Brunwin, of that place, as a memorial to him and the mission work he has long conducted in the parish. A brass commemorative tablet has been affixed over the vestry door. It is understood that the chapel will be taken over by the Essex Congregational Union after a few months.

Churches, Restorations, etc. DEDHAM.—Two more beautiful stained glass windows have been recently placed in the church by the vicar, the Rev. C. A. Jones, Rural Dean, who in 1902 (*E.R.* xiii, 47) gave the East window in memory of his wife. The North window of three lancets bears the figures of St. Peter, St. John the Beloved, and St. James the Greater; in the South window, also of three lancets, are the figures of St. Paul, St. Stephen, the protomartyr, and St.

Luke the Evangelist. This window was completed on January 25, the day of the conversion of St. Paul. Both are inscribed 'To the Glory of God, erected by the Rev. C. A. Jones, vicar of Dedham, 1885-1906, Rural Dean of Dedham, 1890-1898.'

LITTLE BARDFIELD.—A brass memorial tablet was recently unveiled and dedicated to the memory of the late Rev. R. H. White. The tablet is designed by Mr. Richard Creed, F.R.I.B.A., of Little Bardfield Hall, and is a beautiful work of art, representing the late rector under an architectural canopy in full Eucharistic vestments. An excellent likeness has been well caught by the craftsman, and altogether the deeply incised brass will be recognised in time to come as one of the chief ornaments of this ancient church, which the rector himself did so much to adorn. The portrait is surrounded by leaf-work of shamrock, bordered with emblems of St. Katherine, and the inscription, 'Richard Henry White, M.A., 41 years rector of this parish,' underneath the figure, 'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.' The cost of the brass, namely £22, was entirely defrayed by the parishioners. The Rural Dean, the Rev. W. E. L. Lampet, a life-long friend of Mr. White, delivered an appropriate address, in which he dwelt upon the great work accomplished by the late rector, as a pioneer of catholic doctrine and practice, not only in that parish, but also in the whole district.

WALTHAMSTOW.—A new reredos in the Lady Chapel of St. James' Church was dedicated by the Bishop of Colchester on February 7. The reredos, which is a triptych about eight feet in length, consists of a centre panel with the Virgin seated, holding the infant Saviour and surrounded by worshipping angels, while at the sides are the wise men and the adoring shepherds. It is placed as a memorial to Miss G. M. Yatman, the leader of a settlement of female lay workers who have done much good in the parish, who died a year ago. It is the work of Miss Burlison, a sculptor, who exhibited it in plaster at the Royal Academy of 1903. It is now coloured.

NORTH OCKENDON.—On March 2, a memorial window was dedicated by the Bishop of Barking, it having been presented to the church by Mrs. Russell, now of Petersfield (and her son

Mr. Champion Branfill Russell, of Stubbers), in memory of the late Colonel Branfill Russell, who recently died there. The subject of the window is Christ and the two disciples journeying together to Emmaus.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Chelmsford Races in 1810.—The following particulars of the County Cup, run for at Chelmsford during nearly 100 years, are not without interest, showing as they do how much more local support was obtained for that meeting in those days than is the case at present. It will be observed that the names of the subscribers are almost without exception those of well-known Essex landlords. The severe nature of the race, as regards weights and distance, also forms a striking contrast to races of the present day.

Chelmsford Races, 1810.

'The County Cup for Horses never having started or received forfeit for Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes before the day of naming, carrying the following weights, 4 years old: 10st 4lb.; 5 years old: 11st. 6lb.; 6 years old: 12st.; and aged: 12st. 2lb.; the best of heats two and a half miles each, with the exception of such horses only as belong to Major Cooke's Hunt, and may have started in April, 1810, and not won. The Horses to be named to Mr. Weatherby or the clerk of the course on or before 1st. June, paying 3 guineas entrance, which must be paid at the time of naming, or not entitled to win.

Present subscribers [all giving uniformly one guinea]:—Sir Thos. Barrett Lennard, Mr. St. Aubyn,* Mr. L. Kortwright, Mr. Archer Houblon, Col. Bullock, Mr. John Wright, Mr. T. G. Bramston, Mr. Harvey, Col. Strutt, Capt. Disney, Mr. Wright, Mr. T. Wright, Mr. Judd, Mr. Wilson, Mr. J. B. Abdey, Mr. Tyrell, Mr. Du Cane, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Ruggles, Mr. Lodowick, Mr. Kortwright, Mr. P. Wright, Mr. Newton, Mr. Stanes, Mr. C. Tepier, Mr. Bramston Stanes, Mr. Western, Mr. C. Tower, and Mr. Conyers.'

T. BARRETT LENNARD.

Great Thunderstorm and Rainfall of October 22, 1859.—Meteorological events are very soon forgotten, and it

* A nephew to Sir T.B.L.

may not be amiss to put upon record some recollections of a storm of unusual vehemence that I well remember, although it happened close upon fifty years ago. It was a Thursday night, the 22nd of October. Rain had fallen almost without intermission the whole day, but there was nothing in the state of the barometer to indicate the approaching storm. About 7 o'clock, amid torrents of rain, the town of Colchester was suddenly illumined by a discharge of electricity from the clouds, which hung in awful blackness over the whole district. Until long after midnight the fury of the storm raged, thunder and wind mingled in chorus, rain descended in sheets, while from every point of the compass vivid flashes of lightning rendered the darkness more visible. A chimney in Priory Street was the only thing struck, but much damage was done by flood upon the parade ground at the Camp. About 9 o'clock a portion of a wall, 12 feet high and about 150 in length, fell with a huge crash into the road, its foundations being undermined by the weight of water and a strong west wind blowing at the time. A torrent rushed over the fallen wall, joined with streams from surrounding buildings, and rushed down Military Road for about 200 yards, carving for itself a channel nearly 7 feet wide and 4 feet deep. It carried with it, towards Magdalen Street, a vast body of sand and stones, and at the same time laid bare the gas main supplying the houses in that neighbourhood, and inundated several houses. I was out driving during the worst of this storm; the rain beat so furiously into my cart that it could not get out fast enough by the holes in the bottom and the slit where the back lets down, so it poured over the front by the steps and came nearly up to my ankles, as I remember. Near Latchingdon Lion the road was flooded 2 feet deep, and the brook at Deadway Bridge ran higher than the parapets. I narrowly escaped an accident, for not seeing the deep gully—above alluded to—in the darkness, I nearly drove into it on returning. In other parts of the county, bridges were swept away, trees torn up, and soil washed away by the rushing torrent. Cattle were drowned, pigs and sheep, and, in Purleigh parish, a young man, who was endeavouring to lead his pony through some water, was washed away and his body carried half-a-mile down the road. Tillingham marshes became a sea. Carriers' vans and mail carts ran great risks. Houses and farms at Woodham Ferris, Althorne,

Mundon, and other places were flooded to a great depth, and acres of top soil washed from the fields. Altogether it was a most remarkable storm, such as I have never seen the like of since. Unfortunately I have no record of the rainfall, but it must have been, as our sporting friends say, a 'record.' Little damage was done, I believe, in the county town, but in Sandon the brick bridge was destroyed, and some draymen were nearly drowned in the darkness of the early morning.

HENRY LAVER, Colchester.

Emigration to New England.—Maldon Sessions Book, E., fol. 76, preserves a characteristic note of this movement, and of the suspicion with which it was regarded by the party in power:—

'Memorandum that the 29th day of March, 1638, Thomas Ruck, gentleman, and . . . Hawkyms (his servant), and Joseph Hills, and . . . Wayte (his servant), tooke, everie of them, the oathes of supremacy and allegiance to his maiestie before the bailiffs and Mr. Thomas Plume (one of his highness' Justices of his Peace within this burrough), in the moote-hall of the same, the said persons being bound for the plantations in America called newe-England.'

It may be noted that neither of the two masters had been long in Maldon, but that both of them had gone up the ladder of municipal honours very rapidly. It is a safe inference that they were welcome new-comers in the borough, not only because of their Puritan opinions, but as men of substance able to bear their share of the crushing taxation of the day.

On Dec. 6, 1630, Thomas Ruck and his son Peter were admitted to burgess-ship of Maldon, by purchase (admission-fine, £8). Thomas Ruck, a woollen-draper, born at Cranbrooke in Kent, then took the oath of burgess; Peter Ruck's oath was respited till he came of age. Thomas's younger children were:—sons, Thomas, John, and James, and daughters, Elizabeth and Joan. Dec. 6, 1630, Thomas Ruck was elected a head-burgess (i.e. one of 18, corresponding to the modern Town-council); Dec. 5, 1631, he was elected Alderman.

On Dec. 5, 1631, Thomas Hills, a linen-draper, place of birth left blank, was admitted to burgess-ship of Maldon by purchase (admission-fine, £8). He had, at the date of his admission, two

daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. He was elected a head-burgess, May 28, 1632; and Alderman, Dec. 2, 1633.

Are there, over ocean, any Rucks or Hills, to answer this call of blood?

ANDREW CLARK, Great Leighs.

The Hempe Rhyme.—It is well-known that popular apprehensions as to the disasters which might follow the death (possibly hastened by assassination) of Elizabeth, the last sovereign of the old line, got crystallized into an evil-omened couplet:—

When *Hempe* is spun,
England is done.

It was uncertain whether a Spanish or a Scottish claimant would succeed—both unpopular, as foreigners, and also unpopular, the former as Romanist, the latter as Presbyterian.

Maldon Sessions Book for 1595 has an interesting statement as to this rhyme, told with the delightful hesitancy (here sadly condensed) of the then Town-clerk.

The confession of Thomas Spigurnell, made in open court, 14th April, 1595:—Walter Marshall, apprentice to Thomas Hutt, told Spigurnell that he heard Nicholas Cock, apothecary, say that a certain person was hanged for spelling, or expounding, of this word—hempe. And the cause was, for that the said treaterous-minded person referred h. to Henrye, and e. to Edwarde, and m. to Marye, and p. to Phillip, and e. to Elizabeth. Hereupon, Walter Marshall was sent for; admitted that on April 10th, 1595, he had repeated to Spigurnell this saying, as having been told him by Cock; but expressed his decided opinion that Cock had not spoken these words in any evill pretence towching her majestie. The Bailiffs did not venture to take this charitable view. They bound Cock over to answer to what might be objected against him at next Sessions, and bound Marshall over to attend the same Sessions to give evidence against Cock in respect of these seditious words. Unhappily, with the nightmare in consequence of these broken, imperfect records, the Sessions procedure in the case is lost. It may be noted, in explanation of what people then felt about the 'word,' that Henry VIII. died 1547; that Edward VI. died 1553; 'bloody' Mary reigned alone till 1554; that thenceforward,

after her marriage till her death, the royal style was, 1554 to 1558, Philip and Mary; but after November 17th, 1558, Elizabeth.

A. CLARK, Great Leighs.

Maldon Grammar School.—In my article on this early foundation which has recently appeared in the section Schools of vol. II. of the *Victoria History of Essex*, noticed elsewhere in this number, I was much indebted to Dr. Andrew Clark for some notes he had recently made on examining the Maldon Borough Rolls. He has since pursued his investigations to the Sessions books, and now sends me the exact entry referring to John Daynes, appointed master in December 1621. He has also discovered the name of another, and later, master, which I have not included in the account there given, viz., John Hutt, gent., of Maldon, who was elected by the bailiffs and aldermen, April 21, 1656.

Maldon Sessions Book, D, 1606—1631; pt. 129v.,

Curia parvi visus : 3 December 1621, We, John Soan, gent., and John Edwards, Bailiffs, Thomas Hutt, William Burlz, Edward Hastler, Willyam Frauneys, and George Purcas, aldermen of the said burrow, the said 3 of December 1621, being assembled in the said moote-hall, with one mutuall assent and consent, do order, decree and determine, that Mr. John Daynes, scholemaster of the grammer schoole in this Burrow, and the succeeding scholemasters in that place, from and after Christmas next, and at all times thenceforth, shall take yerely for teaching and instructing the sonne of any Townsman or Inhabitant of the said Burrow, being a freeman and able and fitt to pay therfore, twenty shillings by the yere and not above, for that in any man's memory no more hath been paid within this towne,

and again, in *Sessions Book E*, fol. 216, the appointment of a schoolmaster some 35 years later, to teach the grammar school of the town, is noted, and a

Certificate granted by the bailiffs and aldermen to John Hutt, gent., of Maldon, that he has been elected, in terms of Ralph Breeder's will, to teach the grammar school and warrant given him to take the rents, etc., belonging to the school, so long as he continues schoolmaster.—21 April 1656.

C. FELL SMITH.

Westerns of Rivenhall.—Referring to my article on the Westerns (*E.R.* xi, 65), it is interesting now to chronicle the return to Essex, after many years, of one of the family, in the person of Colonel Charles Maximilian Western, the senior representative of the race after Sir Thomas C. C. Western, who, though

a generation younger is, I believe, only two years his junior. Neither Felix Hall nor Rivenhall Place being available at the time, Colonel Western has taken up his abode at Goldsmiths, Laindon Hills, a place rebuilt on the site of the old farm house about ten years ago by Sir Joseph C. Dimsdale. He is a gunner, late of the R.A., and has recently entertained the Drag Hounds from Woolwich on the opposite side of the Thames, an event which he tells me he hopes will be annual. Colonel Western's father, a brother of Sir Thomas Burch Western, M.P. for North Essex, died aged 91 in 1904, the last of his generation.

C. FELL SMITH.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Victoria History of the County of Essex. Edited by WILLIAM PAGE, F.S.A., and J. HORACE ROUND, M.A., LL.D. Volume II. Pp. xxi., 628, large imperial 8vo. London (Archibald Constable and Co.), 1907. Price to subscribers £6 6s. for the five volumes.

THE anxiously expected second Essex volume of 'this important and ambitious literary undertaking,' as we styled it in noticing the first volume in 1903 (*E.R.*, xii., 123-7), has now made its appearance. It follows, of course, the same plan; each section has been written or edited by a specialist; a course that has much to commend it, but as we remarked before, and as we suppose is inevitable, the sections vary much both in research and merit. On the whole this second volume is very complete; many of the sections are excellent and probably exhaustive, as far as our present knowledge goes. They form an admirable starting point for future workers, as all available information is brought up to date and focussed, so to speak, under the various headings. There is necessarily some overlapping, but not much, and facts are used from different standpoints. A complete index will be helpful for reference, but the sections are sufficiently distinct.

In the 'Editorial Note,' on p. xvii., we seem to miss any reference to Mr. Haverfield's Roman section, which is overdue, also to the chapter on Agriculture, but this may be intended to follow in the next volume, the present one ending with Forestry. Doubtless it is a little difficult to get all contributors to work up to time in a large undertaking like the present;



still, a proper and consecutive arrangement of the sections is very desirable.

In noticing the first volume we called attention (*E.R.*, xii., 127) to the need of increased local supervision. All through the present volume there appears a laxity in the spelling of proper names even more noticeable than before; we have more than a page of errors to point out, and doubtless that is incomplete. This is due to the matter not having been read for press by someone personally familiar with the county. Many of these misprints, of course, readily lend themselves to correction, but others are more serious and likely to mislead, *e.g.*, on p. 64 we have Chigwell thrice for Chignal, a far removed locality; the footnote is incomprehensible. Then we have new names introduced to us, as 'Columba Roothing,' p. 77; 'Roothing Belchamp' on p. 46 may be better understood; 'South Bersted' (p. 319) is an utterly unknown spot. There are many others. Ordinary misprints abound as 'wry' for dark (p. 335), 'Osborn' for Ogborne the historian. These are irritating, as also is the varied spelling of certain names, *e.g.*, Dengie and Dengey, Utlesford and Uttlesford among the hundreds, Keddington and Kedington, Malden and Maldon, and numerous other instances among the parishes. The references, mostly in the footnotes, are not uniform; in fact authors must have gone out of their way to play variations on the theme, and this even in the same section. There are three differing references on one page. It is stated (p. 435) that there is now no place in Essex known as Wallfleet, but the creek between the islands of New England and Havengore still bears that name, and is frequently visited by the writer; it still produces excellent oysters. It is a pity to have made the evergreen Mr. T. W. Offin, of Hockley, 'late' on p. 425, and to have confused him with his half-brother, Mr. John Offin, of Hutton, on p. 575. These minor blemishes should have been avoided in a standard history, as this hopes to be, where absolute accuracy and uniformity is wanted. Personally we do not like the varying type and the arrangement of sometimes double columns and sometimes not, but here there may be differences of opinion.

We will now attempt to detail what this second volume, valuable as an addition to our county history, contains. It embraces nine sections, viz., Ecclesiastical History, Religious

Houses, Political History, Maritime History, Social and Economic History, Industries, Schools, Sport, and Forestry.

Ecclesiastical history, apart from the monastic foundations, is dealt with very fully from the earliest times, and all that is certainly known of the planting of Christianity in this county is recorded. After the great survey of Domesday and the information given in the Domesday of St. Paul's (printed by the Camden Society in 1858), of course records become more certain. Thanks to Newcourt's *Repertorium*, Essex is in a position to be very fully dealt with; David's *Annals* and Strype's works come in useful later.

The unique fact is recorded by the authors, Rev. Dr. J. C. Cox and Mr. J. Horace Round, that Woodham Walter is probably the only instance of a church being consecrated other than by episcopal hands (p. 45, cf. also *E.R.* i., 87-96). The numerous changes in the ecclesiastical divisions of the county are set forth in the appendix. These are interesting particulars in view of the impending and desirable establishment of a distinct Essex see.

The religious houses of Essex, subject of the next section, were in number above the average of other counties—49 are enumerated and their positions shown on the map—but none of them was exceptionally wealthy. In the capable hands of Mr. Fowler, of the Public Record Office, they are treated most methodically; the very numerous references here are particularly clear and uniform; they exhibit very considerable, if not exhaustive, research. An immense amount of new information, especially the names of the heads of houses, is supplied.

Political history, by Miss Ethel Stokes, assisted by Mr. J. Horace Round, starts early with B.C. 54, and with tables of the princes of the Trinobantes and the East Saxon Kings. These, of course, are useful for reference and have doubtless been based upon the most reliable information obtainable. Then we are led on to parliamentary contests since 1290. This chapter clearly shews in many instances the difficulty of gauging popular feeling or predominating influence without contemporary records, which however would, of course, often be certainly partisan. The section is interesting, but is by no means complete, and much of the information, especially that of the earlier pages, could have been included under other

headings. Military history is included in this section, but is shortly disposed of. The old 44th and 56th regiments, whose achievements are on record, are acknowledged as belonging to Essex, but we should have a distinct record as in the case of the navy, to say nothing of yeomanry, militia, and volunteers.

We next come to a much neglected chapter of Essex history, viz., its Maritime History, which is supplied by Mr. M. Oppenheim. For generations next to nothing has been written of it, but here we have a most comprehensive article detailing what part, often an important one, Essex has taken in times past. It is quite possible that a future writer may revive the subject, for anyone who studies this section will see how really important the Essex coast and estuaries are for our national defence. The present history deals very largely, nor could it do otherwise, with the port of Harwich, characterising it as 'the only haven of any value in the county.' The harbour is illustrated by no less than five interesting plates.

The chapter or section on Social and Economic History, by Miss Nora E. MacMunn, is a lighter and well-written account of the county from a different standpoint; it doubtless contains many facts that it is well to have on record, which might not have appeared in more serious historical sections; it forestalls to a considerable extent the missing chapter on agriculture. James Brome's (1700) character of our Essex marshmen is new to us, and we quote it without adopting, at any rate, its present application, for they are stigmatized as 'persons of so abject and sordid a temper that they seem almost to have undergone poor Nebuchadnezzar's fate, and by conversing continually with the beasts to have learned their manners.' We cannot, however, subscribe to the note on p. 339, that only 'old people and fools' are left in the villages, or, again, to that on the next page, 'the art of ploughing threatens to become almost extinct,' nor again, but more doubtfully, to the following page where 'there seems no doubt that corn growing on the heavy clay soil cannot be made to pay under present conditions; the cost of production is too high and the market value of the produce too low.' Further, 'nevertheless the country people are certainly considered dull, and it must be admitted that technical education does not make much way in the rural districts.'

The appendix to this section gives a very useful table of



GENERAL VIEW OF KYNOCHTOWN.

population, extracted by Mr. G. S. Minchin from the census returns for each decennial period from 1801 to 1901. Of course, the boundaries of many parishes have altered considerably under legislation, but these are stated as far as possible, and locally they would be known. The figures must be instructive—enormous increases in the metropolitan district, and in the rural stagnation, if not, as in so many instances, an actual decrease. This table is very apposite before the next chapter. Positive results; an intelligent perusal of what can be done by an enterprising mind, might and could supply the remedy. The depopulation of rural Essex is a problem that requires solving; in many directions the answer seems as if it might be easy.

The section on Industries, divided into three chapters, is undoubtedly the most original in the book, dealing as it does with the living life of the county workers. Exhaustive as it is, and entirely up to date, it is capable of, and will receive, extension, we hope, in the immediate future. It is the longest section in the volume, extending to 146 pages (355—500), and doubtless the one of most general interest. It is edited by the most capable hands of Mr. Miller Christy, who, from personal knowledge and industrious research, has supplied the larger part of the information; he has availed himself of the help of experts on certain subjects, viz., Dr. Henry Laver, Mr. J. C. Shenstone, Miss C. Fell Smith, Mr. W. W. Glenney, Mr. Wilson Marriage, T. S. Dymond, Lieut.-Col. Sir F. L. Nathan, and Mr. John Avery.

Miss C. Fell Smith's section on Schools (pp. 501—564) follows next. The history of our schools, endowed and otherwise, has never before been written; it required a vast amount of personal inquiry and investigation, as well as research among musty documents in the Record Office. It is a most exhaustive account, enriched with details of many forgotten founders, and must prove extremely valuable.

Sport occupies thirty pages and is divided into fifteen sub-sections; some of these seem rather thin for an important county history; but records of sport are preserved where probably a county historian would not look for them. Anyhow this section could and should have been better done.

Forestry is undertaken by Mr. J. Nisbet D'Oec. Forestry in Essex is mostly ancient history, of which much more, we think, might have been made, but it is interesting to have this new

chapter just now when there is considerable discussion as to whether or not it is advisable to attempt to plant our many thousand acres of derelict lands. Opinions vary, and an expert's advice is desired by many. A perusal of this section will certainly prove useful to those interested in the question. Timber growing in Essex has largely declined, and it might be an advantage in many directions to resuscitate it. But what landowners want to know is, will it pay?

This volume, like the last, has a nice frontispiece, a view of the valley of the Lea from Epping Forest, by William Hyde, and it is illustrated with no less than twenty-nine other maps and illustrations. We are sorry a few of the old seals of the Grammar Schools were not included. The brass effigy of Archbishop Harsnett from Chigwell Church is extremely fine, but hardly yields a living interest in the subject of education, and has often been reproduced.

Cassell's Book of Quotations, Proverbs and Household Words. A collection of Quotations from British and American authors, with many thousands of Proverbs, Familiar Phrases and Sayings from all sources, including Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian, and other languages. By W. GURNEY BENHAM. Cassell & Co., Ltd., London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne, 1907. Pp. 1256. cr. 8vo.

The love of man for quotation is a deep-rooted affection. No orator fails to use pithy or wise sayings as an ornament to his speeches; the best letter-writers have always added to their epistolary periods these gems from another setting.

Yet how few persons can give off-hand the exact origin or author of the lines they use. Dictionaries of Quotations have always been popular, and now in a truly stupendous volume, Mr. Gurney Benham has given us the best specimen of the kind extant. Herein is a mine of pithy sayings, proverbs, weather saws, poetry, prose, Bible and Latin utterances, which can scarcely fail to furnish rich ore to the digger or seeker in it. A completeness is achieved which no earlier commentators have aimed at. Here is a concordance to the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha ready to hand. Here are proverbs in a polyglot dress which would delight the soul even

of 'M. Walkley.' A great many appear in their English, French, Italian, and German guise, one, 'Like will to like,' is given in no less than seven languages. Latin quotations from Plautus, Martial, Horace and the like, proverbs, phrases, law terms, mottoes, etc., occupy no less than 230 pages, and, for the instruction of the unlearned, have a version in English appended. The section under authors ranges from Addison to Zangwill, and occupies rather less than half the book. In looking through this one is struck with the comparative quotableness of different authors, or is it that the extent of the compiler's predilections are measured? Thus, three pages from Massinger (1584-1639), against one entry from William Penn, seems to argue his unfamiliarity with the delightful *Fruits of Solitude*, which the present generation has demanded to be so many times reprinted in a handy form. We always knew that we were unconsciously quoting Alexander Pope (1688—1744) all day long, so it is hardly a surprise to find Mr. Benham devoting nearly fifteen pages to his epigrammatic phrases. He only gives us one quotation from John Stuart Mill, three from Cobbett and none from Pater. Yet we have the lavender water sentiment of Mrs. Hemans spreading over nearly a page. Mr. Benham's eclecticism may be seen in a glance at the authors' names, where appear: Villon and William Henley, Winston Churchill and Æschylus, The Dolly Dialogues and Plato, Jeremy Taylor, G. R. Sims, and Napoleon I. He might have ransacked the note books of Leonardo da Vinci to some purpose, or have drawn upon more of the modern epigrammists, as Lucas Malet, Maurice Hewlett, or Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, as a counter balance to the learned periods of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. However, though there are gaps in his circle here and there, the volume is singularly free from errors as a whole. Under Drummond of Hawthorndean we notice three, including the misprint of St. for Sir John Scot. Under Hayley we miss the delightful epigram addressed to Blake: 'Thy friendship oft hath made my heart to ache, do be my enemy for friendship's sake.'

Several modern dramatists are quoted: Wilde, Shaw, Anthony Hope, and even H. A. Jones; yet we have none of the delightful crisp sayings that abound in Mr. Pinero's masterpieces. No doubt it is because we find so much that we greedily ask for more.

The short exposition of popular phrases strikes us as nearly the most interesting part of the volume. Who, for instance, would have guessed that 'mere man' originated in the shorter catechism, and not in the manifesto of some revolting suffragist. The saying that we are a nation of shopkeepers is always attributed to Disraeli, but Mr. Benham goes farther and traces it to Adam Smith. The phrase 'sent to Coventry' he dates back to the Civil War, and the impeccability of Cæsar's wife of course to Plutarch.

Some popular pleasantries from music-hall songs are assigned their dates of origin: strangely recent they seem, for nothing is so defunct as last year's jokes. Enough has been said to show that the book is vastly interesting for a dictionary. In fact, we know one literary gentleman who confesses to reading his Part straight through as soon as it arrives, for it is so interesting! Issued in monthly parts at 5½d., the whole work may be obtained for something less than the published price, and may then be bound to one's own taste. Indeed, the cheap binding in green cloth leaves much to be desired, for the book is a heavy tome, and by its very nature calls for much turning over. We have noticed a few misprints, 'Philander' for Philanderer, and 'Malfy' for Malfi, though possibly when this play of Webster's was published it may have been given the older form. There is no entry under Omar among the authors, and no cross reference to Fitzgerald, under whom the Persian poet's verses appear.

Mr. Benham has collected some East Anglian proverbs; among them 'A poor man's rain,' and others dealing with weather. He gives us the motto of Chelmsford, 'Many minds one heart,' and under Colchester he notes some references to 'weaver's beef,' *i.e.* sprats. He has included the Selkirk Grace, 'Some hae meat but canna eat,' &c., from Dr. Clark's version of it in Plume's MSS. in the *Essex Review*. In fact, he has an eye for authors everywhere, and deserves well of his day and generation, for has he not devoted 52 pages to William Shakespeare, and placed next unto him Bernard Shaw?

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NESTING OF THE RAVEN IN ESSEX.

BY DR. HENRY LAVER, F.S.A.

ON no portion of the Fauna of Essex have the changes which have occurred during the century just ended produced such disastrous results as on the birds of prey.

These birds were, during the Nineteenth century, and especially in the earlier decades of it, very common throughout a great part of the county.

At the time mentioned there were very few gamekeepers in the county, a fact that had an important bearing on the subject, for they were mostly confined to the few large estates where game was said to be preserved. In the greater part of the county no steps in this direction were taken, and the game in these districts flourished as best it might; what there was existed under perfectly natural conditions, having to pass through the ordinary risks and trials of the struggle for life, an experience which, as is well known, contributes to the advantage of the species, although it occasionally falls hardly on the individual. It would be a great error to imagine that, under these natural surroundings, game was scarce, for certainly partridges and hares were as numerous as at the present time. The large hedges and high stubbles no doubt gave them much assistance and protection. Amongst the many species of birds classed as vermin, and, therefore, now to be destroyed at every opportunity, was the raven and its near relative, the carrion crow, both of these are now rare birds. Both these could once be considered common in Essex, especially in those districts near the coast, and every child in these parts would be perfectly familiar with the peculiar hoarse cry of the raven as it passed overhead.

Its 'pork, pork' would certainly distinguish the bird, and enable it to be recognised even by those—few, indeed, amongst the dwellers on the marshes—who could not name it by its peculiar flight. As time went on, and more persons began to take an interest in sport, the value of shooting rights improved, and game preserving became more general, a bad time for all so-called vermin came in, with the result that hawks, owls, magpies, jays, crows, and ravens were everywhere destroyed.

And when these latter birds, as well as many of the other species became scarce, their greatest enemy, the egg collector, came on the scene, and thus completed this destructive process which had been gradually causing the extermination of all these beautiful, interesting and useful creatures. As before mentioned, during the first fifty years of the last century, A.D. 1800-1850, ravens' nests were very common, or, perhaps, it might be said fairly so, in all those parishes of the county bordering on the marshes. I, myself, have often taken a part in rifling them of either eggs or young. On some farms the owners objected to the ravens being disturbed, because they said that ravens drove the rooks away from the fields near their nest, which was an undoubted fact.

Many of their nesting-places were occupied for several years in succession. This was especially the case where the tree, from any cause, was unclimbable. I remember a large elm at Latchingdon being felled, which had on it a raven's nest that defied all egg-stealers. It was easy to get up near to the nest, but this was so large that you could not get round it. When the tree was felled the accumulated sticks would have sufficed to fill a large tumbril cart. Ravens were very commonly kept as pets, and in 1852 I assisted in taking a nest of young ravens at Tolleshunt D'Arcy for the late Mr. Wiseman, who kept a school at Kelvedon. The following is a list of ravens' nests which I remember to have seen in Essex at various times in my younger days:—

1. In the row of elms to the right of the path from East Hall, Paglesham, to the church, one.

2. For many years there was one in Stannets Grove, Paglesham, in an oak tree.

3. There was another, also in an oak, in Hobbly Grove, on Church Hall, Paglesham.

4. One in an elm on my uncle's farm at Latchingdon, before referred to.

5. One on Northey Island. This continued until a few years ago.

6. One at Pudsey Hall, Hockley. This also continued to be occupied until a few years ago.

7. One ditto at East Mersea.

8. One on Osea Island in the Maldon river.

9. One at Bradwell-on-Sea.

10. One on Mr. Seabrook's farm, near Tolleshunt D'Arcy, also previously mentioned.

11. One at Lawford Hall, and in reference to this I have received a letter from Mr. Walter B. Nichols, which is of so much interest that I propose to give it in full.

Dear Sir,

Your letter has been forwarded on to me here. I am very glad to tell you all I can about the Lawford Ravens. A pair appeared in the winter of 1870 and settled in a clump of Scotch firs on a barrow on my father's property—Lawford Hall. They remained till 1878 or 9—always having two nests on separate trees in the clump. They were never disturbed or interfered with in any way beyond occasionally taking a young 'brancher' for friends. It was supposed that they came from abroad, owing to the heavy firing in the Franco-German War, but as a matter of fact I believe they came from Stutton, on the other side of the Stour, about five miles off. Soon after their appearance my father's herd was nearly destroyed by some disease, I forget what, but the villagers put the disaster down to the ravens. During their first spring they killed one or two weakly lambs, but I do not remember their doing any other damage to us—indeed, they seemed to get their food at some distance. They were most interesting to watch and not particularly shy; indeed, the hen sat very close, so that sometimes she did not leave the nest till one tapped the tree. The cock-bird would rush barking, with his long throat feathers all bristling, out of the trees when one got about one hundred yards from them. They had a delightful habit, while flying, of turning on their backs, sideways, not head-over-heels, and dropping many yards through the air, then recovering and soaring up again in circles.

I shall be very glad to receive a copy of your paper when published. I hope these very rough notes may be of use to you.

Yours very truly,

WALTER B. NICHOLS.

It will be seen that this nest was in existence in 1878, yet late as this seems, ravens continued to build in trees in Essex for some years afterwards. I think it will even be found they continued to nest in Essex trees up to a later period than in any other southern county.

It must not be supposed that these I have named were the only

ravens' nests in Essex, within living memory, as there were others in various parts of the county. My list refers only to those with which I came personally in contact in my boyhood, either by trying to steal their eggs or young, or by observing them when visiting in their districts.



KYNOCHTOWN.

A GREAT EXPLOSIVES FACTORY ON THE ESSEX MARSHES.

BY A. CLIFTON KELWAY.

TEN years ago there was no such place as Kynochtown, but only a couple of quaint old Essex farmhouses, 'Borley' and 'Shellhaven,' divided from each other by a mile of marshland, and from the villages of Corringham and Fobbing by several miles of similar ground, in the midst of which dangerous ditches were more abundant than paths. There they stood, those ancient farmhouses, very much as they had done time out of mind, almost unapproachable in winter, quite out of the beaten track at the best of times, and practically unknown save to the dwellers in the adjacent villages. One of them still stands, and is known as 'Oil Mill Farm.' Somewhat pathetic in its picturesque appearance, so suggestive of the days that are gone, the old cottage is no longer isolated, but forms part of Kynochtown, which, with its splendidly equipped factory, up-to-date 'stores,' schools, institute, post and telegraph office, embodies all that is most modern in commercial and social development. At few, if any, points along the Essex shore of the Thames can so great and startling a transformation have been effected with such rapidity and completeness as at Kynochtown, from whence during the last ten years cordite, nitro explosives, smokeless sporting powder, black gunpowder, and other deadly chemicals have been poured into the markets of the world in quantities too vast to be imagined.

It was, of course, the extreme isolation of this Essex marshland which constituted its chief fitness for the site of an explosives factory; and isolated it still remains, although two hundred acres of the freehold estate which Kynoch, Limited,

purchased in the autumn of 1896 are now covered by the long low buildings of the factory, adjoining the great gates of which stands the village—in some respects a model one—which the requirements of the workpeople called into existence. But with its isolation on the landward or northern side, Kynochtown combines the tremendous advantage of direct connection with the Thames, by which it is bounded on the south, and the creeks of Holehaven and Shellhaven lying east and west of it respectively. About two miles of the estate front on to the Thames, and



OIL MILL FARM.

something like three miles on to the two navigable creeks just named. From all of which it may be gathered that Kynochtown, factory of the most highly dangerous products that are known even to civilization, stands on a special and supremely suitable site. Isolated as it is and always must be, Kynochtown's chief connecting link with the world on the landward side consists of the Corringham Light Railway, which conveys the workpeople to and from the factory and Corringham several times a day, and connects Kynochtown with the little port of Thames Haven and the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway on the south.

This little line, along which—when it can be induced to move—the tiny engine wanders, not too hurriedly, among the marshes and ditches, may be the smallest, but is certainly one of the



CORRINGHAM VILLAGE.

most profitable railways in the country. Its receipts last year amounted to £2,063 12s. 8d., and its expenses to £867 8s. 1d. Truly the battle is not always to the swift. The line was built by Kynochs, and opened six years ago—two years later, that is

to say, than the official naming of Kynochtown, which was performed by Miss Katherine Chamberlain (daughter of Mr. Arthur Chamberlain) when that lady visited the new village to lay the foundation of the schools there on November 18, 1899.

So much then for the site and origin of Kynochtown, the general aspect of which may be gathered from the view presented herewith—a view taken from the ‘sea-wall,’ which is formed of marsh clay, extracted so as to leave a drain on the land side. These sea-walls, many miles of which line the Essex shore of the Thames, are of vital importance to the dweller on the marshes, as the following extract from the parish register of Fobbing Church will indicate :—

On Monday, the 16th day of February, 1735, about two o’clock in the afternoon, the wind being at north-west, there was the highest tide that was ever known, which overflowed all the sea-walls and laid the whole level several feet under water ; it was computed to rise higher at London Bridge by eight inches than any tide yt had been in two hundred years before.

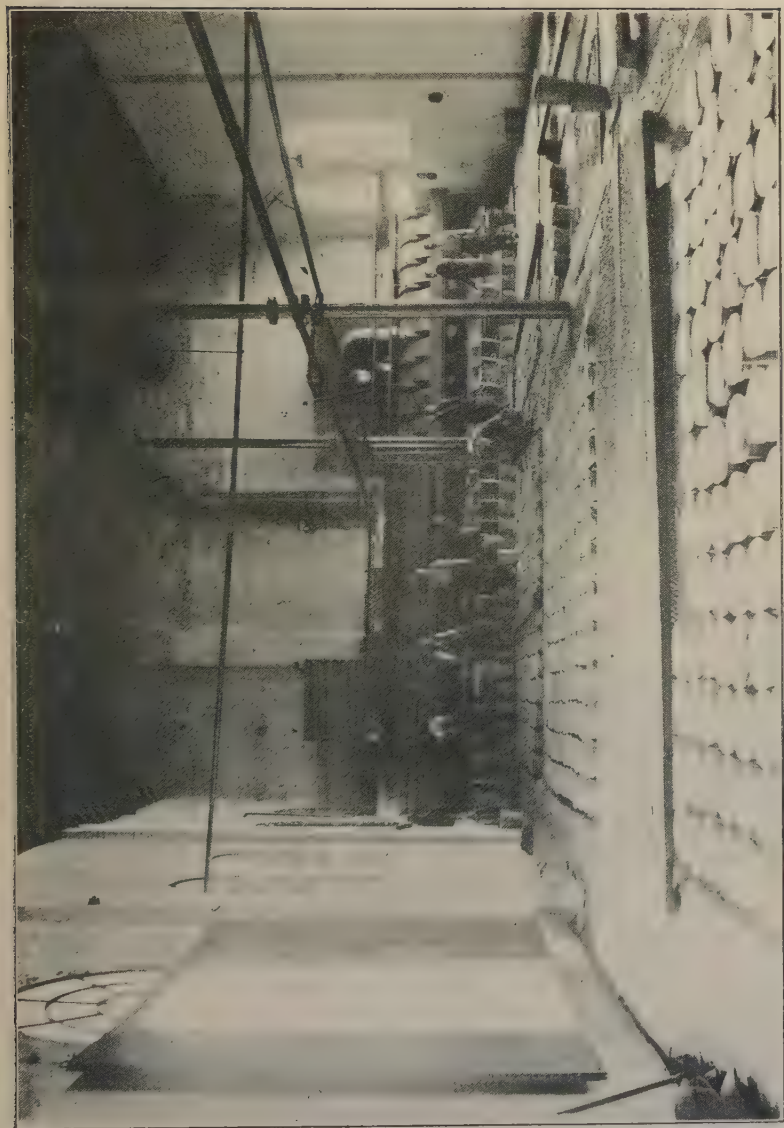
In recent days, in fact only a few months after the erection of the Kynoch factory, on November 29, 1897, a similar disaster occurred, a tidal wave bursting over the sea-walls, carrying all before it, and submerging the factory in three feet of water. The marshlands on either side of the river met a similar fate, but the factory buildings, having been placed sufficiently high to be above the floods, suffered but little damage, although the workpeople who were in them at the time of the flood had to remain until a rescue was effected by means of rafts. It would be interesting to know whether this latter-day flood was placed on record in the local church registers, as was that of 1735. Probably not. The sea-walls, or the management of them, is now vested in a permanent Commission, which has charge of a certain section or ‘level,’ Kynochtown lands forming part of the ‘Fobbing levels.’

• While for spiritual purposes the new settlement is in Fobbing—that ancient forest village where Jack Straw’s rising commenced in Essex—for civil purposes it forms part of Corringham, ‘Home of the Corrs,’ a village which is strangely ancient and modern, with its Norman-towered church, and its garish new cottages of red brick abutting on the ‘terminus’ of the Kynochtown railway.

And now as to Kynoch Factory, that great spreading range of mysterious, low-pitched buildings, which lies to the left of Kynochtown, and entrance to which can only be obtained

through the great gates, impressive in their size, and guarded by the 'Kynoch' Lions carved in stone. From the moment of entry the visitor cannot help feeling that he is in unwonted and possibly perilous surroundings. The searching query with which he is met by the patrol at the gates, as to whether he has any matches or other combustibles upon him, serves to impress his mind at once with the magnitude of the explosive forces which exist on every side, forces which are merely hidden, but could in no way be confined within the lightly constructed buildings which, in the main, make up the factory. And in the second place the remarkable stillness of the place is profoundly impressive. The workers are there, all around us, varying in number, when the factory is in full operation, from three or four hundred up to six hundred; but the various buildings are so detached, and the whole factory covers such an extensive area, that the silence of the place is only broken by the plaintive cry of the marsh birds, or the sighing of the wind, which, whatever the season of the year may be, seems ever to blow over these lowlands. The silence and the space exercise an undeniably solemnizing effect on the visitor unused to the place—an impression that would probably be lessened as the result of more familiar acquaintance with it—and prepare him for that extreme caution and implicit obedience to directions which must be observed by any who are fortunate enough to be permitted to examine closely the various departments of which the factory is made up.

Kynochtown factory is occupied in the manufacture of ammunition, chemicals, and every variety of explosives. Elsewhere, in other factories belonging to the same company, various kindred work is going on. At Arklow, of recent Parliamentary fame, for instance; at Wassborough Dale, Yorkshire, the home of black gunpowder; and at Witton, the company's principal works, probably seven or eight thousand people are, in all, employed. Kynochtown factory is divided into two distinct areas—the danger area, and that containing the chemical portion of the works and sundry workshops, offices, etc. A main road, which leads to the landing stage in Holehaven Creek, constitutes the boundary of the danger zone, which is divided into sections, devoted respectively to the manufacture of gun-cotton, black gunpowder, smokeless powder, cordite, nitro-glycerine, and .303 cartridges. In either section there is much that is of the utmost



GUN-COTTON DIPPING HOUSE.

interest to see, and a great deal that can be, to some extent at least, appreciated even by the layman who is so unlearned that he may not know a moderant from a solvent, or distinguish Troisdorf from Plastomenite powder. In a brief and entirely non-technical paper like this only a general impression can be given. And just as on entering the factory its intense silence strikes the mind, so, on closer examination, the admirable discipline of the place becomes a marked feature. Take, for example, our visit to the cordite range—a long line of low



KYNOCH STEAMERS DISCHARGING AT KYNOCHTOWN.

houses, with the square tower of the accumulator rising in the midst. Before entering any of the houses, or, indeed, being permitted to step across a certain line along the gangway which runs outside them, rubber overshoes have to be put on, in order to avoid the danger of friction being set up by the contact of ordinary walking shoes or boots with the floor within.

Cordite is the smokeless powder which has been used by the British service these sixteen years past, and is composed of nitro-glycerine and gun-cotton gelatinized by means of a solvent,

to which a certain proportion of a mineral hydrocarbon is added as a moderant. The principal stages in its manufacture consist of drying the gun-cotton; mixing it with nitro-glycerine; incorporating, pressing and reeling, or cutting; drying and blending and packing. A great deal might be said in explanation of these processes. In each stage or process and in every separate house, there is apparent that subdued air of discipline which, more, perhaps, than aught else, convinces the visitor of the underlying sense of danger, and necessity for absolute care, with which even the most thoughtless employee is impressed while engaged on his or her work. For at Kynochtown, and in kindred factories, the workpeople are of either sex. Probably of the whole something like ten per cent. are women or girls, whose deft touch and quickness of hand render them specially fitted to deal with such branches as the blending of the cordite and other stages in the process of its manufacture. Passing from room to room, one sees the lines of women and girls quietly and busily employed, all uniformly clothed in scarlet dresses, the colour denoting that they are employed within the danger zone, and emphasizing the necessity for the utmost care on the part of the wearer. They know the necessity full well, and are aware of the awful results that might ensue from the slightest act of forgetfulness. Moreover, the Company, rightly and wisely, strengthens this sense of responsibility by the infliction of the severest penalties on any employee detected transgressing rules which are essential for the safety of the whole place. Mere statistics are unimpressive, but when the vast power of this propellant and the danger of its constituent parts is realized, few words are necessary to emphasize the extreme necessity of care in handling it at every stage. There is danger everywhere, from the drying of the gun-cotton onward, and the immunity from serious disaster which has happily attended Kynochtown since its commencement is the best testimony as to the care with which the regulations have been observed. The comparatively recent disaster at Woolwich, which caused damage to houses in Corringham, many miles distant across the river, serves as an object lesson in this direction.

As to the appearance of cordite, after the earlier stage, in which it is paste, it is passed through machines from which it emerges in strands of varying size which are cut to the

required length, for all the world like strips of seaweed, brown, and of a gelatinous character. The blending follows after it is dried, and the nicety of this operation may be inferred from the fact that some sixty separate strands, of varying thickness, go to make up one cartridge. The size of the strand may vary from the thickness of a single hair to a quite considerable diameter. The packing of cordite is done into wooden boxes, holding 50lbs. or more, according to the cordite. Alongside of all these processes, or succeeding them, there are, of course, tests—the



SMOKELESS POWDER BLENDING HOUSE.

moisture test, the heat test for stability, and so on, some carried out in the laboratories by accomplished chemists, and others on the ranges, where the actual velocities and pressures have to come within certain defined limits. In every stage there is danger, unless certain rules are observed. Acetone, the solvent used in cordite, is poisonous; gun-cotton or nitro-glycerine are extremely sensitive and dangerous to handle; the finished product is an explosive of the most powerful character known to man. Small wonder then that throughout the works young and old

have learnt to put carelessness and heedlessness aside, and to exercise that constant caution which alone tends to ensure safety to all concerned in this dangerous occupation.

We cannot now speak at any length of the smokeless sporting powder, black gunpowder, and those other products which go out into all the world from this Thames-side factory. Sportsmen everywhere know the former product, the awards for which make a brave show in the factory-office—itsself a wooden building which was originally erected in Hyde Park to accommodate the troops encamped therein during the Jubilee of 1887. The processes by which either product is made in its present perfection involve such nicety and attention to infinitesimal detail as to the lay mind seem scarcely comprehensible. And about it all there is that element of possible danger, the thought of which can never be far removed from the minds of those to whom is entrusted the delicate and responsible task of handling daily vast quantities of the most destructive products that man has yet discovered, or is ever likely to invent. With the Peace Conference at the Hague even now in sitting, a visit to the factory of Kynoch, Limited, gives rise to some interesting speculations. But that is another story.

[The writer wishes to express his indebtedness to Kynochs, Limited, and especially to Mr. W. Helcké, manager at Kynochtown, for the photographs which illustrate this article, and for information courteously given in its preparation.]

THE VOICE FROM THE NIGHT.

BY A. S. CRIPPS.

IT was a bitter nightfall, with the rain falling and a north wind blowing. John Skene was not sure of his road. He looked for the light of a farmhouse when he had travelled half-an-hour, but he did not find it; so he harked back, and now he felt he had lost his bearings as he wandered aimlessly on and on. The rain had turned to sleet and stung his face; his hands were perished, carrying bundles; his feet grew very numb. At last he came into a deep lane between hedges. One might think that he had wandered out of Essex into Devonshire, such was the steepness of the enclosing banks.

Here it was ever so much warmer, and, joy and mystery! in the very lap of the hollow burnt red and dim the relics of a great

fire. He was soon squatting beside it and blowing the embers. He pulled out bread and meat that he had packed in a scarf, then an earthen flask of wine which he set in the ashes. So far he had had little time to think, he was so busy with rejoicing and thankfulness; now he began to think a great deal. In the firelight he could see the prints of many men and horses.

‘Half a score at least,’ thought he, ‘and they are gone north. God help the folk in their way!’

It was the time when the Queen’s bands that won, or half won, at Saint Albans, were drawing off again towards Yorkshire. Here, on the roads between Maldon and Thaxted, there had been a good deal of pillaging, and men murdered here and there.

John Skene had come by some goods rather lightly in these curious times, and he was making haste to Chipping Ongar under cover of the dark. The market there was on Wednesdays, and this was Monday night. When his wine was warmed and drunk, he shouldered his pack and grasped his bundles, to start warily up the lane to the left.

The moon had risen now, and looked through a surf of light clouds; the sleet came very sparsely. Before he had gone fifty yards he found something that brought him back to the fire to pass the night there. It was the body of a man lying on his face, but whether dead or not, Skene could not say. Something in the feel of the flesh and the fall of the limbs made him wonder whether there was not life still within. He threw down his packs and lifted and dragged the body to the fire; it was a very light one, great bones indeed, but little covering. Then he went back to fetch his own gear. When he reached the fire the third time the man was talking in a thin voice. ‘I came,’ he said, ‘where the cold bit me.’ He shivered and sighed. His face was a dead man’s face and his jaw fell as he ceased. Skene thought ‘he is dead at last.’ But a few moments after the man twitched his mouth in ghastly strife and pain and went on again; not many words, yet those very slowly.

‘Tell them at the Guest-House to feed the starving. Isn’t a man better than a picture or a shrine? Isn’t it better to give starving men meat than to have flesh oneself all days but fast-days.’ There was the same fall of the jaw; then after awhile the same struggle. His voice grew yet thinner and his throat rattled between his words. ‘I have been dead,’ he said, ‘and now I

know. Christ, He said sooth. We but play at feeding poor men. We keep the bread and flesh and we call it God's love to give the crumbs. But give all, all as Jesu gave. When one is dead, one looks back. Up old roads, Oh! so far and so clear. One is throttled with the meat and the drink, and strangled with the clothes we were so mean with. We cannot see Christ for heaped shrines and thin faces. Go to tell them, for it's but a mile hence. I have climbed all these hours and hours from the pit to tell them.'

The head fell forward, and the voice went far away, miles and miles as it seemed, while he called on Jesu and Saint Anthony. Skene could hear the voice as if behind a hill, long after the eyes closed, through the rattlings of the throat. Then there was nothing more to hear. The man was no living man. Had he ever been this long while? Skene was seized with qualms of sickness. In those muttered words there had been something abject, as the words of a soul driven out and once for all coming back to find its house half bolted and very cheerless. Flesh and spirit had not seemed to accord, they were as strangers, or rather old friends, who have outgrown or forgotten. Moreover, there was a savour in the air when the man spoke, as though his breath and lips had been for some while put by, and then reclaimed again tardily.

After the silence that fell for good and all, Skene first began to take real notice of his dress, which was that of some sort of lay-brother. He tried chafing the wrists awhile, but there was never a sign of life. Then Skene prayed for the soul, prayed to his own saints and to God for watch and ward, and lay down to sleep.

He stirred and roused himself in the night two or three times, but there was nothing moving save the wind in the hedges, and a stick snapping in the paling fire.

The dark-habited form lay quite firm and fast, with hood drawn over face, as it had been left.

When Skene sprang up at last the light was coming. The sky was very clear, it was cold and quiet. He was in doubt what to do till he heard the sound of horses on the hill and someone whistling. They were coming down the hill his way. He that drove the team was ploughman at the small Abbey close by. He came at Skene's beseeching, and declared he knew the body

as that of one of the lay-brothers. He showed Skene a track across the ploughed fields where he might go and call aid.

It was a rich Abbey, with a poorly served Guest-House, just as you might have guessed from those words spoken by the dead.

The lay-brother was dead, had been dead these three days, said a brother who professed the art of healing. Skene listened to him open-mouthed, but did not gainsay. The brothers washed and dressed the corpse for the grave, and took it on a bier into their church. They set beeswax lights about it, and the mass began. Said the Abbot, 'We will bury him after breakfast.'

At breakfast in the Refectory, Skene told his wild story. It were hard to say whether any of the brothers were altogether incredulous, although two professed to be. The Abbot summed up the matter with discretion: 'It may be that he was not dead, and it may be that he, being dead, yet spoke. The time was night, and ye were bespent and weary. Yet the words that ye heard were good words, even words for all to remember, or ever they come to die.'

No more was said at that time, but before Skene left, the Abbot took him aside, and asked him whether he felt moved by this adventure to sell all that he had and give himself to religion.

Skene had been strangely stirred at the burial, and he did not answer at once. 'I would fain answer you to-morrow,' he said. So he rested with them that night, and they prayed for him, being honest men, albeit they kept a good table.

In the morning he would not stay, although they sorely pressed him.

He had repeated some of those desperate words of the dead to them, but they had shaken their heads.

'Such zeal, over-reaching self, trippeth headlong,' said the Abbot, and proceeded to justify their reasonable way, as against Saint Francis and certain others. 'Yet if I should go the way of religion, I should try to go the way of these,' said Skene. 'Meseemeth that having heard that way so plainly commended, it would chafe me to be tied to a gracious fellowship such as yours. If I should give anything for Christ, why should I not give all, so far as a man may give? Why should I eat and

drink well and certainly with a Brotherhood, when the poor have no certain hope of meat from day to day.'

The wonted answer was vouchsafed, to wit, that so doing one would live longer to succour the starving, than if one starved oneself. But Skene was not content with it. 'I have no father or mother,' he said, 'only a brother, who has wealth enough. I will give you one bundle of gear. Ye shall sell or buy it as ye will, and say masses for him that is now certainly departed the way of Death. For he taught me indeed the way of God, as it seems to me. And the pack and the other bundle will I sell in Ongar, where I have sold merchandise these many years. Then will I take the road, and pay such service to those that wear our Lord's ragged livery as an unskilled man may.'

'It was ever the road of Lollardy,' said one of the monks.

'Or may be the way of Calvary,' said the Abbot, with some compassion.

So Skene went down the road with pack at shoulders, and one great armful.

Three days after he turned up the North Road, a Franciscan of 200 years back, without the habit.

As he went northwards in the train of that savage army he found plenty of work. He found among others four starving children in a rifled farmhouse, and when he had nothing left, having done all he could for them, he was at his wit's end. But he went and told some kin of theirs in a village five miles off, and they said they would send for them the next day. He was anxious as to the foraging for the children for that night, since he had forgotten to ask their relations till he was far on the way back. So he went up to an ale-house on a lonely green, that he might barter away his belt-buckle, and thought to drive as keen a bargain as ever he had done in Chipping Ongar. But those were uncertain days. Two drunken archers, as it fell out, set upon him and beat his head in with their staves.

So John Skene was saved from further anxieties, and went the way of knowledge. But his soul never slipped back as that other one's to tell what it learnt down the road, and to impeach oblates of self-love and ascetics of luxury.



MALDON CIVIL COURTS, 1402.

BY REV. ANDREW CLARK, LL.D.

THIS paper carries back the existence of these courts as far as extant documents allow, describes their archaic features as then found, and tries to point out the large place they occupied in the business-life of South-East Essex. In this matter, as in so many others, trouble has arisen from 'the new edition.' A strange accident has lately made public the old Tell-it-not-in-Gath secret of the Bodleian, that, on acquiring the third edition of Shakespeare's works, the library authorities tossed into a heap of superseded duplicates, and sold for a few shillings, the library copy of the First Folio which has now been re-bought for £3,000. The charter of Philip and Mary, February 28, 1555, played a like part at Maldon. It was the legal instrument which could be appealed to in courts of law to justify the exercise of the borough privileges. Its continued use, accordingly, obscured the fact that these privileges were of great antiquity, and so led to present neglect, and subsequent loss, of the old charters by which they had been conferred.

This charter of 1555 affirmed the title of the bailiffs of Maldon to hold in their Mote-hall a court for determination of all causes, real or personal, which arose within the borough, and affirmed also the right of the bailiffs to compel the parties in these causes to plead in that court, either by distraint on their goods or by imprisonment. Real causes were those connected with land or houses; personal, those for recovery of debts, goods, or damages. The Charter further appointed Monday as the day for holding the weekly court. All this, however, is merely the recital of powers which had been in existence for at least a century and a half before the date of the charter. The extant Rolls, which record proceedings in the various Maldon courts, begin on August 28, 1402, and go on, with occasional gaps in the series, till 1504. Throughout all that period we find Maldon court exercising to the full the powers which were confirmed to it in 1555. It may, therefore, be of interest to put together from the earliest of the rolls a bare outline of legal procedure in an Essex borough at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The plaintiff, personally or by attorney, appeared in court on a Monday, stated his claim, and put in security for the costs that

might be charged to him. Thus, August 28, 1402, Stephen Smyth, by his attorney Robert Brown (who became Smyth's surety), raised an action against Alice Trewlove for detaining goods which he said were his.

The court had then to decide how best to secure the defendant's attendance. Sometimes the defendant was simply summoned; more usually the forcible method of distraint (called also attachment or arrest) of goods was had recourse to. August 28, 1402, the officer of the court was ordered to distrain on Alice Trewlove to answer Smyth's action. Amusing lists of distresses, or goods thus taken possession of, occur. In 1405, to answer Richard Allone's suit, Alan Fysscher was attached by 3 coffers, 3 bedcloths, 1 chair, 4 cushions, and a board with 2 trestles. In some cases the officer actually kept the goods; in others, he gave them up to the defendant on security being given for payment of their value when demanded. In 1416 John Bysshop, of Writtle, having been distrained by a horse to answer a suit raised by William Dyer, of Witham, found a surety who became bound to 'bear the stress' of 10s. (value of the horse) if Bishop did not attend on the court-day. Mistakes were often made, wrong goods or insufficient goods being seized. In 1415 the officer distrained on William Swayn, of Mundon, by a horse, a bridle, and a sack of flour, but had to give them up to the bailiff of Mundon because they belonged to that manor, not to Swayn. In these cases fresh or further distraint was ordered at next court. In 1403 the seizure of two saucepans having failed to bring Katherine Parson into court to answer a suit of the wardens of St. Mary's gild, the officer was directed to seize goods of more value. John Audemer, of Maldon, in the beginning of 1414, was distrained on by a barrel of sweet wine, 4 yards of fustian, and 3 yards of linen cloth, to appear on February 19. As he did not appear further distress was ordered, which brought him to court on February 26. Occasionally 'rescue' was made, that is, the defendant removed the distresses without giving security. In July, 1416, when John Newman, sued for a debt of seventeen pence, was distrained on by his crop of fuller's teazels, he removed them from his garden without leave, but the officer went into his house, and effected a new distraint by carrying off one of his bed-sheets. As a rule rescue was visited by fine. In November, 1420, John Chylde broke arrest by

removing a horse with saddle and bridle which had been distrained. On December 9 he made his submission in court, and was let off on payment of 6d. fine. An amusing case attaches itself to a resident, presumably, of Great Waltham parish. In April, 1420, the officer reported that he had attached John Waltham, barker (*i.e.*, tanner), by a grey horse and saddle, but that Waltham had carried off the horse. He was instructed to use fresh distraint to bring him to court to answer for his offence. Waltham frustrated this by keeping out of the way, and on June 3 the court, in indignation, inflicted the heavy fine of 6s. 8d. for his contempt. Market by market, the officer watched to catch property of Waltham's within Maldon jurisdiction. The capture was effected on September 9, and Waltham then put in two Maldon householders as security that all his fines would be paid that Michaelmas.

When the defendant, by distraint or otherwise, was brought into court, the proverbial three courses lay open to him. Usually, anticipating the general course of modern county court summonses, liability was admitted. Then the defendant either asked leave to settle the case out of court or allowed judgment to be entered against him and the law to take its course. His action, in the former instance, was called a retraxit or withdraft, and he paid a fine of 3d. to the court, if a freeman, and 6d. if not a freeman. In 1555, in the case of real actions, these fines were doubled. An example is September 4, 1402, John Marchaunt, on the suit of John Crakebon, appeared in court, acknowledged his debt, and withdrew the case from court, paying 3d. Where judgment was entered against a defendant, he was sometimes ordered to pay the specified amount into the next court. The more usual form was that the officer of the court was directed to levy, by distress if necessary, the fine for the court, and the amount decreed for, with damages, for the plaintiff. Damages seem generally set at 2d. or 3d. in the shilling of the principal debt. When the defendant denied liability, he was ordered to establish his plea in the next court following. This was done by the antique method of compurgators. He appeared, with a number of respectable neighbours (5, 6, 10, 11, as required by the court), and if these took oath that they believed the defendant's statement, he was acquitted. There is an excellent example in two cross-suits, brought on September 18, 1402. Stephen Mone

prosecuted John Sawyer for refusing to give up a bolster, worth 10d., and Sawyer claimed from Mone a debt of 12d., with damages. Each was ordered to appear, with his friends. On September 25 Sawyer's friends took oath that they believed him rather than Mone in the matter of the bolster; and Mone was, in the ordinary course of procedure, fined 3d. for false claim. On October 2, Mone failed to find friends to take oath that he did not owe Sawyer that shilling, and the officer was ordered to levy from Mone the fine of 3d. for the court, with 12d. and damages, to be paid to Sawyer. The third course was that, on denying liability, the defendant might ask the case to be postponed, over one court-day, if he were a 'foreigner' or non-freeman, but over three, if he were a freeman. 'Every freeman,' the 1448 by-laws specify, 'shall have three essoynes (that is, three court-days of answer), and a foreyn, one essoyne, if he will.' On June 18, 1403, John Marchaunt, sued for 4s. 6d., price of a cade of red herring, and 2s. damages for withholding payment for more than a year, appeared and denied liability. When, on June 25, the case came up for trial Marchaunt claimed his first essoyne.

The above actions are all personal. There is, however, an early example of a real action, sufficient to establish the antiquity of that jurisdiction. In January, 1411, after the death of Jeffrey Mott, his property in St. Mary's parish, called 'the Church-house,' was claimed by his son John, under the custom of the borough, and by another son, Thomas, under the father's will. It is unfortunate that the decision of the court is lost, since we have clearly a nice point raised as to the applicability of two borough bye-laws. The general law of inheritance in Maldon was that known as borough-English: 'The youngest son of the first wife shall have the heritage' of the father's house or land within the borough. This was modified by a custom, which made it 'lawful to every man that purchaseth any house or land within the borough to devise his purchase,' provided this devise is shown in court to the bailiffs within a fortnight after the acquisition, 'else it shall remain to the heir' under the general custom. To 'purchase' here seems to mean to acquire in any way other than by inheritance.

Lords of manors, whether individuals or corporations, shewed great anxiety to have all suits between tenants of the manor

decided in the court of their own manor. Something of this zeal may have come from their desire to recompense the steward of the manor by giving him a monopoly of money spent in litigation. Much more is probably due to the dread that, if any outside court got a footing within the manor, it might play King Stork. At Maldon the by-law (1468) is of the severest. 'No freeman shall sue another freeman, except in the borough court. If he is dissatisfied with the verdict there given, he may appeal to the higher courts, with leave of the bailiffs. Violation of either rule involves imprisonment for forty days with a great fine and expulsion from the freedom.'

The court not only had a monopoly of suits between freeman and freeman. Special circumstances gave it a wide jurisdiction. Maldon, as a harbour, had a considerable export trade in timber, firewood, malt, grain, roots, butter, and a considerable import trade in coal, fulling-earth, salt, lime, building-stone. As an industrial town, it had many cutlers, smiths, weavers, fullers, brewers, coopers, shipwrights. To its bi-weekly markets, Wednesdays and Saturdays, farmers, graziers, butchers, dairy-men, fishermen, gardeners, from a wide district, brought their produce. Its three fairs, each lasting four days, March 24-27, August 31-September 3, September 7-10, clustering round the festivals of Lady Day, St. Giles, Nativity of Mary, were attended by packmen from London, Colchester, and other towns, and by horse dealers and cattle-dealers from far. The borough had, therefore, a large concourse of people habitually resorting to it to buy and sell. Those of them who had claims against Maldon burgesses naturally sought to enforce their claims in Maldon itself when the goods of the opposite party could readily be attached in the suit. A few instances may exemplify several hundreds. April, 1403, Jeffrey Short, vicar of Ulting, sued Richard Ludlowe. May, 1408, Richard Perot, of Barling, prosecuted John Turpyn, of Maldon, for detaining his boat, valued at £4 6s. 8d. 1423, John Tanner, woolman, of Billericay, sued John Friday, weaver.

Tit for tat, however. Maldon provided exceptional facilities for Maldon tradesmen bringing troublesome outside customers into court for debt or damages. Every time an outsider brought produce or cattle into market, or boat or cargo to the hythe, he laid himself open to the jurisdiction of the court. One other

circumstance has to be added, not only as affecting Maldon small debt court, but as contributing something to an important geological problem. At Maldon was the first bridge over the Chelmer. To the east was the unbridged tidal estuary, unapproached by passable roads. To the west, for miles, the Chelmer ran deep, with muddy bottom. Just at Maldon the borough kept up a wooden bridge, Fulbridge, over the Chelmer, communicating by a raised causeway, with a stone bridge (causeway and bridge also maintained by Maldon), Heybridge, over the Blackwater. Whatever traffic, therefore, horse with pack-saddle, cart with load, pedlar with pack, drover with cattle, pigs, or sheep, passed between South-East Essex and Colchester and the north, or from the northern into the south-eastern hundreds, had perforce to go by Maldon bridges, and, in passing, became liable to distraint by the officer of Maldon court. The importance of this in extending the jurisdiction of the court is obvious. Now for the geological problem. The site of this causeway and the flat pasture-land (Portman Marsh, then the property of the borough), across which its mound passed, is now unrecognisable because railway, railway station, factory, warehouse, villa, cover it. In old leases, however, it is plain that Portman Marsh cannot have stood at its present level, but much lower. There are, in its leases, urgent clauses about keeping up the sea walls; about building them further back, if the sea swept away the line where they then stood; about not paying rent, if the land was submerged by 'outrage of waters' until the dykes and sluices were fully repaired. Frequent payments are made for filling up 'breaks' in the causeway, and great quantities of gravel are carted there. All these things are irreconcilable with Portman Marsh as it now is. If, therefore, there is, as Mr. E. A. Fitch has pointed out (*Maldon and the River Blackwater*, p. 62), tradition and geology to show, far back, subsidence at the mouth of the estuary, there is historical presumption for a subsequent rising of the level at the point reached by the tide. This is, however, a digression. We return to proceedings taken in Maldon Court by burgesses against outsiders. In 1406, in a suit raised by John Burgeys, merchant, of Maldon, the defendants (executors of Philip Eggmere, merchant, of Colchester) were distrained on by a lighter, valued at £8. In 1423 John Gate sued Thomas Bereman, pedder, of Oakley, near Harwich. In 1423,

John Cokyn, malter, of Clavering, near Saffron Walden, was distrained on by three horses, to answer Richard Sampson's claim for damages through failure to deliver malt as per contract. In 1436, at suit of John Rawley, John Smalcome, mariner, of London, was attached by his bow and sheaf of arrows.

There are numerous instances in which outsiders settled their differences by suit in Maldon Court. Here, of course, Maldon facility of distraint accounts for something, but something also must be allowed for the overt impartiality of the court. If a stranger sued a man in the man's own manor, he might suspect the steward of the manor of inclination to view with favour the defence. But the town clerk of Maldon had no personal interest, as between two strangers. Cases are:—1407, suit by Walter Hosyer, of Sandwich, against Henry Chapman, of Rochester; 1409, by William Paynell, of Tilney, against John Baliaunte, of Boston; 1414, by William Savage, mayor of Poole, Dorsetshire, against John Grene, baker, of Mersea. One suit suggests building-work on a church. In 1414, Thomas atte Steyle, mason, of Maidstone, raised an action for debt against Adam Herle, of Tillingham, and the parishioners of Tillingham. In 1430, two inhabitants of neighbouring parishes came a long way to settle their dispute, John Vykerys, of Felsted, suing John Walinger, of Great Waltham. In 1439, at the suit of William Swetyngdye, of Coggeshall, John Hamond, fuller, of Danbury, was attached by a quantity of fulling-earth.

There are a number of instances in which action is brought at Maldon by an outsider against a resident in his own town. In 1429, John Batayle, of Chelmsford, sued William Standon, of Chelmsford. In 1434 Ralph Barton, of London, sued Robert Profote, of London.

For the convenience of travelling merchants, who could make no long stay, there existed a court which did its work more expeditiously than the ordinary borough court, condensing its procedure into one afternoon, or at most an afternoon and the forenoon of next day. This would seem to have been used on market-days and fair-days, but appears also to have been resorted to in special cases in lieu of the Monday court. This is called at first 'court of the market,' afterwards by the ordinary term Piepowder Court (from *pieds poudreux*, the dusty feet of the

suitors). In 1406, John Payn, merchant, of Colchester, in the court of the market, sued Thomas Wangeford, also merchant of Colchester, for 20s. debt. Wangeford was distrained on, and the case called for 10 a.m. Payn failed to find eleven compurgators to swear with him to the debt, and was, therefore, mulcted 6d. In 1409, in the court of the market, John Fisscher, of Chelmersford, sued Robert Normandy, of Branktre, for a debt of 10s. On market-day, Saturday, August 23, 1455, Thomas Swete, of London, and John Borell, of Chelmsford, raised cross-suits in Piepowder Court. They soon repented them of their quarrel, and when the cases were called, neither party appeared in court. The chamberlains of Maldon, however, sought them out, and made each of them pay 6d., his court-fine for a withdrawal. A case connected with the second of the September fairs in 1455 gives us a most amusing picture of the fiery energy of this special court beating down a Maldon burgess's shield of his essoyne privilege. In Piepowder Court, Tuesday after Nativity of Mary, September 11, 1455, Richard Elwalde, of Canewdon, sought to recover £5 due on a bond by Nicholas, weaver, of Maldon. Nicholas was distrained on to appear at 10 a.m., and when he failed to do so was mulcted 6d. The case was adjourned till 3 p.m., when Nicholas again failed to appear and was mulcted 12d. The case was adjourned till 4 p.m., when Nicholas claimed his first essoyne. The case was adjourned till next morning (Wednesday) at 9 a.m., and then, on second essoyne being claimed, till 4 p.m. that day. Nicholas then asked leave, court-fine 6d., to settle the case out of court. The terms were that at Christmas he should pay into court 2s. for his fines to the borough and 3s. 4d. in part-payment to the plaintiff. A further payment of 20s. on February 2 following was to extinguish the debt.

THE GREAT VINE OF VALENTINES ILFORD.

BY MILLER CHRISTY, F.L.S.



WHEN any member of the Vegetable Kingdom contrives (however passively) to achieve fame (however modest), it usually does so either by reason of its great size or of the high food-value or delicious flavour of its fruit. The remarkable plant described in the following paragraphs, namely, the

Great Vine, which grew formerly at 'Valentines,' in Great Ilford, and was close upon 150 years old when wantonly destroyed, was notable in all these respects, especially in size. It was as famous in its day as its descendant, the Great Vine at Hampton Court Palace, is now, and is, therefore, well worthy of a brief commemorative notice.

The roomy mansion now known as Valentines was built towards the close of the seventeenth century by Mr. James Chadwick, a son-in-law of John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury (1691-94), who was, it is said, a frequent visitor there. The dwelling-house was called, originally, 'Valentine



'VALENTINES,' ILFORD.

House,' but why so named is not known. After passing through the hands of various owners, including Sir James Raymond, Bart., in whose time the vine was planted, the mansion came into the possession of the Ingleby family, its present possessors. They ceased, however, to occupy it on the death of the late Mrs. Ingleby, at the age of eighty, in January 1906. Up to this time, there was probably no country seat of such pretensions situated anywhere so near to London. Certainly there was none in Essex; for Valentines, with its ten acres of pleasure-grounds and park of about one hundred acres, lies within eight miles of the Royal Exchange. The view here given (for which readers are indebted to Mr. G. E. Tasker, author of *Ilford Past and*

Present), represents the house as it is to-day. Though far from handsome according to modern ideas, it still forms a comfortable residence.

The vine was planted at Valentines, in April 1758, by a Mr. Eden, head-gardener to Sir James Raymond, who appears to have made no special preparation of the soil. It was of the kind known as the Black Hamburgh—so called, it is said, because imported into England from Germany by way of Hamburg. The importer seems to have been one John Warner, a London merchant, who brought this variety of vine to this country early in the Eighteenth Century. All the vines which have since attained remarkable size here seem to have been of this variety, which is exceptional in respect of its rapid and extensive growth. To what dimensions a healthy plant might attain in favourable conditions, it is hard to say, for all the most famous English specimens have completely filled to the utmost capacity, with their various branches, the houses in which they have grown. Probably a free-growing plant would easily fill a much larger vinery than any ever yet constructed. The example at Valentines grew in a vinery of remarkable size for the period, it being seventy feet long. Much larger houses are, of course, now common, owing to the cheapness of both glass and iron. The use of iron permits of a lightness and strength of construction which was unattainable in the days when the vinery at Valentines was erected with solid oak timbers. This vinery does not adjoin the house (the glass-house shown in the illustration is merely a small conservatory), but is erected against the southern face of a high wall on one side of one of the walled vegetable gardens.

The great vine not only filled the vinery, but extended beyond it, along the southern face of the wall, covering altogether a distance of about two hundred feet. Its early growth must have been remarkably rapid; for, by 1769, when only eleven years old, it had attained such a size that it was thought worth while to take from it the cutting which has now developed into the well-known Hampton Court vine.

From an early date, the grapes from the Valentines vine seem to have been regularly marketed. The Rev. William Gilpin, writing in 1791, says* :—

It annually produces about four hundredweight of grapes, which used formerly (when the hothouse, I suppose, was kept warmer) to ripen in March, though

* *Remarks on Forest Scenery*, i., pp. 149-151 (1791).

lately they have not ripened till June, when they sell at four shillings a pound, which produces about eighty pounds. . . . When the grapes ripened earlier, they produced much more than eighty pounds. A gentleman of character informed me that he had it from Sir Charles Raymond himself that, after supplying his own table, he has made one hundred and twenty pounds a year of the grapes ; and the same gentleman, who was curious, enquired of the fruit-dealers, who told him that, in some years, they supposed the profits have not amounted to less than three hundred pounds. . . . At the lowest calculation the profits were prodigious. The stem of the vine was, in the year 1789, thirteen inches in circumference.

This famous vine survived and continued to bear fruit for about a century and a quarter, a truly remarkable record of prosperity. A Mr. W. Collins, of Drews Teignton, who visited it in 1835, says* that, in that year, it bore four hundredweight of grapes, and that its stem was then twenty-four inches in circumference. It would probably have been alive now had it not been destroyed wilfully. About thirty years ago (say, about 1875) there came to Valentines a ' new broom ' in the shape of a new head-gardener, fresh from the spick and span royal gardens at Sandringham, where everything is done on the latest and most up-to-date principles. The methods followed in tending the aged vine were opposed to all his ideas on the subject of viticulture ; and, knowing or caring nothing as to its long history, he promptly removed its venerable and bulky stem from the vinery and planted in its place a number of young sapling vines, in accordance with the most approved modern principles. He had announced his intentions to no one, and only when the ancient stump was blazing on a bonfire was news of the holocaust brought to Mr. W. A. Shepherd, the estate steward. That gentleman at once proceeded to the spot and succeeded in rescuing the charred stem before it was totally consumed. The fragment thus snatched from destruction was then affixed to one of the inner walls of the vinery, over the entrance doorway, and here it remains to this day—a memento of the wide fame the Valentines vine once enjoyed. It is shown in the accompanying photograph.

In more than one way, however, the ancient vine may be said to survive, even to-day. I am assured by Mr. William Bunn, who has been employed in the gardens for forty-six years and now has charge of them, that the actual root of the old vine was never removed from the ground, and that, from it, after the original stem was destroyed, there sprang up two shoots which

* *Notes and Queries*, 1st series, xii., p. 404 (1855).

are now healthy plants and bear fruit every year. These two vines are easily distinguishable from the others now in the vinery, as they grow at a different angle and in a different line.

Moreover, the famous vine has yet other descendants, grown from slips, some of which have been or are famous. It was the parent of a large vine which grew in the hot-house at Cranbrook Hall, a mansion adjoining Valentines. This house has been pulled down and its extensive park built over within the last few



STUMP OF THE OLD VINE.

months. The Valentines vine was, too, the parent (as mentioned already) of the famous vine now at Hampton Court Palace, as well as of that in the vinery of Cumberland Lodge, in Windsor Great Park, and probably of many others throughout England. In all probability, it never attained a size equal to that of several English vines (very likely descendants from it) which are now living;* but it remains worthy of note as having been almost,

* Among these may be mentioned (beside the vines at Hampton Court, Cumberland Lodge, and Silwood Park—the latter noticed hereafter) that at Shardeloes, planted in 1793 and filling a house eighty feet long, and a much larger vine at Kinnell House, Breadalbane, planted in 1832 and filling a house 172 feet long by 25 feet wide—covering, that is, an area of about 475 square yards (see A. F. Barron's *Vines and Vine Culture*, 1883).

if not quite, the earliest English vine to become celebrated by reason of its great age and size.

The famous vine at Hampton Court Palace—certainly the best known and probably now the oldest vine in England—deserves brief notice here, if only because it is a descendant from the earlier vine at Valentines. Planted in 1769, it must have grown rapidly; for, little more than thirty years later, in 1800, it had already become ‘much celebrated’ as ‘the Great Vine.’* It had then a stem thirteen inches in girth, a main branch 114 feet long (being turned at the further end of the vinery and trained back), and it had produced in one year, 2,200 bunches of grapes, of an average weight of one pound.† In 1891, according to Mr. Ernest Law, the historian of the palace,‡ the length of its main stem was limited to ninety feet, that being the length of the vine-house, which cannot be enlarged. The girth of its stem was three feet nine inches, and its annual crop was limited usually to about twelve hundred bunches. To-day, owing to the skill and care expended upon it, it is as healthy and productive as ever it was, and its fruit regularly appears on the royal tables.

For the same reason, the vine at Cumberland Lodge deserves mention also. The date of its planting, I know not; but it is nearly twice the size of the Hampton Court vine and is in perfect health. It fills a house measuring 138 feet long by 20 feet wide, and has a stem 3 feet 8 inches in circumference. It is the parent of another very large English vine—that at Silwood Park, near Sunninghill, which fills a house 120 feet long and 12 feet wide and has a stem about 3 feet in circumference.

Doubtless, we have in Essex also vines of great age and size; but I am able, at the moment, to mention only one—that belonging to the Right Hon. James Round, at Birch Hall, near Colchester. Very likely it is descended from the Valentines vine; but, as to this, nothing is known definitely. It was planted about fifty-five years ago (say, about 1852) and grows in a vinery 70 feet long, which it fills completely, having 444 feet of fruiting branches. Its roots are believed to have found its way into some drains, and to this, no doubt, its productiveness is partly due. Last year (1906), it produced 685 bunches of grapes, although it received no artificial heat.

* See Lysons: *Parishes in the County of Middlesex*, p. 72 (1800).

† *Op. et loc. cit.*

‡ *Hist. of Hampton Court Palace*, iii., p. 298 (1891).

I may mention here, perhaps, that a slip from the Hampton Court vine was planted at Woodbines, Kingston-on-Thames, by my great-uncle, Mr. William Miller Christy, almost a hundred years ago, and that it became the parent of another offshoot which the late Mr. Joseph Smith planted at Pattiswick Hall about 1840, and from thence transplanted it, in 1865, to Woolpits, Great Saling, where it has ever since continued to bear fruit in abundance, although never allowed to encroach upon the space allotted to the other occupants of the vinery.

The fate of Valentines to-day is that of a fine country seat in course of being overwhelmed by a rapidly-rising tide of bricks and mortar, in the shape of small villas and rows of houses intended for better-class clerks and artizans. Already, some fifty acres of its spacious park have been acquired by the Local Governing Authority for use as a Public Park. Of the beautiful pleasure grounds immediately adjoining the house,* some ten or a dozen acres, valued at over £10,000, have recently been given by Mr. Holcombe Ingleby, the present owner, to the same body, for use as Public Gardens, and they were formally dedicated to that purpose a few months since. The remaining portion of the park may ultimately be devoted also to public uses, but is, perhaps, more likely to be built upon, as the adjacent Cranbrook Park has been. The fate of the house itself is equally doubtful. Long regarded as a likely palace for the intended new Bishop of Essex, but ultimately rejected as unsuitable, the best that can be hoped for it is that it may become a Museum or other Public Institution. Failing this, it seems likely that it may even be pulled down, though still in excellent condition structurally.



LEGENDS OF ESSEX.

THE BALLADE OF SYR RYCHARD DE BOVINGDON AND FAYRE EVA.

BY ARTHUR R. VAIZEY.

I RECENTLY saw in print the enclosed verses on a local folk tale referring to Bovington and Bocking, and thought they might be reprinted in the *Essex Review*, where I believe they have never been referred to. I cannot tell anything of the origin of the lines.

*For views of them, see *The Graphic*, 6 April 1907.

In the early part of the fourteenth century, Sir Richard de Bovingdon, a noble Knight, whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror, did, in the words of the old Chronicler, 'penaunce for some greate wronge or myschaunce whyche hym dyd befall' and gave a portion of the lands of Bovingdon to the convent of Christ Church, Canterbury, and also to a chantry in St. Mary's Church, Bocking, formerly in the archdiocese of that city. The church here is a beautiful structure and once possessed three altars, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, St. Nicholas, and the Holy Eucharist; it contained besides five or six chantries. Two of the richest of these were founded by William Doreward in 1362, and by John, his son, thirty years later. Doreward's priest also taught children to write and read, until under the Chantry Act of 1547 the property was confiscated to the Crown, and the school discontinued.*

St. Mary's, Bocking, was always of special interest by reason of the ancient rights formerly exercised by its "Deans Peculiar." The gooth anniversary of its foundation, 1006, was celebrated in November last. The present edifice is said to date from the reign of Edward the Third.

That part of the parish which adjoins Braintree now forms the new parish of St. Peter, this change having been made since the death in January, 1906, of the late Dean Carrington, who had held the living of Bocking since 1844, and on the appointment, and with the approval of, his successor, Dean Brownrigg, Bovingdon Hall and Durward's or Doreward's Hall, with the lands attached, constitute a very large part of the old parish of St. Mary as it now remains.

Swetely from the old church tower

The bells ring merrilie,

For Ladye Eva leaves her bower

A gentle bryde to be.

And joyous songes float through the aire,

The flowers bloom fresh and gay;

While every heart, olde, young, and faire

Ask blessings on this day.

But joys that earthly hopes bestowe

A light illusive shed,

As oft the fayrest flowers that growe

Bloom brightest o'er the dead.

*See article on Schools by Miss C. Fell Smith in *Vict. Hist. Essex*, Vol. ii., p. 552.

Albeit with sounds of highē wassail
 The wine cuppes freely flowe,
 One eye is dim, one cheek is pale,
 One heart is filled with woe.

Though Eva to her Sire's command
 Hath promised to obey,
 Her heart's affections with her hand
 She could not give away.

Syr Rychard de Bovingdon forth doth ride
 Mid shouts of revelrie,
 To receive at church his promised bride
 With a gallant companie.

They enter soon St. Mary's gate,
 By the chancel steppes they stand,
 And there the bride awhile they wait
 A brave and noble band.

The holy priest with reverend look,
 In cope and albe, is theré,
 To wed them by God's sacred book,
 And bless the brydal paire.

And when the church doores opened wide
 Pealed forth a glorious strain,
 While up the nave was seen to glide
 A long and glittering train.

First, robed in white, twelve maidens young
 Came slowly two and two,
 And as the brydal hymne thay sung,
 Did flowers the waye bestrew.

Then Eva came with flowing veil,
 The fayrest of them alle,
 Thoughe drooping like a lily pale,
 No teare her eyes let falle.

By the altar rail they placed the bryde,
 And meekly knelt she there,
 De Bovingdon was by her syde,
 As the priest began his prayer.

When by the Churche's holie rite
 He turned to plight his vow;
 Sancta Maria! what meets his sight?
 Why starts Syr Richard now?

Sancta Maia! her lippes move not,
 Her eyes are glazed and stille,
 Fixed like a statue to the spct,
 Her hand is deathly chille.

And she before the altar stone,
That should have been a bryde,
Withouten sighe, or teare, or moan,
Sank downe, and there she died.

They placed her colde and dead beneath,
In the dark vault's murky aire ;
The flowers that formed her brydal wreath
Were used to deck her bier.

For many a yeare besyde her grave
Was daily seen in prayer,
A knight who lands and money gave
To raise a chantry there.



THE BURY ST. EDMUND'S FOLK PLAY.

8TH—13TH JULY, 1907.

IN all the Eastern Counties there is no place, not even excepting Colchester itself, so indissolubly bound up in the history of the land as this town of many towers and churches sacred to Edmund, the spotless king and martyr, whose life and death so held men's minds in thrall that, after he was murdered, the memory of him alone worked many a miracle.

The Episodes of the Folk Play are seven in number, and range from the warlike times of Queen Boadicea to the more spacious days of Queen Elizabeth. Yet Edmund, the eponymous hero of the East Anglian town itself, is the central figure around whom the whole folk play revolves. When the music is done, the kings and queens and haughty barons, the galloping chargers, and the hundreds of tinkling morris-dancers have all marched past in the final procession and have faded away, Edmund remains, a slender, white-robed figure, crowned with his yellow hair, standing upon a pedestal somewhere near the site of the very chapel where his body first rested, brooding over the ruins of the noble abbey, built as a shrine to commemorate his martyrdom. No wonder the inhabitants of Bury, inspired by the pageants of last year, were eager to engrave their own stirring and romantic history upon the minds of a far too forgetful generation. For many months they have been busily

at work preparing for the gorgeous scene which awaits visitors to Bury St. Edmund's in the second week of July, and a full rehearsal of which the writer had the pleasure of seeing on June 27th under circumstances of exceptionally fine weather and most hospitable entertainment. Everything, even to a hospital ambulance tent, has been provided for the comfort of visitors; the grand stand is covered; from every part of it an uninterrupted view may be obtained, and there are luncheon and tea tents within the grounds. All, given fine weather, bids for the complete success which the good Bury people deserve.

As to the performers, who number 2,000, their costumes have been almost entirely designed and made in the town and neighbourhood by voluntary workers. Nothing has been spared to ensure historical accuracy in every detail, and the highest expert advice has been sought and freely given. Portraits of the kings and queens are invariably followed, and costumes and armour are faithfully copied. The Master of the Pageant, Mr. Louis N. Parker, is well known as a playwright, so also is Mr. Stuart Ogilvie, of Woodbridge, who contributes Episode 1. Dr. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, has written a Latin Carmen for the Grammar School boys to sing, and the narrative choruses are the work of Mr. James Rhoades, a poet. The orchestra, reinforced by the band of the West Suffolk Regiment, consists of no less than 100 performers, the singing of the monks' chorus of fifty and the narrative chorus of the same number, representing East Anglian kings, is beyond praise. No praise can be too high, either, for the rapid mounting and skilful managing of the horses, as many as fifty being sometimes upon the scene.

The scene is the lower portion of a meadow comprised in the Abbey grounds, the river Bure winds along a green field upon the left, the ground slopes sharply up on the right, where it is more or less enclosed by trees and fragments of ruin. A long strip is thus presented, consisting of the arena immediately in front of the stand, the middle distance broken by a low wall belonging to the ancient building, and the distance, where a crowd of brightly-dressed performers is waiting, lends a splash of colour. The approach of the processions down the long slope, the furious riding of the mounted warriors, the hot gallop of a messenger in haste, and above all the winding black column of singing monks, their robes floating in the breeze, are most

effectively stage-managed. The scene-shifters, men in close-fitting green, who seem a part of the landscape, are ceaseless in their quick untiring movements.

The play opens with Faustinus, a Roman general (impersonated by the mayor of Bury), and his family waited upon by wild-looking Icenis, with flaxen locks and proud and murmuring hearts, who cry aloud for the advent of their Queen Boadicea. She comes at last, driving her black horses in her chariot furiously, clad in black fur and crowned with an iron crown resting dark upon her long red hair. At her passionate invectives, and at the marks of the Roman rods upon her shoulders, the Britons yell with fury, rise and slay the Romans and bear away the general's corpse. Scarcely has her furious chariot disappeared before a line of white-robed acolytes and priests winds down the slope, with lighted tapers and censers, followed by King Edmund, dazzlingly fair and young, accompanied by his trusty friend, Bishop Humbert, banners, canopies, and retinue. Crowds pour into the scene. The Danish King Lothparc has drifted to the eastern shores and Edmund saves him from death and sends him hawking with one of his servants, Bern, who traitorously murders him. For this inhospitality Bern is sent drifting to sea in Lothparc's boat, to reappear in the next episode calling for vengeance, with Lothparc's son Ingvar, who believes the King to have been his father's murderer. The Danes fall upon Edmund and strip him of his armour. In a long white gown they bind him to a tree, pierce him with their arrows and finally behead him with a sword, carrying off the body and hiding the fair head in some bushes of the forest. Here, directed by a voice, comes Oswyn (one of the best acted characters in the play) who finds the head in a thicket, guarded by a great grey wolf, lifts it all reverently, and fondling it she carries it away. A rough wooden shrine is set up near the spot, a sanctuary for frightened women fleeing from the Danes. Sweyn, who is pursuing one, cannot touch her, for St. Edmund's spear pierces him through the heart. Canute, who next approaches with a following of monks from Ely, gives to Bury a charter for a monastery, to be called Bedricenworth, for ever, and names Uvius its first Lord Abbot. Years pass and to Abbot Baldwin, his successor, comes Edward the Confessor, in the humble garb of a pilgrim, grants to the Abbot manors and

hundreds, and gives him power to coin money at their own mint. Baldwin, a crafty, clever, haughty abbot, begins to build the great church, holds the turbulent townsmen in the hollow of his hand, and is about to resist his rival Bishop of Thetford, when blindness falls on the interloper as he approaches St. Edmund's shrine, to plant there his pastoral staff. King Henry and with him his Queen Adela come riding up in state, a pair of handsome lordly figures on their richly caparisoned chargers, and givegrants to the church. It rears itself apace, and next, in the choir stalls and miserere seats, a chapter is assembled (a particularly fine scene) to choose a new abbot. Now our history begins to land on certain ground, for here with Abbot Samson (finely impersonated by The Ven. George Hodges, Archdeacon of Sudbury and rector of St. Mary's, Bury, who is chairman of the Pageant Committee) comes the young monk Jocelin de Brakelond, whose chronicle tells us so much of Bury's history. The times were full of usury and greed, the monks were idle and loved every pleasure, but under Abbot Samson's stern rule the Jews were protected and all the debts of the abbey paid. Next comes Cœur de Lion, careless and handsome, debonair and libertine, covets the abbot's dogs, horses, and plate, tosses him a ring, bids him bluntly mutter for him a prayer or two, rides on and laughs aloud. The dark visaged John next appears with promises of gifts, taunts the abbot on his royal state, greedily demands back the jewels his mother, Queen Eleanor, had given, swears his pet oath, 'par les dents de Dieu,' and leaves thirteen pence as his royal present. Soon returns Jocelyn from abroad with news of John's sacrilege, a mounted messenger in furious haste (a very dramatically managed interlude) brings news of the Pope's interdiction, and the good Abbot Samson's heart is broken. His gorgeous vestments are stripped off him, in the arms of the faithful Jocelyn the old man breathes his last sigh, and is borne away by his hooded monks.

Next comes Episode V., one of the most stirring of the whole play. Here is Fitzwalter in his coat of mail, head of the bold barons who, in these very grounds, met under a tree and swearing fealty one to another, put their hands upon the priceless charter of liberty, which they were to make the sullen John sign at Runnymede. The mailed figures, their esquires and pages, all

gallop furiously from the field, and are succeeded by Henry VI., and his warlike queen, he a dazzling figure in white and gold, she with a brodered cloak of royal blue and gold with rose-coloured linings, which is a dream of beauty and craftsmanship. The murder of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, adapted from Shakespeare, with the nobles Warwick, Buckingham, etc., in gorgeous dress forms the next scene, and thence we pass to the final and most elaborate episode, Mary Tudor—who lies buried in St. Mary's Church hard by—and her resplendent courtiers coming to attend a fair.

Ladies trip across the sward to the song of madrigals and glees, the singing girls strew flowers in the way. The guilds of the town come in procession, the measures of a stately pavane are trodden by many a courtly-mannered couple, and then the morris dancers with their fluttering ribbons spread billowing over the grass, and the tap tap of their sticks and the tinkle of their thousand bells fill the air with merry laughter. The lowering sun glances across the gay figures and catches the scarlet cloaks of the boys from the newly-founded Grammar School, the herald proclaims the King's grace and favour for 'one pedagogue and one under master,' dated this 3rd of August, 1550, and the boys sing their Carmen. Queen Elizabeth appears in ruff and farthingale, the madrigal choir, monks' choir and narrative chorus, all join together in a mighty chorus in praise of Edmund, Saint and Martyr, adapted from Wagner, during which the white figure of the King appears upon the pedestal.

Then follows the National Anthem and the march past begins. The Kings and Queens are grouped in the centre and the incongruous crowd from fifteen centuries of history, circle around and around until the music droops and dies, the figures melt one by one away, the swallows swoop down upon the grass, and the folk tale is over.

THE SEA-WALLS OF ESSEX.

BY GEO. E. TASKER.

MUCH has been heard recently of 'coast erosion,' and of the inroads of the sea on the East Coast, and the reality of the danger and loss to the places concerned is, alas! only too real. But this trouble is not peculiar to the present

day, it has been in existence for centuries, and the ingenuity of many generations, from the primitive to the present day scientific, has been taxed to cope effectually with the tremendous power and perpetual onslaught of the tides which assail our coasts and creeks. In some cases—in very many cases—the fight against the sea has been successful, but in others, despite the lavish outlay of money, the ocean still holds the mastery, and, when lashed to fury by tempest, beats with irresistible force upon the cliffs, which, already loosened by the percolating rain, are brought down, tons at a time, on the beach. Essex has had her full share of these attacks (and will continue to receive them until the end of time), as witness the destruction recently wrought to the fine eight-mile stretch of cliffs between Walton and Clacton. But it is not cliffs only that suffer, acres upon acres of low land and saltings have been swallowed up by the hungry sea, and even now many acres are covered by every tide; but there has not, happily, been a serious inroad of the sea in Essex since the flooding of Canvey Island towards the end of last century.

What this county owes to its miles of embankments and sea walls it is impossible to calculate, for some of them were constructed by those master-builders the Romans—remains of their work having been found on the embankments enclosing the marshes at Barking and Dagenham; while Canvey Island owes its reclamation from a mud flat to another nation skilled in the art of embanking, to wit, the Dutch.

These protecting sea-walls practically extend along the whole sea-board of Essex and its numerous creeks. We see them along the northern bank of the Thames to Leigh; from Foulness they extend up the Crouch to Battlesbridge—the beginning of the navigable portion of that river—thence along the other side, past Burnham and round the coast to Bradwell; from Bradwell to Maldon, and back on the other side of the Blackwater by Tollesbury (where the Great Eastern Railway have just opened a pier) to Mersea Island; thence up the Colne and back again to St. Osyth and Brightlingsea right round to Clacton. Here is the second break in this wonderful stretch of embankments, but the walls are continued again from the Naze round the Walton Backwaters and back to Dovercourt, the final length running from Parkstone for some distance up the Stour. Thus, except

for the three breaks at Southend, Clacton and Walton, and Harwich, the Essex coast is protected solely by this long continuity of sea-walls.

Has it ever occurred to readers of the *Essex Review* what the county owes to these miles of embanking, and what would be the condition of our coast if they did not exist, or if by some dire mischance they got destroyed? Their immense value is soon made apparent. Many acres of marshes bordering the Thames and the sea have been reclaimed, and the land thus recovered is exceedingly fertile, affording, perhaps, the best pasturage to be found in any part of the county. Picture the desolation that would follow such an unfortunate position as that suggested. Canvey Island—now rapidly coming into favour as a summer resort, and with a resident population—would relapse into its old condition before Croppenburgh and Vermuyden took it in hand, and would be covered by every Thames tide; it would become a huge mud-bank and a danger to navigation. Foulness would be in a similar condition. Burnham, Southminster, Tillingham, Bradwell, the whole of the Dengie Marshes, as well as Tollesbury, St. Osyth, and part of Brightlingsea, would be turned into saltings, and the rich lands won and retained at such great expense, would be given over entirely to the heron, peewit, curlew, and wild-fowl which, even now, haunt this part in great numbers, while Essex would be the poorer by many thousands of pounds annually. We have a very realistic picture of what would happen in the remains of the great breach at Dagenham, where forty acres are still covered by water owing to a break made in the river wall in 1707, which took fifteen years to repair.

It is obviously essential, therefore, that great care should be taken to preserve these valuable embankments in good condition, and for this object, Commissions exist with power to make and enforce bye-laws and levy rates for the maintenance of the sea-walls in their respective perambulations. It is right that these laws and rates should be strictly enforced, for the carelessness or neglect of one person might easily spell ruin not only to himself but to all his neighbours.

The history of embanking is full of interesting records and much has been written on the subject since the 18th century. The extracts given below will be sufficient for the purposes of

illustration. One relates to St. Osyth, and is an example of damage done which it baffled the skill of man to repair, while the other—relating to the Dengie Flats—shows what can be accomplished by the skill and ingenuity of man.

The first extract has to do with the well-known Priory at St. Osyth which forms one of the most attractive of the excursions for Clacton visitors in the summer. It is not necessary here to relate the history of St. Osyth and the Priory that bears her name, but it is worth noting that the monks of former days were not the least industrious among reclaimers of waste lands, or constructors of dykes and embankments. These recluses chose out spots away from the haunts of men, and all over the country many instances may be found where they selected fen and marsh lands for their Monasteries, and carefully reclaimed the lands, thereby adding very considerably to their endowments, *e.g.*, Westminster Abbey (built on Thorney Island), Ely, Glastonbury, our own St. Osyth, and many another.

Dugdale, in his *History of Inbanking and Draining*, 1772, thus writes of St. Osyth:—

I shall only instance one " [example of non-repairable damage owing to the expense or extent of the damage] viz., of the lands and marshes belonging to the abbey of S. Osithe's, in this county [Essex], whereof I find mention in a petition exhibited unto Robert de Braybroke, Bp. of London in the time of King Richard II. and to the Dean and Chapter of that Church, by Sir Albred de Vere, knight, who thereby sheweth that whereas the monastery was situated near the sea coast, and had in it an abbot and 20 canons of the Order of St. Augustine, serving God there devoutly every day; and that the revenues thereof were through various mishaps, without their default, so diminished that a great part of their sustenance was abated, viz., in Southflete several acres of their arable land by the overflowing of the sea totally drowned. As also there and at their beckarie of Coketwyk in one pasture wherein at sometimes a hundred kine and 1,000 ewe sheep might be kept, through the breach in the banks and inundation thereof, then scarce 70 kine and 800 ewes could be maintained. And moreover, that two marshes called Wyggeberghmers and Holeywyke marsh in which 600 muttons might be easily kept were then through the continual tides daily overflowed that scarce 400 could be maintained. And that the watermill, situated in the town of St. Osithes and belonging to the Abbey, which had been worth XXl., was by the sea tides so spoiled that it could not be repaired under £100 charge. And lastly, that the marsh walls in that town in length 3 miles, which include a pasture for 70 kine and a thousand muttons and ewes, were so toin and broken at that time that for the preserving of the same there must be other banks made anew, and those old ones quitted so that a great proportion of the said pasturage being for that respect to be left out scarce 50 kine and 600 sheep could be there maintained. In consideration, therefore, of these losses he petitions that the church of Elmestede might be appropriated to that religious house.

The opposite illustration—that of successful enclosure—refers to Tillingham, and is taken from 'The Times' of April 25, 1799. It reads as follows:—

EMBANKMENTS IN ESSEX.

A considerable embankment of land from the sea has lately been completed on the Essex Coast, highly beneficial to the estates of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, in Tillingham Parish, in that county. This embankment is a mile and a half in length, 32 feet in its base, brought off in an angular direction, 7 feet in height, to a surface of 5 feet on the top. It encloses some hundred acres of the deepest and richest soil, which is now divided by spacious dykes into several square marshes, that from this process of expeditious draining will render the whole soon fit for the plough. This great agricultural improvement has been effected under a leasehold tenure by the Rev. Mr. Bate Dudley, who some years since had the gold medal from the Arts and Sciences for a similar kind of embankment, by which he considerably augmented the Glebe of Bradwell Rectory, within the same level.

Tillingham has belonged to St. Paul's Cathedral, London, since the time of King Ethelred.



NOTES OF THE QUARTER.

New Secondary Schools.

THE opening of a County High School for Girls at Chelmsford, on May 1st, by Sir William Anson, Warden of All Souls College, Oxford, marks a new era in the work of the County Education Committee. It is time that the claims of female education were recognised in a county so rich in early foundations where the instruction of boys in arts and learning has been carried on for at least five centuries. Especially is this important now when so colossal a share of the teaching of the nation's children falls, worthily, into the hands of women.

A handsome building has been erected by Messrs. Chancellor and Sons, on the Broomfield Road, with a frontage of 92 feet, and accommodation for 150 girls and a staff. Besides class-rooms, chemical and physical laboratories, and a luncheon-room, there is a fine assembly-room. An art-room is attached, and with excellent and practical foresight, a cooking-room, with gas stoves and a store-room attached, is an important feature. The building is well drained and ventilated, and is lit throughout with electric light. It occupies a site of three acres and is furnished with a tar-paved playground. A gymnasium will follow, it is to

be hoped. The first term opened on May 6th, with 78 scholars under Miss M. F. Vernon-Harcourt, of Girton College, Cambridge, as head mistress, with a staff of five other mistresses and an art-master, and a prosperous future is, we hope, before it.

The first governors of the school are the Rev. Canon Papillon, Miss Bartlett, Mrs. Gilmore, Mrs. Waller, Mr. F. Chancellor, Rev. J. Burgess, Mr. W. Bewers, Mr. A. R. Pennefather, C.B., and Mr. W. Dennis. The secretary is Mr. J. H. Nicholas.

BRAINTREE.—A secondary school, in which boys and girls are to receive co-education, was opened in the previous week at Braintree in the presence of a large gathering of persons interested in education. The site of the school was presented by Mrs. Sydney Courtauld, and was only one of the generous ways in which, before her long illness and death in 1906, she gave her strength and talents to the cause of education. Her son, Mr. W. J. Courtauld, presided at the opening ceremony, which was performed by Edward North Buxton, D.L., chairman of the Essex Education Committee. He was supported by Admiral Sir William Luard, Lady Rayleigh, Canon Brownrigg, Mr. Champion Russell, Mr. F. C. Edwards, and Canon Ingles, vice-chairman of the Governors.

The school is built of red brick and stone; it has the Arms of Essex over the principal entrance. It stands upon an acre of ground, facing on the Coggeshall road, very near the junction of the Bocking, Dunmow, and Braintree roads, with a frontage of 84 feet. It has a fine assembly hall, leading into numerous class-rooms, excellent administrative offices, an industrial room and art room with north light, beside laboratories and a cooking room. Much of the furniture and fittings has been the gift of Mrs. Courtauld's two daughters and their brother. Mr. Josiah Vavasour, a former native of Braintree, has presented £1,000 for exhibitions at the school. The head master, F. J. Weaver, M.A., and chief assistant mistress, Miss M. Wilson, M.A., B.Sc., have already entered on their duties, and a number of scholars (in which at present girls preponderate) have entered for the summer term.

Tollesbury. A new pier was opened in May at this busy little seaside and yachting town, which on June 8 was the scene of a lively gathering for the opening of a new marine lake,

and laying a corner stone of the new parish room. The lake has been dug out of the saltings, and is filled through a sluice which acts automatically with the ebb and flow of the tide. It has a clear shingle bottom and ranges from shallow water to nine feet. Doubtless it will be much in use for children and others learning to swim, and the entire population of this pretty village should speedily become proficient in aquatic sports. The lake was the idea of one of Tollesbury's best known and oldest residents, Dr. J. H. Salter; it was opened by Lady de Crespigny, after which a humorous speech was delivered by Sir Claude de Crespigny, who recited anecdotes of rescues from drowning in five feet of water, at which he as a 'middy' had assisted, and alluded to his subsequent swimings in every continent of the globe. The Earl of Warwick, Lord Lieutenant, as a Past Master of Essex Freemasons, the Bishop of Barking, Past Provincial Chaplain, and many other brother masons afterwards assisted in a picturesque masonic ceremony of laying a corner stone at the handsome parish room, which has been erected near the church. Dr. Salter, Deputy Grand Master of the Freemasons of Essex, laid the stone with all the elaborate masonic ritual, pouring oil and wine and strewing corn upon it, in the most impressive manner, the masons wearing full regalia, and the whole scene almost partaking of mediæval splendour. Displays of diving and life-saving were afterwards given.

THE Agricultural Society's Jubilee Show was County Show. held at Chelmsford on June 12th and 13th. A record attendance was chronicled, with a number of entries exceeding by nearly 100 every preceding year since the Society's foundation in 1858, when at the first show held at Chelmsford the total was 333. This year it was 1,348. The Society was founded two years after the visit of the Royal Agricultural Society to Chelmsford, in 1856, a surplus of £336 arising from this visit being the first nucleus of funds. Charles Du Cane, afterwards M.P. for the County, was its first President. The present secretary, Mr. Fred. Taylor, is only the third in the fifty years. The Society this year offered £2,125 in prizes, and the President, Sir Walter Gilbey, gave three gold cups.

The Bishop of Colchester. AN interesting presentation was made to the Bishop of Colchester and Mrs. Johnson on the occasion of their golden wedding on June 4, at Chelmsford. The clergy of the diocese, numbering 560, have subscribed for a golden chalice and paten, with an album and illuminated address, containing their names. This was the work of Rev. Ernest Geldart, of Great Braxted, and is beautifully executed. The handsome church vessels are copies of the chalice and paten formerly in use at St. Albans Abbey, and removed from thence at the dissolution of the Monasteries to Trinity College, Oxford, founded by Sir Thomas Pope, the King's Commissioner, to whom they pertained. The chalice bears the hall mark of 1527, and the inscription 'Calicem salutaris accipiam, et nomen Domini invocabo!' The chalice now presented to the Bishop is inscribed, in addition, as follows:—



Anniversario Lmo. nuptiaru Francisci Camuloduni Epi et Emiliæ uxoris ejus: clerici diocesis Sci Albani in signu reverentis amoris d.d. die iio Jun., MCMVII.

Translation: 'On the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Francis, Bishop of Colchester, and of Emily, his wife: The Clergy of the Diocese of St. Albans gave this gift as a token of their reverencing love—this 2nd Day of June, 1907.'

A portrait now being painted by A. S. Cope, A.R.A., is to be presented on behalf of the county by the Earl of Warwick, as soon as it is completed, and it is to be hoped that all interested will have the opportunity of seeing it worthily hung upon the walls of the Royal Academy of 1908. The Bishop and his wife, who was sister of that much honoured Essex worthy, Mr. J. W. Perry Watlington, of Moor Hall, Harlow, were married on June 2, 1857, and they have now spent five and twenty years in Essex. On Sunday, June 2, the Bishop performed the dedication of five beautiful windows, which he has erected in the clerestory of St. Mary's Church, Chelmsford, as a thank-offering for continued mercies.

Bishop's Visitation. THE Bishop of St. Albans opened his first charge to the clergy and laity of his diocese at St. Albans Cathedral on 6th May. It is just ten years since a Bishop of St. Albans met his diocese in visitation, and it is just thirty years since the diocese was founded. At its foundation it was estimated to contain a population of 752,000. To-day the population is considerably over 1,500,000.

This great increase of population has made some of the old boundaries of rural deaneries obsolete and inconvenient, the character of the county having so remarkably changed. The Bishop said that the three Archdeacons of the diocese, with the assistance of the Rural Deans, had been engaged with him for many months in a re-arrangement of rural deaneries. Although some would have preferred the old arrangements to continue, the Bishops of Colchester and Barking and he himself were absolutely agreed that for the more effective organisation of the life and work of the Diocese, these changes ought to be made. The larger areas will be more effective for conference, and the remoter country parishes will be brought into contact with the quickened life of a larger centre. He hoped there will be immediate work for the clergy in the election of a new Diocesan Conference.

The changes may be summarised as under :—

The number of Deaneries in Essex is reduced from 34 to 27.

There is no change except in name in the Barking Deaneries. The Harlow and St. Osyth Deaneries are unchanged. The Deanery of Dunmow, without the parish of Great Canfield, is transferred from the Archdeaconry of Essex to that of Colchester, which gives up to the Archdeaconry of Essex and Deanery of Maldon three benefices close to the borough of Maldon—Heybridge, Langford, Goldhanger, and Little Totham.

The Chafford Deanery is re-constructed under the name Chafford, otherwise Romford; Barstable, under the name Barstable, otherwise Brentwood; Canewdon is now Canewdon and Southend; Orsett is Orsett and Grays; Coggeshall is Coggeshall and Tey, for Marks Tey junction is its real centre. Danbury reappears under the name of Wickford, Wickford junction being the natural centre of the re-constructed Deanery. The parishes of Danbury and Sandon are transferred to their natural centre, Chelmsford. Yeldham reappears as the Deanery of Belchamp; Halstead and Hedingham, with some changes, are united into one Deanery. The Deaneries of Sampford, Mersea and Hatfield Peverel, in the Archdeaconry of Colchester; of Lambourne, Ingatestone, and Rochford, in the Archdeaconry of Essex, disappear, being merged in other Deaneries; Mersea to Colchester; Hatfield Peverel to Witham; Sampford to Saffron Walden.

Obituaries. ON the first of February last, there died at his London residence in Russell Square, DOCTOR BENJAMIN WINSTONE, of Ockeridge, Epping, one of the heartiest supporters of our Magazine since its first appearance. He had reached the venerable age of 87, and had lived an active, strenuous life, first in his profession, afterwards in the very successful business which he entered, as well as in his most congenial literary, archæological and philanthropic pursuits. Dr. Winstone came of Quaker origin on both sides; his father, Dr. John Winstone, carried on a successful practice in Charterhouse Square, London; his mother was a Hooper, of Tottenham. Born in London in 1819, he was educated at the well-known Friends' School at Epping, conducted by Isaac Payne, a master held in vast respect by all his old pupils, of whom Benjamin Winstone was nearly the last survivor. - Mr. Septimus Warner, of Hoddesdon, Herts, his contemporary schoolfellow and almost of the same age (his four elder brothers were all at the school together), is still happily in good health.

Winstone commenced his study of medicine at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, qualified as surgeon at a very early age, and joined his father in practice. His health broke down, however, after the strain of examinations, and he was advised to take sea voyages. He obtained an appointment with the Cunard Company, and sailed on one of their first four steamers between Liverpool and Boston. He crossed the Atlantic to America in this way no less than 26 times, became thoroughly re-established in health and returned to general practice, but soon relinquished this to pursue the study of chemistry, and to enter an important ink manufacturing business in Shoe Lane, with works at Stratford. In this successful undertaking he was engaged for forty or fifty years, being joined eventually by his younger and sole surviving son.

Dr. Winstone became a member of the British Archæological Association in 1884, joined the Council, and as Vice-President invariably attended the meetings, where his sound opinions and advice were highly appreciated by his colleagues. He was a regular attender of the annual Congresses and found much agreeable recreation in these interesting gatherings. He was also a fellow of the Royal Botanical Society, of the Royal Microscopical Society, the Honourable Society of Cymmiodorion,

and the Society of Biblical Archæology. Much of his leisure was spent in the accumulation of facts concerning the local history of Epping and its direct neighbourhood, where he built himself a country house. The result was the publication of several very handsome volumes, all privately printed and distributed to his friends, viz.:—*The Ancient Chapel of St. John the Baptist at Epping*, 1885; *The Epping and Ongar Highway Trust*, 1891; *Two Seventeenth Century Sermons by Jeremiah Dyke*, edited with Introduction, 1896; *A Caveat for Archippus*, 1898; *The Origin of the name Theydon Bois*. He also contributed papers occasionally to the Archæological Journal. Mr. Winstone married, and has left a large family of daughters beside the son above-mentioned. His elder son, a barrister, died of typhoid fever contracted on a fishing holiday several years ago. A man of the most unassuming character and pretensions, Dr. Winstone's large-hearted kindness and generous readiness to impart from his own store of knowledge will long be missed.

MR. ALEXANDER WARD, J.P., of Lockers, Billericay, died there on April 23, aged fifty-five. He was second son of Mr. Henry Ward, of Gatwick, Billericay, was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1879, and became a magistrate for Essex in 1896. For many years secretary of the Essex Union Hunt, Mr. Ward was a keen sportsman, popular and genial. On his retirement an interesting presentation was made on Nov. 10, 1905, to him and to Mrs. Ward. He was foremost in promoting every movement of public interest in Billericay. He was director of several charities, societies, and companies, and had interested himself in the enlargement of Great Burstead Churchyard. Here he was buried on April 27. His widow, who survives, is a daughter of Major-General Sir Francis Cunningham Scott, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

LIEUT.-COL. RICHARD SPURGEON GREEN, J.P., of Stoneylands, Dedham, died there on May 3rd from pneumonia. An old Dedham Grammar School boy, he had resided in the same town for more than twenty-five years, and was chairman of the School Governors, of the Lectureship, and of Dunton's Charity. Colonel Green was born on April 29th, 1843, obtained a commission in the Berkshire Regiment and served through the

Egyptian campaign, retiring with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. He was a familiar figure on the local bench of magistrates, and active in encouraging all local sports and useful institutions. He was buried at Langham, of which parish he was churchwarden, on May 7th. His son, Captain J. E. Green, and daughter, the wife of Mr. William Nocton, J.P., of Langham Hall, were present at the funeral.

THE death of Mr. LAURENCE MARRIAGE, of Fringrith Hall, Blackmore, on May 7, removes from the county one of the most useful agricultural and administrative men of his kind, and one who pursued his career of public usefulness in spite of a long and gradually increasing physical incapacity. Born in 1846, at Broomfield, he was fifth son of Mr. William Marriage, miller, of Broomfield Mill, by his wife Sophia, second daughter of James Christy, of Brownings, Chelmsford. At the time of his death he had spent forty-one years in occupation of Fringrith Hall, where he held, in all, more than 1,000 acres of land in the neighbourhood, and has long been a recognised authority on farming in all its branches. A successful breeder of cart horses, he had been a frequent winner of prizes at county and other shows. He was chairman of the Ongar Board of Guardians for twelve years, and a guardian for over thirty; one of the original Aldermen of the Essex County Council, and Chairman of the Education Authority of Blackmore for over thirty years. He was buried at the Friends' Burial Ground, Chelmsford, on May 11, amid an extraordinary manifestation of respect and affection. He leaves a widow, three sons and four daughters.

MR. THOMAS FRANKLIN, auctioneer and estate agent, of Thaxted, who died there on February 22, at the age of 89, was the third son of Robert Franklin, who began business in that picturesque North Essex town in 1809. The business has long been in the hands of his son, Mr. Douglas T. Franklin, and thus a complete record of very nearly a century is accomplished.



NOTES AND QUERIES.

Alchemy in Essex.—In a previous number of the *Essex Review** Mr. W. C. Waller has given an account of an Essex alchemist of the sixteenth century; and perhaps the story of another a hundred and twenty years earlier may be found interesting. Unfortunately, instead of the details of evidence, we have here merely the formal official record of the case.

Presentment was made by oath of twelve jurors before Thomas Rolf and his fellows, justices of the peace in the county of Essex, at Maldon on Monday† before the feast of St. Giles, 4 Henry V., that William Morton, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, ‘wolleman,’ commonly uses the art of multiplication‡ contrary to the statute, and on Thursday§ after Epiphany, 2 Henry V., came to Alan Roys, citizen and mercer, of London, and agreed that the latter should take him to the priory of Hatfield Peverel in Essex that there by his power he might make a powder called elixir, which is of such nature that a parcel of it thrown on any red melted metal such as copper, brass or bronze would make it coloured like and apparently gold, and similarly would make any white metal such as lead or tin like silver, and that William and Alan at Hatfield and elsewhere in the said county on May 4 and July 20, 4 Henry V.,¶ and at other times asserted that the metal thus coloured was true gold or silver, whereby the king’s money could be truly made; and that Alan, knowing William to be such a multiplier, on Monday|| after Epiphany, 2 Henry V., brought him to Hatfield to stay with John Repset *alias* Bepsay, monk, late prior of Hatfield, from that day for one year, and thenceforward at the cost of William and by mainprise of Alan, to the end that in the meantime he should make the powder, and the said late prior received him at the priory from the said Thursday until Tuesday** before St. Laurence, 4 Henry V., and all that time he laboured there with the art of fire and with mercury, charcoal powder, ‘sakeon,’ ‘vermelion,’ ‘resalger,’ ‘vertegrees’,

* Vol. xviii., p. 19.

† 31st August, 1416.

‡ The multiplication of gold and silver by the transmutation of other metals was prohibited by stat. 5 Henry IV., cap. 4, which was afterwards repealed by stat. 1 William and Mary, cap. 30.

§ 10th January, 1415.

¶ 1416.

|| January 7, 1415.

** August 4, 1416.

'sal niter, 'sal alkale,' 'sawundiner,' vitriol, arsenic, and other things unknown to the jurors, to make the powder, and made a black matter burnt and congealed in a round glass, which he asserted to many of the king's people at divers times, and on Wednesday* before St. Laurence, 4 Henry V., at Chelmsford, to Joan, Countess of Hereford, and Thomas Rolf, Richard Baynard and Robert D'Arcy, justices of the peace in the county, would be such a powder of elixir, and within ten weeks if he were not hindered he would make it such, so that it would have the virtue of changing red and white metals into true gold and silver, from which the king's money could be coined.

The alchemists were evidently working at mercury plating. The matter was finished in the King's Bench,† and there William produced letters patent dated at Bayeux, March 28, 6 Henry V., pardoning him for all treasons, felonies and trespasses, and was acquitted. The indictment against the monk was found insufficient. He was no doubt the John Bebsede who occurs as prior of Hatfield Peverel, in 1401, and his name suggests that he may have come from Bebside, in Northumberland, and perhaps have been already acquainted with William Morton. This is quite likely, as St. Alban's Abbey, to which the priory was dependent, had another dependent priory at Tynemouth.

—R. C. FOWLER, Witham.

Pattens (*E.R.* xv., 182).—Mr. Miller Christy goes rather too far when he says in his article on pattens, that they are no longer used in Essex. They are still used to a certain extent round farmhouses, and Mr. F. Smith, of Witham, for one, still sells them.—R.C.F.

[Quite a brisk trade was done in pattens and clogs, at the price of one shilling per pair, during last winter's deep snow at Maldon. They may be remnants, but they were plentiful.—EDS.]

The Collar of SS.—In the first half of the Fifteenth Century, or Lancastrian period, there are numerous instances of both male and female figures to be found on tombs in our churches, ornamented with this beautiful collar. The collar was adopted by Henry IV., and given by him to many of his adherents, especially to such as were personally attached to his

* August 5, 1416.

† Coram Rege Roll, Trinity, 6 Henry V., 18.

court. It thus became a distinctive badge of those who supported the House of Lancaster during the Wars of the Roses. It may be noticed on the fine brass in Little Horkesley Church to Sir Thomas Swynborne, 1412; on the recumbent effigy of Richard de Vere, 11th Earl of Oxford, 1415, at Earls Colne; on the effigies of Walter Lord Fitzwalter and an unknown lady, 1430, in Little Dunmow Church, and on the brass of Sir William Pyrton, 1490, at Little Bentley. Many theories have been propounded to explain the origin and significance of the letters SS. Boutell derives it from the initial letter of the word "Souveraine," the motto of Henry IV., when Earl of Derby; others attribute it to the fact that John of Gaunt, Earl of Lancaster, was Steward of England, and the S stood for Seneschallus or Steward, but the following extract from Fabyan's Chronicle, printed by Pynson in 1516, throws a fresh light upon the subject, and is of some weight, having been written by one who was living when the collar was in use.

'In this yere also syr Henry Bolynebrooke, erle of Derby, maryed the countesse daughter of Herforde, by whom he was lorde of that contry, and by hyr he had issu He'ry, that after hym was Kyng, Blaunche duche of Barré and Phylp, that was wedded to the Kyng of Denmarke, also Thomas, Duke of Clarence, John, Duke of Bedforde, and Humfrey, Duke of Gloucetyr. And over this he (*John of Gaunt*) had of bast, which after were made legyttymat, by dame Katheryne Swynforde, iij sonnys, John, which was after Duke of Somerset, Thomas erle of Huntynghedone or Duke of Exetyr, and Henry, which was called ye ryche cardinall, theyse were named Beawforde, and the other first sonys after most wryters were named Plantagenettys, which sayd dame Katheryne Swynforde was after made countesse of Herforde, and for that name of Swynforde he, yt is to mean Syr Henry of Derby, gave the S in his colers, or lyverys, both to knyghtys and esquyers.' (*Fabyan's Chronicle*, Ed. 1811, p. 533).

The collar was formed of a series of S-shaped links of latten, silver or gold, upon a fillet of blue and fastened by a clasp, most often an ornamented trefoil attached to the collar by buckles. It is found, in an early M.S. at the British Museum, around the arms of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

C. F. D. SPERLING.

Witchcraft in Essex, 1592.—Dread of witches was so firmly rooted in people's minds as to demand, and obtain, in 1563 (5 Elizabeth), the passing of a Statute against them, and, in 1604 (1 James I.), the re-affirming of the statute, with provision of the 'pains of death as a felon' against violators of it. Contemporary pamphlets, in Elizabeth's and in James's reign, are full of the subject. Actual references to it in the grave records of Courts of Law are, perhaps, not so numerous as to deprive of interest a Maldon case.

In December, 1591, Timothy Wardell was bound in £10 to give evidence at the next Maldon Sessions against Margaret, wife of John Wyseman, accused of practising 'the detestable arte of Wytcherye.' John Wyseman and James Hybbert were bound in £10 each to produce Margaret Wyseman to stand her trial.

Thereupon Wardell's wife began to crow over Mrs. Wyseman, to such an extent that Timothy Wardell was bound in £10, and John Spygurnell in £5, to secure the appearance of Lywce (Lucy) Wardell at next Sessions, and that in the interval she shall keep the peace towards Margaret Wyseman.

At the Sessions, Jan. 10, 1591-2, there was a long array of witnesses to give evidence against Margaret Wyseman, viz. :—

Timothy Wardell, John Trut, James Hynds, James Clew, Joan Hovie, John Bennet's wife, Richard Hynds, Agnes Brocear, Mary Smallewodd, Nicholas Smith, Hovie's wife, Thomas More, Lucy Wardell, widow Studde, Edward Hull.

The verdict must have been against the defendant. On January 15, 1591-2, John Wyseman (the husband), brewer; James Hibbert, yeoman; Richard Strood, joiner; and John Eastwood, barber, were bound, each in £10, that 'where [whereas] Margaret Wysman longe haith bene, and so still remayneth, greatly suspected to use the wicked arte of witchcraft, sorcerye, and charminge, to the great offence and terror of manye people, yf, therefore, Margaret Wysman, from hensforth, so crystianlye, honestlie, and orderlie, live and behave herself that shee doe not geive to any person any iuste or lawfull cause to suspect or accuse her of any such wicked practices,' the recognisances shall be void.

This was not sufficient to allay distrust and slander. On June 2, 1592, note is made, in the Sessions Book, that 'where

theare hadd bene heretofore divers speches geven foorth of the suspicioun that Margaret Wyseman, wyff of Jhon Wyseman, was a wytche, and vsed the damnable art of wytchecraft, and that Jhon Wyseman shold have reported that he hadd seene a broome in his house swype the house without any hands—he, therevpon, beinge brought before Mr. Thomas Walker one of the Quene's maiestie's baylieffs of the said borroughe, and an oythe mynistred vnto hym, in that behalfe, to shewe and declare what he had knowen, seene, and reported, tuchinge his wyff's doinge and behavioure that ways. Jhon Wyseman testefyed that he never sawe, nor perceyved, any thinge of the dealinge of his wyffe at any tyme whereby he might suspect her to be a witche in any respect. He never reported that he sawe the broome sweepe the house, alone, without hands, nor hadd any cause so to saye.'

An entry in Boreham Parish Burials Register, under date 29th July, 1593, is sufficient to indicate the tragedy that might attend such accusations:—'H: [-hanged], Mother haven suffered at borhame for witchcraft the sam day.'

A. CLARK, LL.D., Great Leighs.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.



THE following letter, which appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*, refers to Codham Hall, near Gosfield, and gives a version of an 'apparition' which our readers may believe or not, as they please.

In the Holman MSS., which is now preserved in the Colchester Castle Museum, I met with the following story. It refers to Codham Hall, in the same county, and to the son of Sir Richard Pyne, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. Briefly the story is this:

Young Henry Pyne, on whom the Codham Hall estate was entailed, quarrelled with Theophilus Biddulph, the son and heir of Sir Theophilus Biddulph of Kent, Knight and Baronet. A duel ensued. The meeting took place at Chelsea on Saturday morning, February 28, 1712-13. Upon the morning of the duel Henry Pyne's mother, on 'waking in broad daylight,' saw his apparition at Codham, 'all bloody.' She was residing at that place with her second husband. Alarmed, she roused her husband and told him. He tried, without avail, to persuade her that she had had a vivid dream. On going downstairs, upon the stairway—a fine old oak one it used to be—and turning into a room, she saw the figure again. 'After breakfast' she was persuaded by her husband to take the air in the garden. They had just left the house when a

liveried servant galloped up and brought tidings of the fatal result of the duel. Subsequently Mr. Biddulph and the seconds were tried at the Old Bailey—the principal being convicted of manslaughter, but the seconds acquitted. Of course, as the hour at which the duel was fought is not stated, and the hour at which the news reached Codham Hall is also vague, for ‘after breakfast’ does not convey much, it is not possible to be very definite. Codham Hall must be at least forty-five miles from Chelsea.

The Holman MSS., from which this story is derived, was the authority on which a good deal of Morant's *History of Essex* was based. A portion of ‘Hudibras’ was written at Codham Hall.

C. R. B. BARRETT.

Modern Side-Saddle Riding. A Practical Handbook for Horsewomen. By Eva Christy. 3rd edition revised. London, Vinton and Co., Limited, 1907. Cr. 8vo., pp. 120. Price 5s. nett.

Since we reviewed this little book (*E.R.*, ix., p. 127) on its first appearance in 1900, it has met with so much success that it is now re-issued with several fresh photographs, and some amount of additional letterpress. It appears an exhaustive *vade mecum* for the feminine equestrian, who can, we are prepared to swear, think of no interrogatory whatever to which the author has not foreseen an answer. Particularly ingenious are the directions for arranging with mathematical precision the invaluable stock tie which fashion now decrees to be the correct wear. Six photographs cleverly demonstrate six positions of this complicated business, and the author's directions are issued in so emphatic a manner as to leave no room for doubt that her way of doing things is infallibly the best.

Miss Christy foresees everything, from a tight boot or a tender knee, to pins that are not, but should be, safety pins, including the two spare safety pins to be carried in the pocket in case of accident. Mounting and dismounting are thoroughly expounded (though, as we remarked before, they are still relegated to the end of the book), the paces of the horse, and the varieties of bit and bridle.

We may offer as a suggestion for the next edition of this capital and really excellently printed handbook that a chapter on riding and horsemanship in India might well be supplied, by the pen of an Anglo-Indian if necessary. It is indispensable to so many of our countrywomen in India to ride that the book might soon become extremely popular there.

The Shirburn Ballads, 1585—1616. Edited from the MS. by ANDREW CLARK, honorary fellow of Lincoln College. Pp. viii., 380, demy 8vo. Oxford (Clarendon Press), 1907. Price 10s. 6d. net.

The peasant ditties of England and Scotland, especially those of the border minstrels where the numerous feuds tended to fire their imagination, composed originally for music or recitation, have special characteristics which are always quaint and interesting and serve in preserving the traditions and customs of early times in a remarkable manner.

It is a long time since any addition to this peculiar ballad literature has been made at all comparable in value with the volume before us, doubtfully if since the publication of Percy's *Reliques of Early English Poetry*. These specimens of Elizabethan and Jacobean folk-song are printed from a MS. which is one of the treasures of the Earl of Macclesfield's noble library at Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire. The collection is wonderfully varied and representative and a majority of the ballads are new; they are, as Dr. Clark says, "the folk-songs of Shakespeare's time that pass in review before us—the songs that Poor Tom sang and that Autolycus vended."

Our valued contributor and the scholarly editor of this thoroughly useful volume tells us in his introduction (p. 3), "just before undertaking to issue these ballads, I had, by the extreme kindness of the Corporation, full access to the hitherto uncalendared and unsearched miscellaneous papers of the Essex borough of Maldon. These have supplied a number of notes, illustrative of the social conditions here alluded to." This is so, the very numerous references to the Maldon Borough records and the copious extracts given, as Dr. Clark has purposely kept to one source as far as possible to illustrate and explain the incidents recorded, almost makes this an Essex book. Anyhow it is thus made especially valuable to Essex readers.

We should mention that it contains thirty-nine illustrations reproduced from the black-letter copies. There is a full index and complete glossary. Useful footnotes correcting the numerous corruptions abound.





From a drawing]

REV. BENJAMIN FORSTER.

[in burnt stick.

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THE REV. BENJAMIN FORSTER, B.D.,
AND HIS ACCOUNT OF ROMAN
ROADS IN NORTH ESSEX AND
SAFFRON WALDEN.

BY JOSEPH J. GREEN.

AMONGST some old papers in my possession is a long letter of seven pages folio, written to his brother in 1765 by the Rev. Benjamin Forster, B.D., of the Walthamstow family of that name. He was a younger son of Thomas Forster by his wife Dorothy Furly, and was born in 1736. His great grandfather was the celebrated Benjamin Furly, of Colchester and Rotterdam (the friend and correspondent of Locke, Algernon Sidney, and the third Lord Shaftesbury), by his second wife Susanna Huis.

Benjamin Furly, who was born in 1636, just a century before his great grandson Benjamin Forster, was a younger son of John Furly, Mayor of Colchester 1638 and 1650, who died a Quaker in 1673, aged 83. Benjamin Furly, with his brother John Furly, also embraced the tenets of Quakerism, and were the authors of several pamphlets in defence of their principles. Benjamin Furly was also associated with George Fox and John Stubbs in the well-known 'Battledoor,' in 1659-60, entertained George Fox at Rotterdam, and interpreted for him abroad. He, however, renounced Quakerism in after years, and died in 1714, when a sale catalogue of his valuable library was printed.

From Benjohan, the eldest son, descended the famous literary and philanthropic family of the Forsters of Walthamstow, of

whom there are no less than six members commemorated in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and from John Furly, second son to Benjamin, descended the late gifted Rev. Henry de Beltgens Gibbins, D. Litt., F.R.G.S., the economist and author, whose tragic death in Thackley old tunnel, near Bradford, through falling out of a train on the 13th of August last, at the early age of 42, is greatly to be deplored.*

The Rev. Benjamin Forster, B.D., author of the following extremely interesting and valuable letter, was a celebrated antiquary, the friend of Gray, Mason, and Gough, who after holding several livings, died rector of Boconnoc, Broadoak, and Cherichayes, Cornwall, in 1805, aged seventy. An obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, (+) quoting from the *Royal Cornwall Gazette*, of Dec. 7, 1805, says :—

He was a man of genius, accomplishments, learning and the finest taste ; and in him the possession of these advantages was wholly unaccompanied by that arrogance and pedantry by which the lustre of talents and learning is too frequently tarnished. His benevolence and politeness in social intercourse never permitted him to display his superiority at the expense of another's feelings or his own good breeding as a gentleman. The delicacy of his wit, the brilliancy of his fancy, his poignant humour, and that happy variety of allusion by which his conversation was distinguished will long be remembered and regretted. One who has frequently derived from him instruction and delight pays this tribute to the memory of the friend of Mason and Gray, of him whose name (but for the obscure retirement in which he was lost) would have been handed down to posterity as one of the most shining ornaments of his age and country.

There is also a sketch of Benjamin Forster in the following valuable works, viz.: *Epistolarium Forsterianum*, being a collection of antient letters from eminent men [Locke, Tillotson, Warton, Oliver Cromwell], and many Jacobite relicts, preserved in the Forster family, and saved by them out of the destruction of the Border wars in 1715.' Brussels, n.d. [1852], 2vols. 8vo.; and the privately printed *Original Letters of John Locke, Algernon Sidney, and Lord Shaftesbury*, the second edition of which appeared in 1847 ; these books were both edited by Thomas Ignatius Maria Forster, the naturalist and astronomer, son of Thomas Furly Forster, the younger, and great nephew to Benjamin.

Now for the letter. This is dated from Chelmsford, in October 1765, and is addressed to Benjamin Forster's brother,

* For an interesting account of his Furly ancestors from his own pen see the *Essex Review*, vol. viii., pp. 86-95 (1899).

+ 1805, II., pp. 1177 and 1237.

‘Thomas Furlly Forster [the elder], merchant in Walbrook, London, a double letter.’

‘Dear Brother, I forgot to bring with me either my music book or your copy of *Or che Salvo*; if you can easily find yours I should be obliged to you for it in a letter; or if you cannot, I should be glad if you would get it wrote out at Mrs. Johnson’s, as Dr. Buxton seems to want it much:—Mrs. Johnson will find it amongst Mingotti’s songs. I shall write at the bottom of this some intelligence relating to antiquities near Chesterford, which may save my brother Edward some trouble in enquiries, if I should not be able to join him next week. I am yours affectionately, B.F.’

Miss Suky Finch (whom I have just now seen) wants to buy a quarter of a ticket, if they are not likely to be in any considerable degree cheaper than they now are, she would be much obliged to you to make the purchase for her.

On the last page of the second sheet you will find some account of your Walden Castle.

[Here follows the account of antiquities at Chesterford as follows]:—Besides the great encampment, opposite to the Crown, there certainly is a smaller one near the Church: the old wall on the right hand of the road coming from London, between the Mill and *Gardiner’s*, has been one side of it, an inconsiderable bank, on which the N. wall of the churchyard stands, another:—There is a third, towards the river, which, wherever opened, appears to be *made wall*.

Near the mill has been discovered a tessellated pavement, and the stone trough, now at the blacksmith’s, was likewise found near the mill; it was carried unopened into the house of the person who then occupied the mill, and the contents of it kept a secret, but the miller gave a handsome treat to the labourers who found it.

The name of *Borough Field* is not confined to the ground enclosed in the great encampment, but the adjacent grounds, particularly all that lies between it and the river, are comprehended in it. In the ground between the encampment and the river is the spot supposed to have been an amphitheatre. There is no bank or inequality of ground remaining, but Mr. Shepherd observed the corn to grow very thin in a circle of about eight *yards* wide, including a space of 100 *yards* diameter (as the doctor thinks, from memory, and not feet).

The traces of the streets and the entrances of the camp east and west are plainly discernible by the thinness of the corn when growing.

Near a cottage, beside the Newmarket Road, were lately discovered, in digging under the track of the walls for materials for the road, three holes, filled with blackish earth; in them

pieces of bones of animals and earthenware, and across the top of one of them was a human skeleton.

Very near the same place was found a small urn of red earth, which would contain about a pint, with a cover to it. In it were pieces of parchment with writing on them. Some of these pieces of parchment were given to Oslin, the man who kept the Crown before Gardiner, but in all probability they were destroyed; several of them are supposed to have fallen into the hands of Judge Reynolds. It is imagined that coins were found at the same time, and the man who discovered these, about 50 years ago, is still living, an ancient labouring man.

On the Ickleton side of the river is a hollow way leading to Strethall; not far from the Mill Bridge, in digging for gravel were found, near the bank, several pieces of solid gold of this form [horseshoe-shaped], and of different sizes; the largest about the thickness of a man's finger, the smallest of a wheat straw; they were sold to different goldsmiths, and the smallest of them fetched two guineas. These may possibly have been *Fibulae*.

Near the same place, two or three holes similar to those before-mentioned, with burnt earth and pieces of earthenware.

Encampments adjacent to the great one are, one, oblong and angular, at Hingeston, called the Hingeston Barrows. It is about half a mile distant from the great one. It lies on the river, the side furthest from the river is close by the road leading by the back of Mr. Vechel's house into the village. Probably one at Burton Wood, two long miles from the great encampment. A small square encampment mentioned by Stukely, near Walden:—Quere, whether the same with one close to the town, at the back of Mr. Browne, the surgeon's garden?

Ringhill you know of.

There is likewise a small camp on the Ickleton and Duxford side of the river, which I saw, but don't know how to describe the site of.

ROADS: one leading into the great encampment from the ford at the mill, the other way carrying you into the *very considerable road* from Ickleton to Strethall. This last seems to be near as perfect as when made, but does not go in a straight line. Going on this road from Ickleton southwards, you get on a rise near Ickleton, called Coplow Hill, from whence you see the road lying before you as far to Strethall, where it comes at right angles into Strethall Street, and is there blockt up by a house, but may be recovered beyond it. Strethall Street at right angles with this, likewise Roman, easily traceable into a farmyard nearly opposite to Littlebury Church, one way, to a way-post two or three miles distant from Strethall, the other.

Parallel with the road from Ickleton to Strethall, nearer the river, is a third Roman road, near as perfect as when first made. This you will easily find, as it comes out into Littlebury town.

at a place you must remember. In going down to Chesterford you will observe that at the entrance into Littlebury, instead of keeping strait on, you take a sharp turn to the right and go by the church : the strait on road is the continuation of this road I am speaking of.

Parallel still is a fourth Roman road, on the opposite side of the river from Littlebury, the present road from Walden to Stump Cross, which is at a way-post between Chesterford and Hingeston. This is as mentioned as Roman by Dr. Gall in his commentary.

The present Newmarket and Chesterford road is almost indisputably Roman.

A sixth Roman road comes from the third mentioned at right angles, crosses the present road, and goes on as far as the river—how much farther uncertain. This road goes through the village of Little Chesterford, and near it, west of the great road, there is some reason to suppose the encampment might be found, which gives name to this village.

Road the second was mentioned as leading from Strethall to a way-post. The road which there crosses it at right angles [our seventh] is the Icknild Street, which is indisputably traceable westward to Royston, but from our way-post are *two* branches eastward or north-eastward; one (marked in Warburton's map) leading along low grounds into Ickleton Street, but now almost defaced, though some marks are still to be seen near a farmhouse in some enclosures. The northern branch goes over a rising ground above Ickleton, and is still called the Port Way. Tradition says of this that it has been a great old road and the famous highway to London. The track of this road goes on (to the north of the great encampment) to an old ford over the river, but the road now in use is modern and leads to another ford (a little northward of ours), called Brockleford Bridges; however, evidence of this existence of our road shall be produced presently; it goes eastward of the river, through a little grove towards Vechell's House. As a proof of its existence where now disused and interrupted by enclosures, hear what Mr. Shepherd, the antiquarian farmer, says of it: 'Our town of Ickleton, sir, must have been a great place formerly, for below Brockleford Bridge Road is a place called *the street* (this was in the days of Mr. Shepherd's infant-antiquarianism, while he had only gratified his curiosity by looking about him, and was utterly uninstructed). Mr. Hanchett, the lord of the manor, had the curiosity to have a part of it dug into, and they discovered foundations of some kind or other there.' Now as these *foundations* were found in a bank, the course of which is a direct continuation of the line of the Port Way to the old ford, I think anybody that will be satisfied with evidence short of demonstration will allow our road to have gone here.

When I said above that the road through the camp went in a direction from *West* to *East*, I meant that it came into the camp at the side most distant from Gardiner's, and out at the side by the Cambridge Road, almost opposite to Gardiner's. (This I mention, because Dr. Gower, from looking at Warburton's map, doubts whether we are right as to our points of the compass, though I still think that we are.) However, the road coming out of the encampment opposite Gardiner's is continued in a lane somewhere near Gardiner's, leading down to the river, where it has been fordable, and where Dr. G.'s guides told him there evidently had been an old road and asked where it could lead to. The exact situation of this lane, and on which side of the Crown it lies, the Doctor cannot positively assert, as he never rode it till the last day of his being in that country, and after his attention has been engaged by many other things, but this you will easily give a more recent account of.—This is our 8th Road.

The 9th. Very near where the last road past the river is another, crossing it at right angles, still on the same side of the river, and abutting on the Parsonage House of Great Chesterford. This road is continued a considerable way eastward, and though abruptly finished at the Parsonage, there is a tradition that it was carried on to the west and crost the river, which here takes a considerable turn. Both this and the preceding are marked in Warburton's map.

10th. Between a wood called Burton Wood and the track of the 8th road, is a road, the foundations of which have in many places been laid by a water-course, and which appears to have been made with great art and labour; it crosses the 8th road in a direction about North-West, and goes on, leaving the great encampment, to the S.W. towards the river. This road is known by the name of the Cow Path. As it ascends the hill it divides into two paths, the left hand indisputably Roman, the right going to the banks in the wood. Qu[ery], whether either of them is Icknild Street.

In the very spot where Dr. Gower had told Shepherd he would find a ford, if this road had ever been continued across the river, he, in his last letter, writes the Dr. that he had accordingly found one between Chesterford and Ickleton. Burton, you will observe, is a promising name, and this road might be looked for through the wood with good hopes, especially as Mr. Pike (who has often hunted through the wood) remembers to have seen banks there, and seems to think himself he could trace out a camp there.

11th. At the same ford where this last road is supposed to have crost the river (which is a place called Dick's Mead), they have certainly discovered another road (by the dying away of the corn in a long strait track) leading towards the camp

I mentioned, called Hingston Barrows ; the breadth of this road Shepherd says they can accurately trace.

12th. The 12th is a road with a noble agger, crossing the river at Whittlesford Bridge. It is much frequented by hog jobbers and such gear.

13th. The 13th is at some distance from Chesterford (about eight miles, I suppose), crossing the Newmarket Road, and passing over Gogmagog Hills. This is only mentioned as being the most noble remain of any in the roadway, and known by the name of the *Ditch*—as the *Fosse* way.

In Abingdon Grove is a very considerable bank, but whether road or anything else remains to be determined. I myself am apt to think it one side of an encampment going down the hill from the Grove.

Another very considerable bank (or it may be a continuation of the same) is in Chesterford Park near the Manor House.

14th. A considerable Roman road goes from Walden to Linton. The agger near Linton very elevated.

Another seems to have crost it at right angles going to Radstock.

A ditch sets out from Pampisford (vulgarly Pauncer), near Chesterford, and would be worth a man's while to trace, that had already spent half a year in investigating the Rom[an] antiquities in this neighbourhood.

Near Newport Churchyard, that side of it which is farthest from the town, it is reported there is a camp.

As a proof that the roads Dr. G. fixes as Rom[an] near Ickleton are really such, Shepherd tells him that in scouring their ditches in the low grounds near Ickleton they meet with evident foundations in the direction of several of the Dr. G. roads.

This letter I have sat up till 12 o'clock writing from the doctor's verbal account. Mrs. Gower, as long as the children sat up, has been drawing coaches and churches, and fine ladies taller than the church steeples, when they are going to service, for the children, and she declares that she is the most rationally employed. Pray tell my brother Thomas [Furly Foster] that I know the Walden Castle keep and the wall on it very well, but I believe there is no foundation for his Danish story ; the castle was built, if I mistake not, by Geoffrey Magnaville, about the age of K[ing] Stephen. I cannot yet make any appointments to meet you on my return, as I dou[b]t when it will be. The Dr. presses me to stay a 3rd week, and I am too well inclined to stay of myself. I did not receive your letter telling me that your Chesterford journey was put off till we sat down to supper and then my history and antiquities of its environs were almost finished. I s[ha]ll read them when I have wrote them out, and will copy them for myself when I come [to] Wansted. I am

sincerely glad to hear my sister is so well. All here desire compliments.'

Here ends Forster's letter, which is beautifully written in a scholarly hand. It will be seen that this lengthy epistle was written some fifteen years before his death. There can be no doubt that general correspondence has sadly deteriorated since Forster's days, mainly from want of time, owing to the rush and turmoil of present-day life, but also from the reduced cost of postage and extra post-office facilities, and especially owing to the cheap press. Indeed, short hurried notes take the place of long and aforesaid literary letters, which in many ways is a matter for regret.

The Dr. Gower mentioned in Forster's letter we take to be Foote Gower* [1726?-1780], the antiquary; he was M.A. of Brasenose College, Oxford, 1750; M.D. 1757; rector of Chignall St. James, Essex, 1761-77; and published *Sketch of the Materials for a New History of Cheshire*, 1771.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1780† has also some account of Dr. Gower, and states that he died at Bath, May 27. He was rector of Mashbury, co. Essex, as well as Chignall, to which place he was presented in 1761. He was licensed to unite the two livings, and took down the Mashbury Church and repaired Chignall Church in 1767. Dr. Foote Gower intended to improve Morant's *History of Essex* :—

but after having made some collections, and had several drawings taken and engraved, turned his thoughts wholly to the illustration of his native county of Chester, in whose capital his father had long practised physic, as he himself did at Chelmsford.

In 1771 he published (anonymously in a letter to Thomas Falconar, Esq.) the work mentioned above. This, he re-published with a fresh preface in 1773. In 1772 he put out proposals for the Essex History in 3 vols. folio, at a subscription price of ten guineas, the first volume to be printed in 1775—but the great cost of the undertaking, which would amount to 4,000 guineas, the difficulty of arranging the enormous mass of materials he had collected, and his numerous avocations and infirm health, prevented its execution. The account of Brazen Nose College, in the Oxford Guide, was drawn up by the Doctor when first admitted there.

* *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, xxii., 296.

† Pp. 298-99.

I may add that Mr. Guy Maynard, the indefatigable curator of the Saffron Walden Museum, informs me that Dr. Gower made a map of some of the Roman roads in Essex, and issued a series of notes on the subject. This letter of the Rev. Benjamin Forster's is important in many ways as giving further details of the roads and antiquities of that neighbourhood, and will be of great service in the careful survey of the Chesterford—Ickleton district, which I believe Mr. Maynard is undertaking.

From the Furlly-Forster papers I am able to append a portrait of the Rev. Benjamin Forster from an original drawing in 'burnt stick,' and endorsed, apparently by himself, at the back to that effect (see Frontispiece).



EARLY ESSEX WYKEHAMISTS.

BY REV. ANDREW CLARK, LL.D.

ON Michaelmas Day, 1386, William of Wykeham, bishop of Winchester, opened the great college which he had built at Oxford for a Warden and seventy Fellows. He intended it to be called the College of St. Mary of Winchester in Oxford, but it was promptly dubbed New College, and is still so known. Admission to New College Fellowships was had by election from Winchester School, begun by Wykeham in 1387, and completed by him in 1393. Admission to Winchester School was obtained by carefully graded preferences to Founder's kin and to certain favoured parishes and counties. Essex stands fifth on Wykeham's list of favoured counties, and certain of its parishes had the prior claim conferred on parishes in which Wykeham's foundations owned property. Probably because of the distance of the land of the East Saxons from the capital of Wessex, few Essex lads went to Winchester. Those of them who passed on to New College seem not to have thriven there, the tenure of their fellowships being cut short by untimely death, or by the desire to pursue law studies and not theology. The following list gives all the Essex names found from 1396, when the College books begin to record the parish of origin, down to 1696, and there are just forty-eight names in 300 years.

- RICHARD WILLINGALE, of Writtle, Essex, admitted 1397; vacated Fellowship 1406; graduated in Law.
- EDMUND FITZSYMOND, of 'Goddeston,' Essex, adm. 1405; retained Fellowship till death 1415; took M.A. This may be an error for Godstone, co. Surrey.
- JOHN WILLINGALE, of Writtle, adm. 1410; retained Fellowship till 1428, when he became Fellow of Winchester; took M.A.
- JOHN WAKEFIELD, of 'Myldebourne,' in Essex or Herts., adm. 1413; retained Fellowship till death 1424; took M.A.
- JOHN PARKER, of Waltham St. Cross, Essex, adm. 1414; retained Fellowship till 1430, when he was elected Fellow of Winchester; took M.A.; died 1473.
- WILLIAM FRYTH, of Takeley, Essex, adm. October 1414, but died next month.
- CHRISTOPHER BERDON, of Hornchurch, adm. 1428; died 1430.
- JOHN HAMMVS, of Havering, Essex, adm. 1430; vacated Fellowship in 1444, by succeeding to property; took B.A.
- JOHN ARKES or ARCHUS, of Chelmsford, adm. 1433, but resigned next year.
- WILLIAM GREENE, of Widdington, Essex, adm. 1435; resigned (or died) 1438.
- THOMAS HEVENINGHAM, of Writtle or Roxwell, Essex, adm. 1438, but vacated Fellowship in 1442 to take service at Court.
- JOHN BROWNE, of Abbess Roothing, Essex, adm. 1444; Law student; vacated Fellowship in 1452 to take service at Court.
- RICHARD HAYWARD, of Hornchurch, Essex; adm. 1444; vacated Fellowship in 1460; LL.D.; Master of St. Cross Hospital, Winchester.
- HENRY HARLINGE, of Newport, Essex, adm. 1446; vacated Fellowship, 1462; graduated in Law; Vicar of Writtle 1462-76.
- WILLIAM ESTON *alias* TRUMPER, of Newport, Essex, adm. 1451; vacated Fellowship, 1457; took B.A.
- JOHN FRENDE, of Writtle, Essex, adm. 1462; vac. Fellowship, 1479; graduated in Law.
- JOHN HAWARD, of Romford, Essex, adm. 1465; vac. Fellowship, 1468; was chaplain of Fromund's chantry in Winchester Cathedral.
- ROBERT BEDYLL, of Writtle, adm. 1470; vacated Fellowship, 1471.
- THOMAS BRADFIELD, of Writtle, adm. 1471; vacated Fellowship, 1479; graduated in Law.
- JOHN GIBSON, of Ingatestone, Essex, adm. 1471; vacated Fellowship, 1476; studied Law.
- WILLIAM HERDE, of Romford, adm. 1472; died while still Fellow, 1479, and was buried in New College cloister; studied Law.
- ROBERT BRYGGES, of Waltham, Essex, adm. 1479, but resigned or died 1480.
- THOMAS BIRLEY, of Hornchurch, Essex, adm. 1484; resigned Fellowship, 1485.
- WILLIAM PERS, of Romford, Essex, adm. 1487, but went off the Fellows' list in August, 1488.
- STEPHEN COOPE, of Writtle, adm. 1489; died while still Fellow, 1492.
- JOHN LONDON, of Dunmow, Essex, adm. 1492; retained Fellowship till his death, 1503; was buried in New College Chapel, where he has a brass; Registrar of the University.

- WILLIAM PARKER, of Colne, Essex, adm. 1497, but went off the Fellows' list in 1499.
- RICHARD CLOVYLDE, of Benfleet, Essex, adm. 1500; retained Fellowship till death, 1507; took B.A.
- WILLIAM BRYAN, of Essex or London, adm. 1507; off next year.
- FRANCIS TAY, of Colchester, adm. 1512; died, while still Fellow, 1515.
- RICHARD BEDVLL, of Writtle, adm. 1518, but resigned that year to study Law in London; had great influence with Henry VIII. and protected New College from spoliation.
- WILLIAM WISEMAN, of Writtle, adm. 1525; but died, while still Fellow, 1528.
- JOHN CARROW, of Romford, adm. 1530; but withdrew 1531, to study Law in London.
- JOHN MAN, of Writtle, adm. 1531; held Fellowship till 1553; B.C.L.; Rector of Great Horwood, Bucks; died 1565.
- NICHOLAS FOX, of Widdington, Essex, adm. 1549; expelled 1560; took M.A. The circumstances of his expulsion on religious grounds are mentioned in Strype's Annals.
- RICHARD PINCHON, of Writtle, adm. 1549; but went off Fellows' list in 1551.
- GEORGE MAXEY, of 'Luketon' (? Loughton), Essex, adm. 1566, but withdrew in 1568, to study Law in London.
- MATTHEW FOXE, of Widdington, Essex, adm. 1567, but expelled, on religious grounds, 1569.
- WILLIAM STAFFORD, of Rochford, Essex, adm. 1571; expelled 1575, for absence from College.
- ADAM HORNE, of Walden, Essex, adm. 1573, but went off Fellows' list in 1577.
- THOMAS YONGE, of Great Canfield, Essex, adm. 1575; resigned 1578.
- JOHN PINCHON, of Writtle, adm. 1577; resigned 1581; took B.A.
- EDWARD WILMOTT, of Boreham, Essex, adm. 1580; went off Fellows' list 1583; Law student.
- EDWARD TURNOUR, of Parndon, Essex, adm. 1628; retained Fellowship till 1639; took M.A.; was Rector of Parndon; said to have emigrated to Virginia.
- STEPHEN COOKE, of Boxted, Essex, adm. 1651; held Fellowship till 1662, when he became Fellow of Winchester.
- JOHN FARNEFOLD, of Aldersbrooke or Oldersbrooke,* Essex, adm. 1652; went to Virginia; afterwards beneficed in the West Indies.
- RICHARD PARSONS, of Birchanger, Essex, adm. as Founder's kin, 1657; resigned 1665, because beneficed.
- ROBERT WISEMAN, of Great Canfield, Essex, adm. 1659; resigned 1663; said in the New College books to have become 'a very great captain.'

*This is in Little Ilford parish.—Eps.



LAKE HOUSE, WANSTEAD FLATS.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY A. P. WIRE.

IN the neighbourhood of Wanstead, Leyton, and Forest Gate there is a public movement on foot for the purpose of saving this old house from the builder, and recently a deputation to the City Corporation asked for aid from the City Funds.



LAKE HOUSE, WANSTEAD.

Originally a kind of summer house to Wanstead House, the house and grounds have now for many years been used for tennis, cricket, beanfeasts, etc. There are very few historical associations connected with the house, except that Tom Hood resided there from 1832 to 1834 or 1835, and while there wrote 'Tylney Hall,' the 'Epping Hunt,' and some other pieces. It is thought also that the 'Song of the Shirt' was written during his residence

at Lake House, but this is not at all probable, as the 'Song' was not published in *Punch* till 1843, two years before the death of the poet.

The house is an old timber structure of very little value architecturally, and contains only one good room. This is known as the 'Banqueting Room,' and is about 42ft. by 24ft. in size; it is floored with oak and until quite lately the walls were covered with imitation tapestry, paintings on canvas in the style of Watteau, stretched on frames and fastened to the walls. The



LAKE HOUSE: INTERIOR.

room contained a handsome fireplace with carved wooden mantel and jambs, said to have been the work of Grinling Gibbons. This was hidden behind a wooden covering fastened to the walls, and has since been taken down and sold.

The house is called Lake House on account of the lake that used to occupy part of the grounds. In Chapman and André's Map of Essex (1777) the lake is shown as almost surrounding the house. In the six-inch ordnance map one hundred years later (1877-1882) it is shown as a small piece of water at the extreme north end of the grounds. In Tom Hood's time there was still

enough water for a boat to be used, but the water has gradually disappeared, till at the present time there is no lake at all. The illustrations which accompany these few notes of an old house likely soon to disappear, are of the garden front, the face of the house fronting the road, and the interior of the banqueting hall, of which, however, it is difficult to get a good view, owing to the lighting.

The gabled timber house of the lodge to the estate, with its approach over a wooden bridge, and its old fashioned garden



LAKE HOUSE: GARDEN VIEW.

with trim lawn and steps cut in the turf, will also go, and the crowding and overgrown trees will be swept away, for on going to press we hear that there is now no probability of either the house or grounds being saved. The builder is already at work, and houses are springing up along the newly made roads. The City Corporation, we understand, was willing to make a substantial grant, could the remainder of the large sum asked by the owners, have been raised by private subscription. (See *E.R.*, Vol. VI., p. 7, and Vol. VII., p. 213.)

THE FOUNDING OF AN ESSEX WINDMILL.

BY MILLER CHRISTY.

ALL persons familiar with the rural parts of Essex twenty or thirty years ago will remember the numerous windmills which then waved their huge sails in the breeze on nearly every hill-top and piece of high ground in the county. These village windmills had formed for centuries a prominent feature in the landscape, and they differed little in appearance from those which were in use here in the Middle Ages, as is proved by drawings to be found in early illuminated manuscripts.

Until little more than a quarter of a century ago, such mills continued to supply the inhabitants of most of our villages with flour for themselves and meal for their cattle. To-day, however, they have been driven out of use so completely, by importations of flour ground in the vast mills of Minneapolis and elsewhere, that probably not a single windmill existing in Essex is now engaged in producing flour, though a few are still at work grinding meal for cattle.

The sites of many of these mills have been occupied continuously for a very long period—some certainly from Norman, and others probably from Saxon, times. Yet it must have been necessary, from time to time, as the population increased, to establish other mills on new sites; and, through the kindness of Mr. B. C. Hall, of The Lodge, Foulness, I am enabled to set forth the events which, in the year 1802, led up to the building of one such new mill in Essex—namely, that on Foulness Island.

Mr. Hall tells me that, at the date in question, the population of the island (which then numbered 396 persons, as the Census Returns of 1801 show) was reduced to great straits, owing to a difficulty in obtaining an adequate supply of flour, as no mill existed in the island. It was a time of extreme scarcity of food, and very high prices everywhere, owing to the French Wars; and, in addition to this, tradition on the island says that long-continued severe weather had prevented sufficient flour from being brought across from the mainland. In these circumstances, the islanders, naturally enough, thought of

the plan of building a mill upon their island. With this end in view, they seem to have got into communication with one John Chandler, a miller, of Southminster, who consented to build and work such a mill. First, however, it was necessary to obtain the consent of the Lord of the Manor—at that time, George, ninth Earl of Winchilsea; for the right of multure has ever been one of the most jealously-guarded of manorial rights. The manor mill was, indeed, often retained in the lord's own hands, and it was, in early days, a very valuable possession.

A copy of the petition which Chandler, supported by the leading inhabitants of the island, sent to Lord Winchilsea is in Mr. Hall's possession, and he has been good enough to lend it to me. It runs as follows :—

My Lord :—I, your Lordship's humble Petitioner, John Chandler, Miller, do hereby humbly beg, if it should meet your Lordship's Approbation, that You would condescend to grant me a piece of Ground, part of the Skirts belonging to Old Hall Farm, in Foulness Island, for the purpose of building a Mill and House thereon, for the Accommodation of the Inhabitants of Foulness Island; to be taken up by Me and my Heirs as a copyhold Estate for ever; which, if your Lordship will be graciously pleased to do, your Petitioner will use every endeavour in his power to give satisfaction to his employers, and throughout Life remain, with the truest Gratitude, your Lordship's most obliged and humble Servt.—J.C.

Southminster,

Dengy Hundred, Essex,

Feby. 22, 1802.

Frans. Bannester,
John Lodwick,
Wm. Meakins,
Wm. Potton,
Thos. Wiggins,
John Dowsett,
John Potton.

The names appended to the petition are autograph signatures—doubtless those of leading inhabitants of the island; but why these should have been written on what appears to be a mere copy of a document, not the original document itself, is by no means obvious.

Appended to the Petition is an undertaking given by Chandler, on the same date, setting forth the prices at which he

undertook to grind wheat and other grain for the inhabitants of the island :—

I, John Chandler, Miller, do hereby Agree to Grind and Dress Grist, etc., for the Inhabitants of Foulness Island on the following terms :—

Grinding and Dressing a Bushel of Wheat into Flour...	9d.
Grinding a Bushel of Beans, Barley, or other Grain.....	4½d.
But if Beans and only to be Broke	3d.

The Miller shall not sell any Person's Corn if they pay him the above price for Grinding and Dressing the same; but, if any person chooses the Miller should take Toll, instead of Money, he will make it Agreeable to his Customers; and [further, the Miller] will use every means in his power to give Satisfaction to his Employers and hold himself greatly obliged to them for all Favours.

Feby. 22, 1802.

This is in the same handwriting as the Petition and is apparently also a copy. It is unsigned.

Within a month, Lord Winchilsea had acceded to Chandler's petition and granted that for which he prayed. The exact terms on which he did so are not recorded; but, on receipt of his Lordship's consent, the document under notice was completed by the addition of the following :—

March 18th, 1802.—As Lord Winchilsea has had the goodness to grant me a piece of Ground to build a Mill on, I do hereby engage to do the Grinding and Dressing at the above Prices, as long as I shall continue the Mill.—John Chandler.

The signature is evidently that of the miller himself, but the rest of the undertaking is in some other handwriting.

These formalities concluded, John Chandler no doubt at once left Southminster for Foulness Island. Apparently he did not build the mill at his own expense. Probably it was built by subscriptions of the parishioners; for I am informed by Mr. W. H. Dalton, F.G.S., a native of the island, that the cost of building it (namely £536) is entered in the Parish Registers.* Chandler was, it seems, tenant or manager.

However this may be, the mill was built close to both Old Hall and the Church of Foulness, and there it stands to the

* Mr. Dalton is unable to recollect in which of the various register books the record appears; but, as he rightly says, it would be most appropriate in that devoted to births!

present day. For many years, it served the needs of the islanders; but, as time went on, the fate of all such mills overtook it, and for some time past its sails have ceased to revolve. From a little distance, the building, now in its hundred and fifth year, appears to be fairly well preserved, but nearer approach shows serious dilapidations, and its final disappearance is probably near at hand.



ESSEX COUNTY CRICKET IN 1907.

BY ROBERT COOK, ESSEX COUNTY C.C.

CONSIDERING that Essex are generally seen at their best on fast wickets, the result of the season for 1907 may be deemed fairly satisfactory, but had it not been for their old weakness—looseness in the field—a much better tale might have been told. At the same time, too much ought not to be made of mistakes—or what seem to be mistakes—by the men in the field. If a side is weak in batting or bowling, one is apt to be not over critical about the fielding, but when a side has run up a good score, and bowlers are doing well, dropped catches appear glaring errors and assume an importance which might not be so conspicuous if the other departments were not so good. Still, it is no use hiding the fact that the Essex fielding has not yet attained the high efficiency which supporters of our County Eleven would like to see.

Twenty-two inter-county matches were played, and of these ten were won, five drawn, and seven lost, the County finishing seventh on the championship table, in front of Kent, last year's champions. Essex twice defeated Kent, Lancashire, Sussex, and Derbyshire; and beat Gloucestershire and Northamptonshire once. On the other hand, they lost two matches to both Surrey and Yorkshire, and one to Gloucestershire, Leicestershire, and Notts, while the drawn matches were with Middlesex (twice), Notts, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire. Two innings of over 400 were scored by Essex—436 v. Kent, and 438 v. Lancashire—but only one of their opposing clubs totalled 400 in an innings, viz., Surrey, 411, in the opening match of the season.

Mr. C. McGahey acted as captain for the first time, having succeeded Mr. F. L. Fane in that office. The latter gentleman returned from a most successful cricketing tour in South Africa before the season started, but was unable to play for the County as regularly as in the previous season. Fewer batsmen than usual reached their thousand runs, but considering the wet season, the aggregates and averages of the leading batsmen were very satisfactory. Mr. P. A. Perrin topped the list with an aggregate of 1,017 runs and an average of 35·9, Mr. C. McGahey came next with 1,092 and 34·12, and Mr. F. L. Fane was third with 830 and 33·2. Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas, who displayed all-round qualities, and Buckenham, who at times proved a most useful batsman, each had an average of a fraction over 21 per innings. Freeman (E. J.) and S. P. Meston, a new comer, who played for Gloucestershire in the previous season, but who possesses a birth qualification for Essex, also gave an excellent account of themselves with the bat; but the Rev. F. H. Gillingham was not so successful as usual, Carpenter only played once, and Major Turner did not turn out at all. As both the latter players have been credited with a thousand runs in previous seasons, the fact that Essex did so well in batting proves what a valuable reserve of batting strength the County possesses. Five "centuries" were scored by Essex batsmen, Mr. P. A. Perrin scoring 116 v. Middlesex, and 105 v. Notts; Mr. S. P. Meston 130 v. Lancashire, Buckenham 124 v. Lancashire, and Mr. C. McGahey 108 v. Kent.

Walter Mead again headed the bowling averages, his 120 wickets at an average cost of 16 runs being a very meritorious record. Mr. Douglas was a good second, with 72 wickets taken at a cost of 20·63 per wicket, but Buckenham beat him in numbers, 94 wickets, but at the higher cost of 21·22 per wicket. Reeves occasionally rendered effective assistance, and Mr. McGahey's 'slows' accounted for 22 wickets.

For the first time in the history of the County Club a cricket week was held away from the County Ground at Leyton, Northamptonshire and Surrey being played at Southend. A substantial guarantee was given by leading residents of the Borough, and the Mayor (Councillor W. R. King) hospitably entertained the four elevens at dinner, but, I regret to state, wet weather had a serious effect upon the attendance, and the

guarantors had to be called upon for a substantial amount. There is no question about the enthusiasm of Southend cricketers, but somehow or other County cricket did not take well in the midst of the seaside season. It is most likely that Colchester will next season press the Committee of the Club for a match, or two matches, to be played in that borough. Up to the present Colchester has not possessed a ground good enough for County matches, but the Corporation have gone to considerable expense in perfecting a pitch which they claim is well fitted to satisfy the most fastidious of cricketers. Whether it will pay the Executive to arrange more matches away from the ground at Leyton is a matter which requires careful consideration, but I think there can be no doubt that the policy of allowing residents in other parts of Essex an opportunity of occasionally witnessing county matches is likely to lessen the feeling which exists in some quarters that the Essex C.C. is a metropolitan rather than Essex body. If this should happily prove the case, it may be the means of bringing in the additional members of which the Club still stands in need.

In addition to the inter-county contests, Essex played the South Africans twice, and were defeated on each occasion. Buckenham was chosen to play in several representative matches, an honour which he well deserved; and Messrs. Perrin, McGahey, Fane, and Douglas were also chosen to play in the festivals which followed the close of the County season. Messrs. Douglas and Fane were also invited to join the M.C.C. team on their American tour, but only Mr. Douglas was able to accept. He is now on the other side of the 'herring pond,' where all Essex cricketers will wish him good luck with both bat and ball, and a safe return to his native land.

THE HISTORY OF CORN MILLING IN ESSEX.

BY WILSON MARRIAGE AND MISS C. FELL SMITH.

CORN MILLING has flourished from early times in Essex, once a large corn-growing county with a well-watered and gently-undulating surface, and an extensive sea-board that facilitated importation of mill-stones from the Rhine and the

North of France. Colchester and Harwich were the chief ports of entry.* At first a purely domestic occupation, corn-milling became, as time went on, more and more a commercial undertaking, until in the early years of the nineteenth century every stream, and almost every hill-top in the county, was planted with wind and water mills.

The archaic fashion of bruising grain between two flat stones, pursued by the early Britons, was succeeded by the Roman custom of grinding in a quern, or hand-mill having stones of a peculiarly hard kind procured mainly from Nieder Mendig, near Cologne. Fine specimens of these quern-stones, upper and lower, are to be seen in the museum at Colchester, and in private collections in the county. The hand-mill remained in use for several centuries.

In the returns of the taxation of Colchester in 1301, there is mention of a lady, Agnes Molendinaria, who possessed stones for a hand-mill (*lapides pro molis manualibus*), valued at four shillings.† An entry‡ in the court rolls of the manor of Walthambury names one John Artour, summoned on August 1, 1424, to give satisfaction for a hand-mill (*petra manualis*) and a copper removed by him from the copyhold of Everwynes, within the manor. The Colchester Museum contains a very curious old hand-mill, perhaps as late as the seventeenth century, from Great Hallingbury.§

The chief rivers of Essex (Stour, Colne, Chelmer, and Blackwater, all having water carriage to the sea), and many of their tributaries, were utilised for turning mills by our Saxon forefathers. Those breezy high grounds in north Essex around Dunmow, Stebbing, Thaxted, Saffron Walden and Chesterford, as well as high land in the neighbourhood of Hornchurch, Rayleigh and elsewhere, were all crowned with wind-mills, which were erected at less expense than water mills, the cost of the *virgae*, or sail-yards, being considerably lower than that of a water-wheel.

An analysis of the returns of the Domesday Survey shows that, in 1086, West Ham was the chief seat of milling in Essex, and nine mills (eight of them then standing) are named as having

* Rogers, *Hist. of Agric. and Prices*, i. (1868), 143, 510, and ii., 330-333.

† *Rot. Parl.*, i., 248.

‡ Communicated by Dr. A. Clark.

§ Presented recently by Mr. G. E. Pritchett, F.S.A.

existed there. Witham and Wethersfield on the Blackwater and Littlebury on the Cam had four each. Bardfield on the Pant (a tributary of the Blackwater), Halstead and Colne Engaine on the Colne, Newport on the Cam, Great Dunmow, Great Waltham, and Boreham on the Chelmer, Waltham Abbey on the Lea, and Feering on the Blackwater had three each; while two mills existed in not a few manors, and one in a great many more. Altogether about 225 mills (most of them, no doubt, water mills) are enumerated in the *Returns for Essex*.*

Thus there were on the Cam and its tributaries 15 mills; on the Stour and its tributaries 21 mills; on the Colne and its tributaries 33 mills; on the Blackwater and its tributaries 51 mills; on the Chelmer and its tributaries 34 mills; on the Crouch and Roach and their tributaries 11 mills; on the Mardyke 1 mill; on the Bourne Brook 1 mill; on the Roding and its tributaries 17 mills; on the Lea and Stort and their tributaries 28 mills; on the coast or on creeks 13 mills (? tidal).†

There can be no doubt that many of the dams across the heads of small valleys, which exist still in all parts of the county, mark the sites of these Domesday mills, and that several of our existing mills occupy the sites of others—sites which have been occupied continuously, in many cases since Saxon days. A notable instance is the mill at Baythorne End, which formed part of the Birdbrook Hall Estate from the Conquest until 1779, when it was sold to Richard Fitch.‡

It is extremely interesting to find that what was probably one of the old manorial mills still exists, although in a ruinous condition, at White Notley Hall. The fact was brought to our notice by Mr. Miller Christy, to whom we are indebted for a photograph of the exterior, which forms the illustration opposite.

When seen a week or two ago on a cloudless autumn evening at sunset, this ancient mill-house formed one of the most picturesque objects possible, and the only regret was that the

*See *Vict. Hist. Essex*, vol. i., pp. 426-698.

†The list we have compiled from Domesday is perhaps hardly interesting enough to print in full. It comprises all mills mentioned in the return as having stood recently on the manors named, although a few are stated to be no longer in existence. Thus, at Leyton, the mill is said (*loc. cit.*, p. 536) to have been taken away in King William's time. Probably even this long list does not include all mills; for, if those mentioned are laid down on a map of the county, it will be found that there are very few mills given in certain districts, as that to the east of Chelmsford (in the upper valleys of the Cam and Roding) and that to the south of the same town (in the valleys of the Wid and Ingrebourne).

‡Wright, *Hist. of Essex*, i., 618.

hour precluded a photograph of the interior, where the ancient machinery, all with wooden fittings and appliances, remains for the most part *in situ*.

The mill is situated at the outlet of the large reedy lake which partly encircles this fine old Tudor Hall; it was worked by an overshot wheel, not wooden entirely, but with iron plates. The small lean-to on the right of the picture screens the wheel from sight, but is now roofless. Unfortunately the photograph



OLD MILL AT WHITE NOTLEY.

does not show the very sharp drop in the ground, or give the impression that the mill is actually several feet below the level of the lake. The floor of the building is ruinous, but that of the upper loft, where corn was doubtless stored, is in better repair. The chain and pulley for hoisting the sacks up hangs from the roof. The horizontal wheel inside and the lower one within the pit are of iron with wooden cogs; the shaft and spindles are

entirely wooden, as is also the semi-circular removable covering of the horizontal wheel. It is the shape of half a flat cheese. There are two pairs of stones, one on either side of the interior wheels. How lately the mill was working it is hard to say, but it was known to be in constant use up to 1865 and later, for grinding cattle stuffs and meals. The building is at any rate 150 years old, and probably replaced a still earlier one.

West Ham long retained its importance as a milling centre. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, as Stowe says,^{*} London was supplied with bread by the bakers of Stratford, who were allowed to bring in penny loaves two ounces heavier than those baked in the city. One of the bakers, John of Stratford, in 1311, for breaking the assize in regard to weight, was drawn on a hurdle through London streets, with a fool's hood on his head and a necklace of light loaves about his neck. In *The Vision of Piers the Plowman*, there is this allusion to the Stratford bakers of 1350 :—†

Al London, I leve,
Liketh wel my wafres ;
And lowren whan thei lakken hem.
It is noght long y-passed
There was a careful commune
Whan no cart com to towne
With breed fro' Stratforde.

Another prominent milling centre was Waltham Abbey. In 1108, Queen Maud gave one of the corn-mills there, valued at thirty shillings annually, to the Abbot in exchange for the site of Holy Trinity, Aldgate. On September 28, 1528, just before the Reformation, the Abbot leased this mill to one James Blount, miller, for sixteen years, at a rental of £26 13s. 4d. per annum, payable quarterly, with various other reservations and conditions.‡

In feudal England the wind and water mills were important franchises belonging to the lord of the manor, who enjoyed as a rule the sole privilege of multure, or grinding corn, and levied a toll on all persons using his mill. The miller was (as Prof. Thorold Rogers points out)§ the most important lay tenant of

^{*} *Survey of London* (1876), p. 59.

† See Wright's edition (1832), pp. 262 and 555 ; also *Introd.* ; p. xii. n. The poet seems to attribute the stoppage of the supply to a 'drye April,' but probably the Black Death of 1348-9 was the real cause.

‡ See Winter's *Waltham Abbey* (1888), pp. 57 and 140.

§ *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*.

the manor. The fee for grinding was fixed by the Ordinances for trade at a quart of wheat for every bushel, which was to be augmented by another bushel if the corn were fetched to the mill. Every monastery, too, had its own mill, which served usually the double purpose of controlling the sluices of the fishponds and grinding meal.

In Mediæval times, at Colchester (and probably elsewhere) the miller was forbidden, on pain of fine and, for a third offence, the pillory, to water or change any man's corn, or give worse for better. By the Ordinance the miller's poultry was limited to three hens and a cock, and all other grain-gluttons, such as geese, ducks, and hogs, were rigorously banished from his premises.* One of his chief difficulties must have been the extraordinary fluctuations in the price of corn. It became necessary to fix the price of bread by a sliding scale, adjusted to the price of grain. The Assize of Bread was actually framed in the reign of Henry II., but probably existed in some form even earlier. It was very strictly enforced, recalcitrant bakers who refused to bake bread 'for common use, according to the Statute' (presumably when the price was too low) were summarily dealt with in the pillory. Bread of four or five kinds was recognised by the *assisa panis*—Wastel, Cocket of two kinds, Simnel, and Treet. The coarsest (?) made ('*de omni blado*') was twice the weight of the greater Cocket. It was regarded as vastly inferior, and certainly did not much resemble our coveted 'whole-meal' bread.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, milling was carried on extensively at Chesterford, Ramsey, Dovercourt, Bardfield, Takeley, Birchanger, Hornchurch, and Writtle, on the estates belonging to New College, Oxford; and the books of accounts belonging to the College contain many interesting entries of the cost of mill-stones supplied to each of these places.†

Much information about the mills at Great Waltham at the end of the fourteenth century and beginning of the fifteenth has been collected by Dr. Andrew Clark, specially for this article, from the court rolls of the manor of Walthambury‡. Beside two

* *The Red Paper Book of Colchester*, fo. 15; Benham: *Red Paper Book*, p. 18.

† Rogers: *Hist. of Agric. and Prices*.

‡ See *Essex Review*, xiii. (1904), p. 74 *et seq.* These rolls belong to Colone Tufnell, of Langleys.

fulling-mills—Champneys, in Little Waltham, and Prille Mill, higher up the stream—there were four corn-mills—the Great Mill or Mochel Mill (at or near the present Howe Street Mill), Mascalls or Marescalls, Berwyk's or Langley's Mill, and Little Waltham Mill. The following notes of repairs, etc., are offered as gleanings towards the local history of milling :—

The Great (or Mochel) Mill is named 16th May 1397, when John, son of John Brode, was admitted to tenancy of the cottage and curtilage near the mill. In July 1400, it is ordered to be put in repair, being *valde ruinos* in respect of its *opus aquaticum*. It was placed under repair again in May 1404, and in the autumn of 1407, when on 9th November its old timber *de fundo* and the *quisquiliae et abrasiones* (? slabs and chips) of the new timber are rated at 13s. 4d. and 2s. respectively. In the following November, the bedell is ordered to repair 'le dam'; and, on 23rd July 1410, he is to see to repairs of the roof. It is reported at this time that John Wolstan and William 'Meller' had appropriated without license three old millstones, valued at 40d., claiming that it was a 'custom' for millers to have the old stones for placing the new; the decision is not reported on the roll. On 11th May 1412, the bedell is instructed to see to the waterway under the mill. A year later, the mill-house is to be repaired with plaster and thatch, the pond and the floodgates are to be banked and mended and a new mouth is to be provided for the overflow. In December 1413, the bedell is censured for his neglect in not carrying out these restorations, which cannot have been accomplished very thoroughly even then, for in October 1415 the floodgates and thatch require fresh attention. The water wheel in 1414 needs *rueiberd*. In July 1416, the mill is reported as in thorough repair; but, in September of the same year, the floodgates and *opus terraneum* again need reparation. On 19th March 1425-6, 'Mochil mell' is reported *in debili punctu*. On 22nd September 1427, it is in need of re-thatching, presentment being repeated in the following February. In November 1429, seven oaks are felled in Littley Park for the *scura novarum exclusarum* which are now finished. The miller's man at this time was, perhaps, one John Wolston, junior, who is reported to have removed certain fixtures—*una antica* of boards, a *collera* of iron, a *stipes* which lay inside the mill *juxta le tollhuch*, another *stipes*.

called 'le hewyng-block,' a plank which lay beside 'le water dore,' and a 'wyndas'—for which, in December, he was mulcted 12d. In 1435, John Turnour, of Writtle, lessee of the Mochel Mill and Mulsham Mill, had as servant, one William Palmer, who was fonder of play than work. When left in charge of the mill, he absented himself, leaving the key in the door, with the result that two bushels of wheat-flour and various articles were stolen; and, on September 26, Turnour brought a suit in Great Waltham court-baron, claiming 7s. 8d. damages from Palmer. From this date till 1436, the Great Mill is little mentioned in the manorial rolls; but, in April 1436, one oak was felled in Apchild Park, and eight oaks in Littleley Park, *pro scura* of a new water wheel. In the survey of 1563, the Mochel Mill is described as a 'water myll with cotage coveryd with straywe, called Muche Mylle, with Mylle meade (1 acre, 3 roods, 23 poles), and 39 poles of pasture between the mill and the back river.' It was then let to Nycholas Rychards.

Little Waltham Mill lay south of the village, where Croxton's Mill is now. It is named frequently in the rolls as under repair. A new bridge over the river at the mill was built in November 1404, the timber for it being felled in a wood named Mumme's hegge, but much delay in carrying out the work is reported. New plaster (*daubura*) and thatch (*coopertura*) are needed in September 1407. In August 1408, fourteen oaks are felled in Mumme's hegge, the lord's wood, for the repair of the mill. In June 1411, the bedell must mend the water-wheel. In June 1415, the miller is threatened with a fine if he does not leave off keeping back the water, which was damaging the margins of the great pond. On 8th Nov. 1419, is the entry that Jeffrey Dunbed, miller, took Little Waltham water mill, with the meads and pasture formerly let with it, on a seven years' lease from Michaelmas last, at a yearly rent of eight marcs. The lord is to repair the mill; the miller to keep it in good order and to serve *bene et fideliter et dominum et patriam*. In June 1427, four oaks are felled in Apchild Park for repair of 'le cornmelle' in Little Waltham. In December 1430, the *inclusae et le melle-dame* needed repair; and two years later, in September 1432, further repairs were needed, for which five oaks were felled, four of them in Littleley Park. In the survey of 1563, the mill, with the waste ground belonging to it and its lane

(together 1 acre 3 poles), is stated to be let with the fields following :—Mill croft (2 acres, 1 rood), bounded east, by Little Waltham Hall, west, by Little Waltham Mill; Tanne croft (2a. 1r. 20p.), bounded west, by Derke mead, east, by Parcetts Hall croft; Derke meade (2a. 3r. 27p.), a meadow lying between, south, Mill Lane, and, north, a hoppett of meadow called Tannehope.

Of the other corn-mills at Waltham less is found entered on the rolls. Dr. Clark has been through the later rolls down to July 1455, but finds therein few entries relating to the mills—perhaps because the steward got into a habit of not noting in them property that was ‘in hand.’ It is singular also that none of the rolls contain any reference to the ancient obligation on copyholders to have their grain ground at the lord’s mill, nor to any mulct imposed on them for having it ground elsewhere. Possibly the obligation had fallen into disuse.

At Colchester there have been mills on the river Colne from very early times. Several are mentioned in the Domesday Return, one of them—that now known as East Mill—was then held by a wealthy Saxon lady named Leofleda. Four millers (*molendiarii*) belonging to the town are mentioned in the taxation returns of 1301.* These were, doubtless, the tenants of three mills on the Colne—North Mill, Middle (or King’s) Mill, and Stokes Mill (the latter probably identical with the existing East Mill)—and of the Abbot’s Mill at Bourne Pond. All these mills continued to exist throughout the Middle Ages.† In 1489 there were two mills, one for corn and the other for fulling, at New Hythe, Colechester, and in December of that year the bailiffs and aldermen of the town were called together to consider that these mills, which had existed ‘from time out of memory,’ were broken down, to the loss of the treasurer and the inconvenience of the inhabitants. Two aldermen, Thomas Christmasse and Richard Barker, ‘to the honour of God and of the Borough’, undertook to re-build the mills at their own charge, taking a twenty years’ lease from the bailiffs and commonalty at a rent of four marks (£2 13s. 4d.), payable at Lady Day and Michaelmas. Five years later these enterprising millers received a further

* *Rot. Parl.*, i., 248.

† The very picturesque building (see opposite page), still used as a corn-mill, which now stands at Bourne Pond, probably on the site of the Abbot’s Mill, was re-built by a member of the Lucas family in 1574, as an inscription on it states. The mill is now owned by Lord Lucas, the tenant being Mr. Pulford.

concession, in consideration of their heavy outlay. A fresh agreement was drawn up leasing the mills for twenty years to Barker alone, subject to an annuity of £1 6s. 8d. reserved for payment of Thomas Christemasse's expenses (£17 16s., or two shillings a day) in going to Westminster as burgess in the parliaments of 1488 and 1489.* The tenant is to keep the mills in substantial repair and deliver them, at the end of twenty years, in the same good order.

Tidal mills have existed for several centuries at Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, Thorington, St. Osyth, Clacton, Battles



ST. JOHN'S ABBEY MILL, BOURNE POND.

Photograph by Mr. W. Gill, Colchester.

Bridge, Rochford, West Ham (Abbey Mills), and Barking.† They can be worked, of course, only during certain states of the tide, the practice being to start them at half-ebb. The Walton Mill still stands and is a very picturesque building, but

* *The Red Paper Book of Colchester.* Benham: *Red Paper Book*, pp. 103, 115, 127-131.

† Queen Matilda, who built the stone bridge across the Lea at Stratford after she had been nearly drowned at the fordway there, gave a water-mill called Wiggon Mill to the Abbess of Barking on condition that she should keep the bridge in repair (Dugdale: *Monasticon*, i., 1846, pp. 437, and 410-411). The mill was afterwards transferred to the Abbey of Stratford Langthorne.

is used no longer for grinding flour. Most of the others named are still used as flour-mills.

At Purfleet, too, extensive mills of a somewhat similar kind existed till about 1760, when they were bought by Government and pulled down to make room for powder-magazines. Morant, writing in 1768, says* :—

‘At Purfleet lately stood very large corn-mills, the property of one Mr. Fawcet, which were an annoyance to the county, by letting in the tide from the river Thames into that watercourse [the Mardyke] which runs from Bulvan through Stifford. But that nuisance is now prevented by a strong sluice, which entirely keeps out the tide.’

For the last century and a half, the chief milling centres of the county have been Chelmsford, Witham, Maldon and Colchester. Cromwell, writing in 1819 of the three first-named towns and their vicinity, says† :—

‘Upon the banks of the Chelmer and Blackwater are numerous large corn-mills, belonging to the Messrs. Marriage, Stammers, Dunkin, Dixon, and others. These, from the great improvements in their machinery, materially contribute to supply the London Market with flour.’

Of the families mentioned, those of Stammers and Dunkin have now disappeared. The Dixons have been for generations and still are in the occupation of Wickham Mills and other mills near Witham. Members of the Marriage family have been engaged in corn-milling in Essex continuously since the end of the seventeenth century, and are still active in it. They now own and work mills in Broomfield, Springfield, Moulsham, Chelmsford, Colchester, Bury St. Edmunds, and Felixstowe Dock. Other families (which have been engaged in milling in Essex for several generations) are the Riddleys of Chelmsford, the Archers of Walton and St. Osyth, the Clovers of Halstead and elsewhere, and the Garratts of Maldon. Piggots of Maldon, Stannards of Colchester, and Strutts of Chelmsford—all names once well-known in connection with Essex milling—have now disappeared. Strutts were very prominent as millers in the Chelmsford district from about the middle of the seventeenth century to nearly

* *Hist. of Essex*, i., 93.

† *Excursions through Essex*, i, 12.

the end of the eighteenth, occupying Springfield, Moulsham and other mills.

Within the last thirty years or so the milling trade in Essex has been revolutionized by altered circumstances. Wheat-growing in England has diminished extraordinarily, and in no county so much as in Essex. The importation of foreign wheat renders it essential to erect mills near the ports of grain entry in order to avoid cost of land-carriage. Two very extensive mills have recently been erected at the Docks on the Essex side of in Thames in London the connection with this development, and another on the Suffolk shore of Harwich Harbour. The introduction between 1875 and 1885 of the new system of grinding by steel rollers instead of by mill-stones has also altered the industry so completely that nearly all small inland mills, whether worked by wind or water, are now closed and falling into decay.



THE LAST COLCHESTER WINDMILL.

Photograph by Edwd. May, Colchester.

Forty years ago no fewer than twelve windmills were in regular work within the limits of the Borough of Colchester, but the last of these was taken down in 1907. Of the few which still remain about the county nearly all turn out only meal and feeding-stuffs for the use of farmers, and scarcely one now produces flour.

The returns of the census of 1901 show 774 persons as engaged in corn-milling in Essex.

NOTES OF THE QUARTER.

Births and Deaths in Essex.

DR. THRESH furnishes the subjoined statistics from the annual report now in preparation for Essex:—

Estimated population of the administrative county, 1906 ..	971,611
Corrected death rate for 1906, per 1,000 population ..	12·2
Birth rate	25·8
Infantile mortality	115

New Lake at Wanstead Park.

ON July 6 the Mayor of West Ham (Alderman L. W. Spratt) formally opened the new Heronry Lake at Wanstead Park, which covers an area of $12\frac{3}{4}$ acres, and in the construction of which 2,022 men have been employed. Over 61,000 cubic yards of earth and 8,000 cubic yards of ballast have been excavated, and the water is from 3ft. 6in. to 4ft. deep. One island has been increased to three times its former size, and a new island has been formed, and is called Buxton Island. The cost of the enterprise has been £10,400. More than 200 of the men engaged had to be discharged, chiefly for lack of diligence, but on the whole the work has been very satisfactorily done.

Churches and Chapels.

BUCKHURST HILL.—A stained glass east window to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Nathanael Powell (see *E.R.*, vol. xv., p. 15) has been placed in the church, and was dedicated at a special service conducted by the Bishop of Barking on June 15. The window bears the following inscription:—

‘ To the glory of God and in loving memory of Nathanael Powell, J.P., D.L., and Agnes, his wife, who resided in this parish and worshipped in this church for many years, and are buried in this churchyard. This window is the gift of their children and relations, who loved and respected them. A.D. 1907. The memory of the just is blessed.’

HARLOW.—At the annual parish festival, held at St. Mary Magdalen Church on July 19th, the clock which has been placed in the church tower as a memorial to Mrs. Elwell, wife of the rector, Rev. Henry Elwell, M.A., was dedicated. The clock is the gift of their eight sons, seven of whom were present at the service, the remaining son being now in British Columbia. The service was conducted by the vicar, assisted by two of his sons, who are in orders. A brass, with the following inscription, has been affixed to the north wall of the nave:—

‘ To the greater glory of God, and in pious memory of Athela Eliza Elwell,

who died March 13th, 1906, the clock was placed in the tower of this church by her eight sons. Trinity, 1907, Henry Elwell, M.A., vicar.'

LEYTON.—Another district of this fast increasing eastern suburb has been formed into a parish, and assigned to the new church of St. Paul, which was consecrated by the Bishop of St. Albans on July 20th. When completed the church will consist of a nave with five bays, double transepts and chancel, altogether seating 800 persons. It is of red brick with stone facings, the interior faced with Bath stone. The cost (£5,200) has now been almost entirely raised, and the donations include nearly £1,000 from the Barclay family; the district which surrounds the church is known as the Barclay Estate. A handsome Jacobean pulpit, bearing the names of David Livingstone and three other missionaries, has been presented by Dr. and Mrs. Harford, of Livingstone College, Leyton, and a silver communion service is the gift of the family of Rev. F. H. Gillingham (the well-known cricketer), who was the first curate-in-charge. The patronage is vested at present in the Vicar of Leyton, Rev. J. T. Inskip, who has nominated Rev. W. Aden Wright, the present curate-in-charge, as first vicar.

CLACTON.—A new temporary church (St. James) was formally opened on July 25th, and dedicated by the Bishop of Colchester. It will provide much-needed accommodation for some of the increasing summer population of this popular watering-place, whose Sunday worship was before most inadequately provided for. The site has been given by the trustees of the late Charles Grey Round, and the building of the larger church will be duly proceeded with. Meanwhile the present building of wood and corrugated iron provides seating for 800 people, is lighted by electric lamps, and has a good two-manual and pedal organ.

BRADWELL-ON-SEA.—A window has been placed in the parish church here in memory of Mr. and Mrs. John Parker. It consists of two lights, the subject treated in one is Charity, in the other, Peace. The inscription runs;—'To the glory of God and with sweet affection for devoted parents, John and Matilda Parker, this window is placed at their request.'

BASILDON.—A richly-coloured memorial window of three lights has been placed in the church here, commemorative of

the wife of the rector, Rev. Herbert Carpenter, who lies buried near the south wall, in which this, the first stained glass window of the church, is erected. The subject of the pictured glass is Christ blessing little children, and the inscription is as follows:—

‘Erected by relatives, parishioners, and friends, in memory of Elizabeth Jane, wife of the Rev. Herbert Carpenter, rector of this parish. Entered into rest, S. Mark’s Day, 1907. ‘He put his hands upon them and blessed them.’ St. Mark x. 16.’

It was dedicated at a special service, by the Bishop of Barking, on September 9th.

WRITTLE.—An elaborate window has been placed in this church to the memory of Lieutenant John Francis Robert Vigne, of the 13th Hussars, who died at Secunderabad of typhoid fever on September 21, 1906, aged 24, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Vigne, of Writtle Wick. The figures represented in the window are martial saints, St. George, St. Alban, Michael the Archangel, with the words of the first and last verses of Dr. Mansell’s hymn, ‘Fight the good fight with all thy might.’

WETHERSFIELD.—The bi-centenary of the Congregational Church in this village was celebrated on July 29th with a series of services, at which several prominent Nonconformists attended. The preacher at the afternoon service was the Rev. C. Sylvester Horne, of Whitefield’s Tabernacle, London. In the evening a large gathering was presided over by Sir Albert Spicer, who gave a stirring address on the work of congregationalism—the basis of which was self-government—in the Essex villages. The constant drifting to the cities, he said, means congested life there, yet how grateful one is for the strength which goes from the village churches to build up the towns.

The founder of Nonconformity in Wethersfield was John Coale, one of the 2,000 clergymen ejected in 1662 from the Church of England by the Act of Uniformity. The existing chapel was built in 1707 and enlarged in 1822; its size and comparative emptiness now shows how this very rural district has become depopulated through the decay of agriculture and the industries dependent upon it. It is largely owing to the efforts of the pastor, Rev. B. W. Saunders, who has spent nearly forty years in the place, that the congregation has so well held together.

John Cole, or Coale, was a native of Ipswich, educated at Cambridge, where he was chosen Fellow of Jesus College. After several years at Burwell in Cambridgeshire he was nominated vicar of Wethersfield, and settled there in 1655. He refused to take the oath of Uniformity, and preached his last sermon in the church on August 11, 1662, to such a vast number of persons as had not been seen in it for twenty years. He continued expounding the scriptures, preaching and praying, with a small congregation that gathered in his own house, until excommunicated in February or March, 1663. Dr. Calamy says in his *Account* (*Nonconf. Mem.* ii., 223) that Cole's successor, Mr. Pelsant, had him so much in esteem that he read aloud the sentence in church with tears in his eyes, and said it was the bitterest pill he had ever taken. Cole did not sign the *Essex Testimony* in 1657, although requested to do so by his neighbour, Giles Firmin, of Shalford; nor would he take the Engagement Oath. At length one day he was apprehended while preaching in his own house, and sent prisoner to Colchester Castle, which was the county gaol. The gaoler, it is said, showed him favour, so he was removed to Chelmsford, and kept a prisoner for eight long years, until Charles II. issued his Indulgence in 1672, when, broken in health, though still in the prime of life, Cole was liberated. He only lived a few months longer, until April 11, 1673, when he died aged only fifty-two, and was buried in the churchyard at Wethersfield, where his tombstone may still be seen.

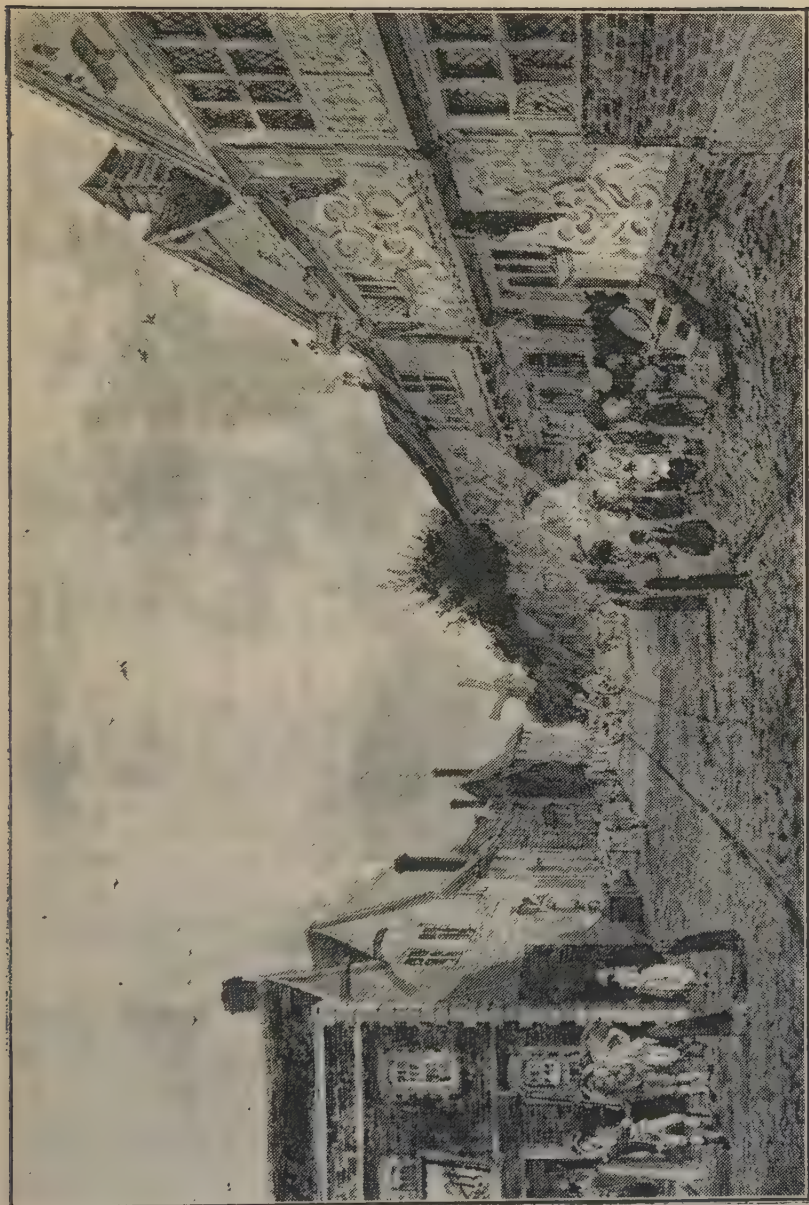
AYTHORPE RODING.—Two new windows which have been erected in this church were dedicated on 27th September, at a special service by the Bishop of Barking. The east window is in memory of the Rev. J. A. Kershaw, rector of the parish from 1895 to 1906, and headmaster of Chelmsford Grammar School from 1877 to 1884 (see *E.R.*, xv., 95); it has been subscribed for by many of his former scholars, as well as his family and friends. It is a perpendicular window of three lights, and represents the Crucifixion, St. Mary (to whom the church is dedicated) and St. John. The west window, situated near the font and representing Christ blessing little children, is to the memory of Mr. Thomas Allaker Aldham, of Highams, Aythorpe Roding, who died in 1902, aged 82 years.

St. John's Abbey
Wall
at Colchester.

DURING September the Colchester Town Council has completed the widening of the Mersea Road, Colchester, at the narrow portion leading into St. Botolph's Street.

It will be a relief to local antiquaries to know that this has been accomplished without interfering with the fine old buttressed wall of the grounds of St. John's Abbey, a wall dating probably from the 14th century. Some years ago it was actually suggested that this wall should be demolished to enable the roadway to be widened. This idea was fortunately vetoed without hesitation. The Colchester Town Council has now taken advantage of an opportunity to secure some modern property on the opposite side of the road, and by demolishing a portion of this, has effected a much needed improvement. By the courtesy of Mr. Henry Laver, F.S.A., we are able to reproduce an interesting picture of this roadway and the corner of St. Botolph's Street, Colchester, as they appeared about the year 1790. The interesting 15th century houses at the corner of the street, with their fine pargetting, were demolished about the year 1800. It will be seen that at the time of the picture there was an abundance of the renowned 'Colchester cobbles' in the highway; also that the gutter was then placed in the middle of the road. The windmill was removed at the time of the Crimean War, when the Camp was formed at Colchester. The illustration is taken from a water-colour drawing by James Dunthorne, junior, of Colchester (see *E.R.*, x., 27-35), which is now reproduced for the first time.

Obituaries. Major GEORGE EDWARD BANES, who represented South West Ham in Parliament for nearly twenty years, died at his residence, the Red House, Upton, on July 16, in his 79th year. He was eldest son of Mr. George Dann Banes, surveyor of iron shipbuilding to the Admiralty, and was born on February 2, 1828, educated at Chatham and Rochester High School. He served his apprenticeship with the London Dock Company, and became in turn a superintendent with the Victoria Dock Company, the General Steam Navigation Company, and general manager to the Metropolitan Railway Warehouses Company. Later he entered business as a wharfinger and bonded warehouse-keeper at the Colonial Wharves, Mark Lane.



"BOTTOLPH STREET, COLCHESTER, ESSEX."
From a water-colour drawing by James Dunthorne, jun., of Colchester, circa 1790.

He had a long connection with South West Ham, and was founder of the 3rd Essex Artillery Volunteer Corps from which he retired with the rank of Major in 1876. He was a Justice of the Peace, a member of the School Board, and one of the first aldermen of the borough. A liberal-minded Conservative, he was strongly in favour of local self-government for all the countries in the Union; at the same time he was thoroughly at home with, and interested in the lot of the labouring classes in the large constituency he represented; a believer in trades unions carried on in a just and in a proper manner, and a sturdy cricketer. Returned to Westminster in 1886, he was defeated at the poll by Mr. Keir Hardie in 1892, but was again sent to Parliament in 1895, and in 1900 defeated Mr. Will Thorne. He retired in 1906, on account of failing health. Major Banes married in 1850, Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Mathew Place, of Bromham, Beds., who survives him, in her 89th year, with a son. He was buried in the family vault in West Ham Cemetery on July 22, after a service in the parish church.



NOTES AND QUERIES.

A Yeoman's Commonplace Book (see *E.R.*, vol. xvi., p. 78, April, 1907).—In another MS. belonging to the same collection are some notes of sermons and the weather, with extracts from poets and writers, all in copy-book hand, or printing, commenced by Nathaniel Stone on October 19, 1770, and continued by him up to 1774. The preachers whose texts are noted are John Smythies, of Fingringhoe, and Mr. Salter, of East Donyland, and a stranger, Mr. Mustard; Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Granger at Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Mr. Maxey at Tollesbury, Mr. Corsellis, Mr. Bowrey, Mr. Gillson, Mr. Fowler, who preached at the funeral of Solomon Lappage at Wivenhoe Church, and Mr. Love. A note in another writing says Nathaniel Stone's funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Love on Sunday, Oct. 24, 1784, at Fingringhoe Church. On the last page of this book Mr. Benjamin Page commenced somewhat tentatively in January, 1782, to enter a sort of diary with

his farm account; he was then encouraged to embark upon the much larger commonplace book, extracts of which Mr. Shenstone gave us in such interesting form. EDITORS.

Ship-Building in Essex (*E.R.*, xvi., 22).—In this connection the following papers are of interest: (1) a warrant to make a report of the shipping of Maldon in 1623-4, and (2) the report then presented:—

(1) The Burrow towne of Maldon: Warrant to the Constables of St. Mary's parish, and to the other Constables of Maldon.

From Richard Pulley, gentleman, Deputy Vice-Admirall of the County of Essex, we have letters dated 8th March:—

These are to require yow to make diligent enquiry what shippes, barks, crayers, or hoyes, are belonging to the port of Maldon, and of the several burthens of them, and with what ordynance fitted and furnished; and likewise to take a true survey and notice of all maryners and seafaring-men dwelling within the burrow from 16 yeres of age to 60.

Bring a written certificate to the Moot-hall on Thursday 11th of this month, at 9 a.m.

10th March, 1623—Thomas Hutt }
Jeremy Pratt } Bayliffs.

Bring in your certificate the company of every vessell together.

(2) The 11 of March 1623: A Note of all the vessells of shipping, mariners and sea-faring men belonging to the burrow of Maldon.

SHIPPING.

One hoy, called *the Dymund*, burthen between 30 and 40 tuns, bownd for London. In her, Richard Priestman, seafaring-man, of age about 26; Robert Hawle, about 25; one boy, about 16.

One hoy, *the Marie and John*, about 30 tun, at London. In her, Richard Peacock, seafaring-man, age about 48; Peter Friend, age about 45; Richard Spigurnell, a boy, aged about 16.

One hoy, called *the Fortune*, about 33 tun, bound for London. In it, Richard Tabor, seafaring man, betwixt 30 and 40 yeres; James Letton, of age betwixt 40 and 50; a boy about the age of 18 yeres.

One hoy, called *the Thomas*, about 20 tun. In it, John Smith, seafaring-man, age about 40; William Hubberd, of age about 40.

One hoy, called *the Blessing*, burthen 54 tun. In it, John Medcalfe, seafaring-man, age about 53; . . . Johnson, age about 28; two boyes, ech under 14 yeres.

[MEN.]

EDWARD HARE, seafaring-man, dwelling here, age about 34, going to Newcastle.

PHILIP EURES, seafaring-man, dwelling here, age about 53, going to Newcastle.

EDWARD LEE, mariner, dwelling here, age about 30; now at Newcastle.

Oatmeal Making.—In early College accounts at Oxford the 'oat-meal score' is one of the chief items in the quarterly charges. The joint of meat was first parboiled. Then it was roasted, and slices served on bread on wooden trenchers. The broth was made into soup by being thickened with oatmeal. One day's proceedings in the Clerk of the Markets' court at Maldon is suggestive of the extent of the industry in Essex and its diffusion over the county. On November 16, 1575, no less than eight oatmeal-makers were fined for selling with short measures in Maldon market, viz., William Bradbelt and Thomas Smyth, both of Hatfield Peverel; Thomas Hopkins and Thomas Flixman, both of Writtle; Thomas Cottonne, of Kevellidonne (Kelvedon); Robert Ellies, of Nottlie; John Charter, of Wittham; and . . . Clark, of Braxted.—ANDREW CLARK, LL.D., Great Leighs.

Mersea Island.—I find references in the *S. P. Dom.*, 1653, etc., to grants of money for repair of a fort on this island, and information from Captain William Burrell, governor of the Island, that a house for the gunners and their assistants is urgently required, the house to be built of timber, estimated cost £100. The poor inhabitants adjacent have, he says, contributed help in the shape of turf for repairing and upholding the fort for the last four years. An order in Council for the advance of £60 was made. Can any one say where the fort was situated, and if any traces of it remain? In 1655 Capt. Burrell has officers and 57 soldiers there.

In April 1654, there is also a petition from Art. Ockley, of West Mersea, a preacher appointed by Capt. Burrell two years before, that he may be settled in his place, Mr. Woolace, the old incumbent being still alive, but the parish, which is very unhealthy, has been left six or seven years without a minister. A request of 14 parishioners and John Smith, churchwarden, that he may be confirmed their minister, is appended.—C.F.S.

Inventories of Goods.—The following lists seem of considerable interest, referring as they do to cheesemaking, a long extinct industry in Essex.—R. H. BROWNE, Stapleford Abbots.

THE TRUE INVINTORI OF THOS. EDWARDS
OF ——— ? IN THE COUNTIE OF ESSEX YEOMAN DESESED
IN YEARE OF THE LORD 1617

PRISERS OF THE INVENTORY

JOHN GOLDINHAM

GEORGE SARLES.

IN THE HALL.

Imprimis, 3 Tables, 7 Stooles	..	..	..	xx ^s .
Item, 1 payer of Bellowes	..	..	..	vj ^d .
Item, a form—a bench	..	..	..	v ^s .
Item, a cubbert	..	..	..	xviijs ^s .
Item, 2 chayers, 1 chest	..	..	..	vjs. viij ^d .
Item, vj. cushions, 3 triple (?) potes, 8 spoones..	..	..	..	v ^s .
Item, 3 stone juges, 1 bible	..	..	..	viijs ^s .
Item, 2 cobiorns, 1 payer of tonges, 1 spit, 1 griddion, 1 -dripping pan	..	..	..	vjs. ij ^d .

IN THE PALLOR

Item, 2 fether beds and 2 bidstedels, 2 bouldsters, 1 trundle bed	..	..	..	vj ^{li} . vjs. o.
Item, 1 chest, 2 boxes, 1 little table, 1 wicker chaier, 1 ciperus huch	..	..	..	xxv ^s .
Item, 1 hedgegear, 1 [Koliaer], 1 gun, 1 dage-sword, 2 daggers	..	..	..	xxvjs. vjd.
Item, 1 bed pan, 1 hanger	..	..	..	vjs. vjd.
Item, 2 andierns, 3 spittes, 1 bill	..	..	..	viijs ^s .

IN THE KITCHIN.

Item, one hanged pann..	..	..	..	x ^s .
Item, 1 dozen of red trenchers	..	..	..	xxiijs ^s .
Item, 1 payer of quarnes and other trenchers, 2 gallipottes	..	..	..	ix ^s . viij ^d .
Item, 1 chest, 1 chaphir, 1 stoole, 3 payles, 1 (crade), 1 whele, 1 firkin, 1 lader, 1 shovle, 1 mattock	..	..	..	viijs ^s . vjd.
Item, vj. kettles, 4 brase pottes, 1 skilit, 1 scomer, 4 candle- sticks, 1 basen, 1 quart pot	..	..	..	4 ^{li} . x ^s . o.
Item, 1 mortar, 1 chafendich, a payer of scollis..	..	..	..	iijs ^s . d.
Item, forty peeces of pouter	..	..	..	iijs ^{li} . s.
Item, a cobbart, 1 pillion	..	..	..	viijs ^s .

IN THE BUTERIE.

Item, 2 crayes, 1 beare stalle, 1 boul, 1 keeler, 1 planke [2 cup dish]	..	..	..	vjs. viij ^d .
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IN THE PARLOR CHAMBER.

Item, iij. fether beds, 1 bed stedle, 2 blankets, 2 covereds, 1 blanket, 2 trundle beds	..	..	..	4 ^{li} .
Item, 1 countertable, 1 long table, 1 chest, 1 trunck, 1 raper, 2 bowes, 1 quiver	..	..	..	xxvjs ^s .

IN THE HALL CHAMBER AND BRUTRIE CHAMBER.

Item, 4 sem of otes	xxxv ^{6j}
Item, 50 cheses, 2 firkins of butter [..]	vli. x ^s .
Item, sid saddle, vj. wedges, 3 ould iron	xvijs. vj ^d .
Item, 2 chesemotes	x ^d .
Item, 1 sem of rie, 1 saw, 1 pann, 1 com of barly	xxx ^s .
Item, x. payer of sheets [..], pillowbers, 3 bord clothes, 1 dozen of napkins, vj. towells.. ..	vli.
Item, his clothes, 1 clock, and vjs. in his porse	3 ^{li} .

ABROD AND THE BARNE.

Item, 1 cart, 1 tumbrell [..], and drauttes	3 ^{li} .
Item, 1 plow, 1 payer of harrowes	xxvj ^s .
In the barn, corn, oates, rye	xiiij ^{li} .
Item, the hay	vij ^{li} .
Item, 1 fann, 1 sackk, 1 half-bushell, 1 rak	4 ^s .
Item, 2 ladders, 1 pitchfork	4 ^s .
Item, his foulles	viijs.
Item, 2 hogs and 5 store pigs	xxx ^s .
Item, corn on the ground, 7 akers of rye	xli. x ^s .
Item, viij. cowes, 1 heiyfer	xxvj ^{li} .
Item, 3 calves, 3 foales	5 ^{li} .
Item, 3 mares, 1 nagg	xli. x ^s .
Item, xxvij. ewes, 1 ram	xiiij ^{li} .
Item, harnes for 4 horse.. ..	x ^s .

The sum 10038^{li}. [138] 4^s. 2^d.

Exhibited at Colchester, 2 Jany., 1617,

ED. TILLINGHAM, Depty. Regr.

A TRUE INVENTORIE OF ALL THE GOODES OF WILLIAM
TOLLER OF ARDLEYE LATTE DECEST, 1620.

In primes his purs and waringe parell.	ij ^{li} .
Item in the parllor 3 huches a liverie tabbell and a form prifed at	x ^s .
Item in the Halle on Coubbard on tabbell on form iii. chayers on cobiron, tramell on payer of tonges & a firpan	xx ^s .
Item in the hall chamber to bedes furnished on huch on bedsteddle	ij ^{li} . x ^s .
In the milcke howes for ches and butter	ij ^{li} . x ^s .
mor on chespres a churne a coull and owther vesselles	x.
Item on bras pote to settells a mortter on skellete	xvj ^s .
Item for peutter priced	v ^s .
Item a payer of Quarries a kneeding trof and shellves	x ^s .
Item in the baron, for barly and for ooattes prifed mor for hay	ii. x ^s .
Item 1 stor and a cowbullocke	iii ^{li} . x ^s .
mor for iij cowes	v ^{li} .
mor to bullocks to <i>caulleves</i>	iiij ^{li} .

Item a mare and a cowelte	..	..	..	ijli. vj ^s . viij ^d .
Item for shepe and lambes	..	..	..	vijli.
Item for hogges	..	..	..	ijli.
Item for gesse, hines, and dux	..	..	..	x ^s .
Item a fan, working tobbes and all other lumber prised	..	..	..	x ^s .

By us John Nun, Francis Toller, Richard Bregman

3viii^{li}. xvi^s. viii^d.

Waltham Abbey.—The following list of the succession of Chief Officers of the Royal Gunpowder Factory, Waltham Abbey, has been kindly forwarded me by the present superintendent, Major Sir F. L. Nathan, R.A., and seems not without interest to readers of the *Essex Review*, dating back as it does for 120 years.—MILLER CHRISTY, Chignal.

Name.	Designation.	Period as Chief Officer.	
		From.	To.
Mr. JAMES WRIGHT (1)	Storekeeper	1787	1805.
Mr. H. S. MATTHEWS	Storekeeper	6-4-1805	1818.
Mr. E. MIDDLETON	Storekeeper	20-1-1818	17-6*-1825
Mr. C. WILKS	Storekeeper	29-6-1825	14-10-1831
Mr. JAMES WRIGHT (2)	Deputy Storekeeper	15-10-1831	1832
Lieut.-Colonel C. T. MOODY, C.R.E. ...	"In charge of the Royal Gunpowder Manufactory"	13-10-1832	1-7-1840
Lieut.-Colonel C. T. MOODY, C.R.E. ...	Inspector of Gunpowder ...	2-7-1840	1845
Captain A. T. TULLOCH, R.A.	Inspector of Gunpowder ...	27-11-1845	6-1852
Major C. A. DICKSON, R.A.	Inspector of Gunpowder ...	6-1852	2-1854
Captain W. HENDERSON, R.A.	Acting Inspector of Gunpowder	2-1854	3-1854
Colonel W. H. ASKWITH, R.A.	Acting Inspector of Gunpowder	4-1854	1855
Colonel W. H. ASKWITH, R.A.	Superintendent	18-8-1855	26-2-1868.
Colonel C. W. YOUNGHUSBAND, R.A. ...	Superintendent	27-2-1868	31-3-1875
Lieut.-Colonel YOUNG, R.A.	Superintendent	1-4-1875	25-5*-1875.
Captain MORGAN, R.A.	Acting Superintendent.....	26-5-1875	28-6-1875
Colonel R. J. HAY	Superintendent	29-6-1875	30-6-1880.
Colonel C. B. BRACKENBURY, R.A.	Superintendent	1-7-1880	30-6-1885
Major-General W. H. NOBLE.....	Superintendent	1-7-1885	17-5*-1892
Major F. W. J. BARKER, R.A.	Acting Superintendent.....	1-4-1892	30-9-1892
Lieut.-Colonel W. MCCLINTOCK, R.A....	Superintendent	1-10-1892	13-7-1894
Major F. L. NATHAN, R.A.	Acting Superintendent.....	31-5-1894	26-7-1894
Colonel J. B. ORMSBY	Superintendent	27-7-1894	20-1-1900.
Major Sir F. L. NATHAN, R.A.	Superintendent	21-1-1900	

*Date of Death.

†Appointed during General Noble's illness.

Willow Trees in Essex.—The following note from the *Scotsman* of September 7 has been forwarded us by a reader, and seems of considerable interest to our land-owners and farmers. The partiality of the tree is still further shown, we believe, in the county itself, where it most inhabits and thrives best in the north-western districts, extending south into the Roothings and the Epping and Ongar Hundred.—EDS.

‘The question as to the species or variety of willow tree best adapted for the manufacture of cricket bats, has been engaging

the attention of the authorities of Kew Gardens. It seems that the supplies of the best 'bat willow' have lately become seriously limited, and that prices have risen in proportion. At a sale of willow trees on Sir Walter Gilbey's estate at Sawbridgeworth in February of last year, the best 'bat willow' realised prices estimated to be equivalent to about seven shillings per cubic foot, and recently an offer of £1,500 for the best hundred willows on an estate in Essex, was declined. These prices show that there is no timber so profitable at the present time as that of the cricket 'bat willow,' but it must be the true species, as there are several kinds of willows. This point has always been obscure, and it is with a view to helping the planter to recognise the willow best suited for cricket bats, and to avoid the unsuitable ones, that the matter is now being taken up by the Kew authorities. Mr. W. J. Bean, a tree expert, of Kew Gardens, in a paper on the subject in the *Kew Bulletin*, states that he has been able to identify the willow selected as the very best one for bat-making as a pyramidal form of a variety of *salix alba*. According to Mr. John Shaw, of Nottingham, this particular species is only to be found at the present time in the counties of Essex, Hertford, and Suffolk. There are, however, two fine specimens of this tree to be seen on the banks of the lake in Kew Gardens. Mr. Bean remarks on the extraordinary fact that of all the hundreds of timbers now available from the tropical and temperate parts of the globe, the only tree yet known to produce a timber of the right quality for cricket bats is found in a few counties in England.'

Waltham Abbey.—This church, so interesting from its associations with English history, has been lately somewhat restored or repaired. Two years or more ago the tower was found to be in an unsafe condition, and heavy stones not unfrequently fell from the top. Also some of the nave piers were not quite so secure as was consistent with safety. To prevent injury to persons entering the church and churchyard by the tower, wooden structures were erected as a shelter, which did not add any grace to the old building. The tower, which was erected when the choir was pulled down at the surrender of the monastery, was generally considered to be an excrescence, hiding what might have been, and was intended to be, an elegant west

end. Careful examination recently, however, showed that the nave had a decided thrust to the west, and that really the tower, acting as a great buttress, had saved the building from collapse. Still, there was considerable danger of part of the roof falling in. The vicar, churchwardens and friends came to the rescue, and the repairs have now been done in such a way that everyone



WALTHAM ABBEY CHURCH.

interested in the preservation of this church as a great historic monument will be pleased with the result. It is understood that about two thousand pounds were raised and spent on this work. The photograph accompanying this note will show the alterations made in the turret of the tower, which is there represented in its restored state. I have another photograph which shows the awning erected for protection; the parapet of the tower was then without castellation—A. P. WIRE, Leytonstone.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS, &c.

Our Fire Brigade from 1815 to 1907. By S. Deards. Harlow, June, 1907. Pp. 16, illustrated. Price 6d.

This capital little pamphlet tells the story of the Harlow Fire Brigade for over ninety years, and it is a story well worth the telling. The author, Mr. Sam. Deards, has been captain of the brigade for more than 35 years. He it was who, in 1878, energetically enlisted the sympathies of Mr. Perry Watlington,



HARLOW FIRE BRIGADE.

Sir H. J. Selwin Ibbetson (as Lord Rookwood then was), Mr. Loftus W. Arkwright, and many others, who generously subscribed the sum of £278 to purchase a new fire engine. Since that time, up to August 1906, a total of 53 fires have been attended, particulars of which are set out in the pamphlet. The brigade now numbers fifteen members, and does duty for twelve parishes in and around Harlow, rendering assistance also to Sawbridge-worth when required. It recently won the challenge shield given to Essex Fire Brigades by Sir Thomas Dewar, and on June 26 last, nine long service medals from the National Fire

Brigades Union of the United Kingdom were presented to members, who have passed from 15 to 35 years each in the service of the corps. It is curious that precisely as the brigade was preparing on the night of August 10 last, with decorated engine and gay illuminations, to celebrate their victory of the shield, they



THE CHAMPION SHIELD.

received a call to a fire at Mark Hall. They at once started off at top speed, divesting the engine of decorations and trappings as they went, and gave valuable help in extinguishing the fire. Meanwhile the waiting crowds learned slowly that duty's call had postponed the gay procession until the following Saturday.

Through the kindness of Mr. Deards and the proprietors of *Fire and Water*, we are enabled to reproduce an illustration which appeared in that paper for September last.

Mr. A. P. Wire, of the Harrow Green School, Leytonstone, has issued in *The Practical Teacher* for August, 1907 (Nelson and Sons), some interesting autobiographical notes on his teaching career. Educated at the Royal Grammar School, Colchester he became in 1856 a pupil teacher in St. Mary's National School there, obtained three years later a Queen's Scholarship at Battersea, and a first class certificate in 1861, since which time he has been occupied in teaching, first in rural and later in suburban districts in the county. The article offers some interesting reminiscences of former educational methods, kicking of shins by the 'order monitor,' to wit; and of old schools in comparison with modern palatial school buildings, the only fault of which he finds is height, compelling little unformed children to climb long staircases several times a day.

Tritton, the Place and the Family. By J. HERBERT TRITTON, London, ARTHUR L. HUMPHREYS, 187, Piccadilly, 1907. 4to., pp. xiv., 331. Seventeen illustrations and a folding chart in pocket. Only 150 copies printed. A few for sale at a guinea.

In this very beautiful volume, Mr. Tritton has embodied the results of almost life-long labours upon the history of his family and its origin. During the leisure of an active life he has been accumulating at intervals a large mass of information, from which he has now made a judicious selection in the form of a book which he piously hopes will enable his successors to form some idea of 'who their forefathers were, how they obtained their name and in a measure how they lived.'

We may say at once that the narrative is and will be highly interesting to many who do not and have not borne the name of Tritton, and who are, therefore, excluded from his special dedication. We may pass over the early chapters in which Mr. Tritton attempts to trace the connection between the locality whence his family probably emanated—Treeton in Yorkshire, with the Treton, Teyton or Tretoun family of Kent, who consistently appeared in that county, and in few other parts.

of England, from about 1326. A district not more than 20 miles across, near Ashford, covers the homes of the sturdy Tritton yeomen, cordwainers and farmers (it is said the earliest cherry orchard was on a Tritton farm near Great Chart). The villages of Lenham and Kennington, Charing, Throwleigh and Ospringe all had many inhabitants of the name; their ancient residence—once Tritton's Corner—at Lenham has in one of its gable ends the date 1603. About 1660, John Tritton and his son Robert, joined the Quakers whom Fox's preaching in Kent had gathered together. He gave a piece of his land in Kennington for a burial ground for the new sect, and he himself was the first to be laid in it in 1676. For many generations the family remained faithful to the Foxian tradition. From yeoman farmers they became brewers, and about 1755, by the marriage of Thomas Tritton with Henton Brown, the daughter of the Quaker banker and author, of Clapham Common and Lombard Street, began the long connection which the Trittons have held (and still hold) with banking. One of the sons of this marriage joined his grandfather's bank of Brown and Collinson, but by its failure in 1782, and his marriage with Mary, daughter of John Barclay, removed actually next door and was admitted to partnership in the substantial banking firm of Barclay, Bevan and Tritton. The young couple began their simple housekeeping over the bank in Lombard Street; happily enough, one may suppose, for Mary, on hearing of John's first failure and new start in life, is reported to have said she would rather 'lean on John Henton's arm than ride in a coach-and-four.' Their descendant adds that her belief in her husband was well-founded, for she did both! The young couple paid an annual visit to the wife's brother-in-law, Osgood Hanbury, of Holfield Grange, Coggeshall, who died a worthy quaker and lies buried in the Friends' burial ground there. Under his advice, in 1812, estates including Lyons Hall, Great Leighs, were bought in Essex, and the connection with Kent was exchanged for one with our county. This was not the first link between Essex and the Trittons, for a generation or two before, Rebecca Tritton had married Richard Courthope Sims, M.D., of Dunmow, and her mother and aunt, two widows, sisters, who, curiously enough, had married (as second wife) her father and half-brother, also retired from Kent to end their days there. Dr. Sims, son of the R. C. Sims

above-mentioned and Rebecca Tritton, became a celebrated doctor, a Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Linnean Society, and was appointed physician to the Princess Charlotte, whose early death cut short the hopes of the nation and diverted the succession to the Duke of Kent's daughter, Queen Victoria. Sims was John Henton Tritton's medical adviser, and received a handsome annual honorarium, with an extra £5 5s. od. for inoculating John Tritton, aged 3, against small-pox, in 1791.

Another glimpse of Essex affairs comes in the sprightly letters of Mrs. John Henton Tritton to her cousin, Lucy Galton, where, describing a driving tour they took in an open carriage in August 1783, after the birth of their eldest son, she says they visited Dunmow Priory, but could not qualify for the Flitch because they had not been married a year and a day; also Harwich, 'for Mr. Tritton to take a few dips in salt water.' Their grandson was Joseph Tritton, the first member of the family who resided much at Lyon's Hall, then an old-fashioned farm-house which has been since enlarged by his son, the author of the book before us. Of a deeply religious nature, Joseph Tritton inaugurated a series of ministrations among the cottagers and others there, and finally built by the roadside a little unsectarian meeting-house, where he himself frequently uttered highly polished addresses clothed with such a beauty and tenderness that 'they fell like music from his lips.' He was a devout Churchman, but in this ministry we see something of the working in him of the old quaker spirit of his ancestors. He was buried at Great Leighs in May 1887.

A word of the highest praise must be given to the very beautiful etchings and photogravures which illustrate the book. The frontispiece is from Herkomer's portrait of the author, Mr. J. Herbert Tritton, presented by the London Clearing Bankers on his retirement as hon. secretary in August 1905. Lawrence's portrait of George Tritton is also reproduced, and some pencil sketches of other members of the family. The type and get-up of the volume, which is printed on hand-made paper, is the best that could be devised. The linen cover is obviously intended to be replaced with something heavier, according to the fancy of the purchaser.

All lovers of our county, as well as people who are Essex born, will perhaps thank us for reproducing a portion of a thoroughly appreciative and enlightened article on Essex which appeared in the *Spectator* of September 28. It is ostensibly a review of Mr. Reginald A. Beckett's delightful book, *Romantic Essex*, which Messrs. Dent are now issuing in a cheaper form (2s. nett). The writer of the article begins by setting forth the unapproachable character of our Eastern terminus:—'You must suffer to reach Essex. But then the other more important question has to be faced: Is it worth suffering for? The answer to this is almost always "No." . . . We are tempted to celebrate the attractions of Essex and guarantee that they are worth suffering for by the republication in cheap form of a book called *Romantic Essex*.' Then the writer proceeds to discourse on Essex buildings in a way that shows he has the eye both of an artist and an antiquary.

Churches and houses alike were built with the materials which were ready to hand. There is much timber in the building, because Essex has few quarries. In hundreds of churches, too, you may see the relics of the Roman occupation. The Roman bricks are worked into the lower parts of the walls; flint commonly comes above the brick, and stout timbers are used not only for the roof but in the whole construction. Sometimes the spire is made entirely of wood, and we agree with Mr. Beckett that there is something beautiful and touching in the exaltation to this use of the characteristic material of the county. We might add to what he says that no wood was used so often in building as chestnut. When a beam was wanted for a house, or a roof for a church, chestnut was the wood, no doubt because of the belief that no insect takes kindly to it. The great building age of what is now rural Essex must have come immediately after the suppression of the monasteries, and you can hardly go into an Essex village without finding a Tudor house. If it be a manor-house, it may have a moat or an old monkish fishpond; and perhaps the pigeon tower, which dates from the times when the lord of the manor had his rights of pigeonry, is still standing. The old inns have a spaciousness which informs you of the well-being of agricultural Essex when they were built. Where the land is good there the inns are good also; where the land is poor the inns are built on niggard lines.

To this subject he returns at the end of his article, after a discussion upon the forests and hills of Essex. We are tempted to quote at length, because it is seldom that so intelligent an appreciation of our attractions (selfishly we long to hug them to ourselves, and suffer them never to become popularised and spoiled) issues from the London press. No exception can be taken to anything in the article, save the 'u' in Gestingthorpe, which we gladly grant for the sake of the picturesque, and

the windmills in 'every' Roding village, proved in our present issue to be now unfortunately things of the past. The article concludes with the following passage.

If, as has been said, there are no great buildings in Essex, there is still no town in England with so perfect a Roman wall as that at Colchester. . . . Roman, Norman, and Dane can be traced very easily by the names they have left in Essex even where they cannot be traced by their fortifications. The names are extraordinarily attractive. Consider the Saxon Guestingthorpe, the Norman Layer de la Haye or Tolleshunt D'Arcy, the Danish Thorpe-le-Soken, and then such odd names as Wendens Ambo and Shellow Bowells.

As an example of the out-of-the-worldness of some Essex villages take the piece of country, about twelve miles long, between Ongar and Dunmow. Here are three groups of villages known as the Rodings, the Lavers, and the Easters. It is a cornland traversed by grassy lanes, and no railway is near it. Every village has its windmill near the church. A village sometimes consists simply of church, windmill, and a farm with two or three cottages. You can walk through the lanes for miles without seeing a human being. If there are no great houses, there are some 'moated granges,' unrepaired perhaps, but at least not restored. The remoteness of a country—in the moral sense, not in the matter of measured miles—may be tested by the number of carriers who take goods and persons from village to village. Essex, then, is indeed 'remote,' for few counties have so many of those once familiar lumbering and creaking vans. Mr. Beckett says less than we should like about the coast of Essex. It is a frequent remark that the coast is 'nothing but mud.' But to every one who loves water a broken coast is a beautiful coast. The Essex coast is almost as broken as the West Coast of Scotland. The Crouch, the Blackwater, the Colne, the Stour, break it up with broad estuaries, and detach great fragments from the mainland which are islands when the tide is high. Mud is an ugly word, but the mud of Essex, with its gleaming and varied lights, particularly at sunset, is not ugly at all. There are even some people who prefer low-tide to high-tide. Then the oyster smacks loll idly on their sides, and the great glistening spaces are flecked with white gulls screaming and feeding. Plovers and curlews with their savage cries, and redshanks with their whistling note, are everywhere on the marshes and saltings. The sheep on these salt places would fetch a high price as 'pré-salé' in France; but in this simple county of Essex no one has studied his palate enough to know that a sheep fed on salt food is a particular delicacy, and it goes at the same price as its unsalted fellows. In every creek and estuary you see the brown sails of the Thames barges. These hug the coast inside the great sandbanks, while the steamers smudge the horizon with their smoke much further out to sea. The barges are one of the few remaining schools of sailing; but they are not better than the oyster-smacks and the 'sto-boats' which catch sprats. The men who navigate the 'Swins,' with their strong tides and their fatal shoals, are quick, resourceful, and daring, or they perish. When a new British yacht challenges for the America Cup, she will go to Brightlingsea for her crew. No; Essex is not dull, nor flat, nor ugly; it has a mellow sweetness of its own, a quaint diversity, and a scarcely injured aspect of antiquity, as Constable and William Morris very well knew.



